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ASIA MINOR

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ORIENTAL RUGS
ANTIQUE AND MODERN

THE BODLEY HEAD

THE TEKKE OF THE MEVLEVI DERVISHES AT KONIA

ASIA MINOR

BY WALTER A. HAWLEY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
MCMXVIII

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

PREFACE

IN the Hohenzollern dream of placing under the sway of a single power a wedge of country cleaving Europe and extending from the North and Baltic Seas to the Persian Gulf, Asia Minor became of special importance because of its capability under scientific cultivation of largely supplementing the agricultural products of the German Empire, and because it lies along the direct road to the fertile Mesopotamian valley. Accordingly, the Germans obtained from the Turkish Government several concessions, and before the outbreak of the great European war had built a railroad from the Bosphorus through the heart of Asia Minor, and had constructed an extensive canal for irrigating the central plain.

This part of Asia, which within a few years has thus been brought prominently into notice, is visited by few travellers, and is unfamiliar to most readers.

In the pages that follow an attempt is made, therefore, after briefly sketching its physiography and history, to give a general idea of the character

of its scenery, to show the present primitive condition of its agricultural and industrial development, and to indicate some of the possibilities of its future. The people also—a factor never to be neglected in any broad plan of progress—are described as they appear in their secular affairs and religious observances. Moreover, the classic ruins, which are familiar to every scholar, and the cities of the "Seven Churches of Asia," endeared because of their sacred associations, are depicted as they stand to-day, surrounded by Oriental squalor or buried beneath a pall of silence and solitude.

With a few exceptions the photographs which have been used in making the illustrations for the text were taken by the writer while travelling through the country. He wishes, however, to acknowledge the courtesy of Prof. Howard Crosby Butler, Director of the American Excavators at Sardis, for his kindness in permitting the use of the photographs of what remains of the Temple of Artemis, which has recently been excavated there.

W. A. H.

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ASIA MINOR

CHAPTER I

THE PHYSIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF ASIA MINOR

SINCE the fifth century B.C., the term Asia Minor has been applied to that part of Asia which extends as a peninsula between the Black and Mediterranean Seas to the easterly shore of the Ægean Sea. These bodies of water and the Sea of Marmora precisely define its limits on the north, south, and west; but to the east the line that divides it from Armenia and Mesopotamia is vague, yet may be assumed to pass from the head of the Gulf of Iskenderoon in a north-easterly direction to a point on the Black Sea a short distance to the east of Trebizond.

This country has about the same area as France; but in latitude and physical features it corresponds more nearly with Spain. It consists in part of an elevated plain, which has a maximum length from east to west of about 250 miles, and a minimum width from north to south of about 175 miles. This plain lies slightly to the east of the geographic centre. Its mean elevation is not less than 3000

feet; but its surface is diversified by scattered ridges and isolated peaks, and it is surrounded by mountain ranges with flanks and spurs descending on three sides to the seas. As the clouds drifting in from the seas lose most of their moisture on the outer sides of the encircling mountains, the precipitation over the enclosed area is small. Most of the streams that enter it traverse but a short distance of its surface, then sink into the ground, leaving behind constantly accumulating precipitations of alkali brought down from their limestone watersheds, or empty into shallow bodies of salt water, which are all that remains of a great lake that covered it in Tertiary times. As a result of the insufficient rainfall and the barrenness of the soil, harvests are meagre, except where irrigation is practised; over most of the land stretch treeless downs and almost grassless wastes.

Above the southern part of the plain the Taurus range rises as a great wall, and extends for almost the whole length of Asia Minor parallel to the Mediterranean shore. At its eastern end it divides into smaller ranges, of which the Anti-Taurus continues north-easterly until it joins the more complicated system of lofty mountains that face the Black Sea along the whole northern coast of Asia Minor. Furthermore, on the westerly side, the still less clearly defined range of the Phrygian mountains connects this last system on the north with the Taurus range on the south; while it also

reaches in a number of lateral branches towards the Ægean Sea.

To some extent the folding of the earth's crust into ridges seems to have determined the river courses; but in many parts of the country the rivers have carved the mountains and shaped the consequent valleys. None of these rivers are navigable; and many of them, because of their rapid fall and the fact that the rain and quickly melting snow occur almost entirely during a few months of the year, are during winter and spring fierce torrents bearing along large quantities of sediment, and in summer and fall are almost dry streams. The principal river is the Halys of history, which is known by the Turks as the Kizil Irmak, or Red River. Rising in the north-eastern part of Asia Minor, it follows for over 550 miles a course shaped like a horseshoe, bending to the south-west till it touches the central plain, then to the north-west, and then again to the north-east, until finally it empties into the Black Sea. A shorter river is the Sakaria, the ancient Sangarius, which rising in the Phrygian mountains flows northward to the Black Sea; but, as if by some vagary of nature, it turns eastward in the middle of its course, only to turn westward again after it has touched the central plain. Numerous small rivers, of which the Cydnus is the most historic, flow southward from the Taurus mountains to the Mediterranean. Each of these has interesting associations; but the rivers that flow

westward through the ancient countries of Mysia, Lydia, and Caria into the Ægean Sea pass the grounds richest in classic lore. In the extreme north-western part of Asia Minor, the Scamander passes the ruins of ancient Troy ; farther to the south, the Caïcus waters the valley where the kings of Pergamus ruled ; branches of the Hermus course by the Biblical cities of Philadelphia, Thyateira, and Sardis, then uniting glide through a new channel into the bay of Smyrna ; still farther south, the Cayster flows by the ruins of Ephesus ; and the Mæander, after winding by Laodicea, Magnesia, Priene, and Miletus, empties into the Ægean Sea below the island of Samos.

Along the northern coast of Asia Minor, where the rivers are rapid, the valleys are narrow, and there is comparatively little arable land ; yet, on account of the fertility of the soil, not only grain and corn are raised, but fruit trees thrive marvellously well. In fact, this section has been regarded as the native land of many well-known fruits, some of which, as pears, apples, and plums, and also hazel nuts, still grow wild on the mountain sides. Many of the ridges are covered with such trees as the black oak and chestnut ; while shady glens are overgrown with flowering plants, including the arbutus, azalea, and rhododendron. The Taurus mountains, facing the Mediterranean, are exposed to different climatic conditions, so that here the vegetation is somewhat different. Their summits support extensive forests of valonia-

bearing oaks, and also pine-trees of the black, red, and white species, some of which grow to a height of eighty feet and have a diameter of seven feet. In favoured spots at lower altitudes, where the streams have deposited rich soil brought from above, the olive, mulberry, pomegranate, and fig grow prolifically, and oranges and lemons are successfully cultivated.

It is, however, in the broad alluvial valleys of the Hermus, Cayster, and Mæander that cultivation is most extensive, that harvests are most bountiful. Here are fields of wheat and oats, and greater fields of barley. Here, partly hidden by rows of poplars, are patches of tobacco and cotton as well as vineyards of seedless grapes; and near the cypress-shaded villages are numerous orchards of olives and fig-trees. With slight effort the lethargic native is able to obtain the necessities of life, for the fertile soil, the warm sunshine, and an abundance of water have combined to make this western shore the most productive part of Asia Minor.

Some of these vegetable products are raised with unusual facility, and some attain an exceptional standard of excellence. Thus the district around Afium Kara-hissar is noted for its opium; and the country about Brussa, to the south of the Sea of Marmora, for its mulberries; saffron is extensively cultivated at Safaranboli in Bithynia; and Smyrna has given its name to the figs grown in the warm valleys beyond it to the south.

There also lies hidden in the folds of the rugged mountains of Asia Minor an undeveloped wealth of coal, iron, lead, copper, silver, and gold, which in an imperfect way were mined even in classic times; but as yet their exploitation has been most superficial.

The geographic position of Asia Minor, surrounded on three sides by bodies of water, and the inequalities in the altitude of its surface occasion great diversity of climate. The coast of the Black Sea, which is exposed to the winds and fogs that come from the north, is much colder than parts subject to the warmer breezes of the Mediterranean and Ægean Seas; many of the valleys along the low flanks of the Taurus mountains have an almost tropical climate, which in summer becomes very oppressive; and the plateau of the interior, on account of its altitude and dryness, experiences the extremes of cold winters and hot summers. On the whole, the most agreeable climate is in the valleys along the western shore, which are tempered by the warm waters of the Ægean Sea and in a measure protected from winds by the encircling hills and the islands of the Archipelago. Here prevails a mild and delightful climate surpassed in few, if any, parts of the world.

Such being the general characteristics of Asia Minor—at the extreme end of Western Asia, where it faces the Continent of Europe, possessing land which over great areas was once covered with forests of magnificent timber and native trees of

edible fruit, with many valleys of rich alluvial soil capable of producing with slight effort the necessities of life, and having a climate satisfying the demands of any temperament—it was natural that even from the earliest times it should attract the migrations of conquering nations.

The geographic and physiographic features of Asia Minor are probably in a large measure responsible also for the facts that, during historic times, it has been constantly the battle ground of warring nations, and that none of them for long maintained supremacy. As it was that part of Asia which extended far beyond any other towards cultivated Europe, it was the natural approach; yet as the heart of the land is an almost uninhabitable desert surrounded by extensive ranges of inhospitable mountains which reach on the north and south to seas, and as the fertile tract along the Ægean shore consists of valleys largely isolated from one another by high intervening ridges, the maintenance of a single supreme dominion over people separated by such natural boundaries and lacking modern facilities of communication was exceedingly difficult.

The oldest indigenous inhabitants of Asia Minor of which we have any accurate knowledge were a race of non-Aryan stock, known as the Hittites of Biblical history and the White Syrians of Strabo. They had two important capitals: one at Carchemish, in Assyria, which as early as the sixteenth century B.C. was sufficiently powerful to

withstand the assaults of a numerous Egyptian army; the other, which until comparatively recently was but little known, at Pteria, now Boghaz Keui, among the mountains about a hundred miles to the east of Angora. The circumstances that led to the identification of Boghaz Keui as a city of the Hittites well illustrates the extent of their power. Until the last half of the last century, certain carved monuments found in such widely separated parts of Asia Minor as Ivriz, in the Taurus range, and the Pass of Karabel, on the road between Ephesus and Sardis, had been attributed to Egyptian workmanship. But finally it was noticed that these monuments had the same hieroglyphics, written in " boustrophedon " style, or alternating from right to left and from left to right, and the same thick-set, homely figures with spear and bow and wearing shoes upturned at the toes, as characterize those found in the ruins of the Hittites of Carchemish and other places that they held in Assyria. Moreover, it was observed that monuments of similar workmanship existed at Giaour Kalesi, a day's journey to the south-west of Angora, and at Boghaz Keui. The Hittite race, then, had at some remote period held sway over all this country.

Furthermore, when the Persians first invaded Asia Minor they found a well-constructed road, with skilfully made bridges, which, bending northward from the passes that connected it with Assyria, went directly to Boghaz Keui; then,

turning southward, crossed Phrygia to the valley of the Hermus, and continued thence to the city of Ephesus, at the mouth of the Cayster. As this road, known as the Royal Road, is of great antiquity, and passes the several sites where monuments of the Hittites are found, there is little doubt that it was built by them. The fact that it turns far to the north, away from the ordinary course in traversing this country, is sufficient evidence that when it was built the supreme power west of the Taurus mountains was at Boghaz Keui. And its extent, reaching from Assyria to the Ægean Sea, indicates the importance to which the Hittites had attained. Indeed, they were probably the most formidable and remarkable people that ever ruled in Asia Minor.

Of their origin nothing is known; but it has been pointed out that their upturned shoes were so designed to facilitate walking through snow; while the carved representations of their gloves, in which, like a mitten, the fingers were united in one piece and the thumbs alone were separated, also indicate constant exposure to cold climates. Perhaps they came from the Anti-Taurus range or the mountainous regions south of the Black Sea. But, whatever their origin, their power extended to larger circumferences, until, at the time of Rameses II, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Isarelites, their armies included warriors from the Ægean shore, and were sufficiently strong to threaten the overthrow of the Egyptian dynasty.

Again and again they clashed with the people of Babylon and Nineveh, from whom they received something of Eastern culture, to transmit it in turn to the ruder natives of Asia Minor. They also influenced the religious thought and cult of even the Grecian colonists on the Ægean shore, as appears from the form of worship at the shrine of Artemis, at Ephesus, which to a large degree departed from the more decorous observances in Greece and followed the intemperate rites previously practised there in the name of the Hittite goddess Ma. For several centuries their power was supreme throughout Asia Minor, then it gradually waned; but as a people they long survived; and, though gradually absorbed by other races, it is believed that some of them still exist, with their early distinctive characteristics, among the hills of the Anti-Taurus range.

At an uncertain date, but probably about the twelfth century B.C., an Aryan race crossed the Hellespont and took possession of the country along the upper branches of the Sakaria River. Here they came into conflict with the Hittites, and expelled or absorbed those who dwelt in the region they acquired. Increasing in numbers and power, they became known as the Phrygian monarchy, which at one time held in subjection the country as far north as the Black Sea, and as far west as the Ægean; yet their own territory was confined almost entirely to the mountainous district between the central plain and the western coast,

whereas the great stronghold of the Hittites in Asia Minor was at the northern edge of the plain.

Their ruined monuments and fortifications extend over an area about forty miles in length and twenty in breadth; but their cities and towns, which were doubtless built of sun-dried brick, long since melted away. On some of these monuments are engraved the words "Cybele the Mother" and "Midas the King." The term "Midas," like "Pharaoh" of the Egyptians, was the name of the dynasty, whose earliest history is largely distorted by fable. The story of the peasant who came to the market-place with an ox-cart carrying his wife and son, and was at once hailed as king by the expectant people, is doubtless woven of the same warp and woof as that in which Apollo changed the ears of a subsequent king to those of an ass because he had preferred the music of Pan. Yet it is known that the constantly multiplying Phrygians traded with the Greek colonies recently established on the western coast, and that their power became so great that they were held in respectful regard by the cities of the parent Greece. Finally, they were subdued by a horde of invaders known as the Cimmerians, who, driven from their own northern abodes by the Scythians, swept over a great part of Asia Minor. In despair, the Phrygian king poisoned himself with the blood of a bull, and his kingdom was so devastated that, when the Cimmerians

were finally expelled, it yielded with slight resistance to the rising Lydian power.

Apart from the fact that the Lydians were a Semitic race, little of their early history is definitely known. At one time they were subject to the Hittites, and, still later, were probably subject to the Phrygians. In the early part of the sixth century B.C., one of their kings, Alyattes, vanquished the Cimmerians and captured Smyrna; he then took other Greek cities on the western coast, and, subduing the Phrygians, soon extended his power as far as the River Halys. His capital was at Sardis, in the fertile valley of the Hermus, where his son, Crœsus, ruled in splendour for fifteen years before his overthrow in 546 B.C. by Cyrus, the Persian. With this event the Lydian kingdom practically came to an end.

The Hittites, Phrygians, and Lydians established their capitals at places remote from the sea, and at different times ruled over extensive parts of Asia Minor; but, long before their kingdoms were overthrown, the Greeks had planted colonies along the western coast, which, partly because of their location in separate valleys, and more particularly because of their inherited ideas unfavourable to a strong federation, grew up independent of one another and never became a nation. The earliest of these colonies found traces of the much older Ægean civilization, which had built the wondrous palace of Knossos in Crete, where the dynasty of Minos ruled, and had settled

here and there among the islands of the Ægean Sea and along its shore as far north as Troy ; but it is not likely that their own civilization was much influenced by that of these predecessors.

It was perhaps even earlier than the fourteenth century B.C. that these Greek colonists began to settle on the coast of Asia Minor. The historical evidence in regard to their migrations is very imperfect ; but, from the facts that remain, they may conveniently be divided into two principal groups : the Æolian-Achæans and the Ionians. The first of the Æolian-Achæans, who probably preceded the Ionians, and had left their homes to escape from northern invaders, found an easy passage over the Hellespont, and settled on the neighbouring shore of ancient Mysia ; others of the same race who followed went farther south, and settled on the island of Lesbos and in parts of Lydia. At the time of their migration, Greece itself had attained but a slight degree of civilization, so that having acquired but little previous experience in the principles of government, and meeting with opposition from native tribes, they never became a strong power. The more important group were the Ionians, who also settled among the fertile valleys of Lydia as well as in northern Caria. They came largely from the central and most advanced parts of Greece, bringing with them ripe experience and a knowledge of political organization, so that, after expelling or absorbing the natives they encountered on the Asiatic shores,

they rose to such importance that they in turn established other colonies along the coast, in the Black Sea, and even as far away as Sicily, Italy, and Marseilles.

The relations of these Greek colonists with the Phrygians and Lydians were largely commercial. Their cities, situated on favourable harbours, became the marts for the wealth of the East and West, which their ships conveyed back and forth. They likewise exchanged the fruits of their own fertile valleys, so that they came in contact on the one hand with Oriental luxury, on the other with Greek culture. While they grew commercially until they emulated the maritime splendour of Phœnicia, their schools of literature, art, and philosophy also flourished. The result was that they soon rose to a degree of wealth and culture that rivalled, if it did not surpass, the attainments of Greece itself.

Unfortunately, the Greek tradition which led to the maintenance of independent communities with no strong bond of government, a mild, agreeable climate conducive to langour, and the usual results of luxury and protracted peace, rendered the colonists unable to withstand the force of the first great attacking power. About 560 B.C. they yielded one by one to the arms of Crœsus, and after his death they became an easy prey to the kings of Persia, to whom for many years they continued to pay tribute ; yet, apart from political dependence, their activities remained much as before.

Their yoke was not severe; but about the beginning of the fifth century B.C., forgetting sectional differences, they united in what is known as the Ionian Revolt. It was instigated by Aristagoras, of Miletus, who secured the co-operation of the Ionian cities and the assistance of twenty ships from Athens, as well as a corresponding number from Eretria. The war centred about Miletus, which was blockaded by six hundred Persian galleys, against which the galleys of the allies made such a feeble resistance that the city was taken by storm, the men were killed, and the children carried away in slavery. With the fall of Miletus in 484 B.C. the revolt ended.

The dominion of the Persians over the Greek colonies seemed more secure than ever before; but when, in their desire to be revenged on the Athenians and Eretrians for their part in the revolt, they invaded Greece, and were defeated at Marathon and Thermopylæ and Salamis, they were forced to withdraw from Asia Minor. The colonists were now freed from Persia; but they yielded to the hegemony of Athens, which was passing through the golden age of Pericles, and even paid her an annual tribute until near the close of the fifth century, when Sparta became the supreme power in Greece.

It was about this time, 401 B.C., that occurred the "March of the Ten Thousand," which is of interest in the study of Asia Minor, though it had little influence on subsequent history. On the

death of Darius, Artaxerxes succeeded to the Persian throne; but a younger son, Cyrus, who was favoured by his mother, set out from his satrapy in Asia Minor to dispute his brother's possession, with an army that included thirteen thousand Greek mercenaries. One of the Greeks was Xenophon, who had been a pupil of Socrates. It is he who, in his *Anabasis*, gives such an interesting account of how the army of Cyrus, after leaving Sardis and traversing the valley of the Hermus, and passing over to the upper valley of the Mæander by the sites of Laodicea and Hierapolis, and then marching on through Iconium and the Cilician Gates, finally met the army of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, only a few miles above Babylon. Then, after the death of Cyrus in the hour of his victory, began that memorable retreat in which Xenophon led the Greeks up the valley of the Tigris and across the rough mountains of Armenia to Trebizond, on the Black Sea.

During the first half of the fourth century B.C., the Greek colonists were obliged to pay tribute to the Persians, who had regained some influence in Asia Minor, and at times to Athens, which had recovered some of its lost power. When the influence of Greece waned, they yielded to the armies of Alexander the Great and those of his successors. Later still, they paid tribute to a branch of that race of Gauls who, under Brennus, had once taken Rome. These hardy barbarians of the north, reaching Byzantium in one of their incursions,

were invited by the king of Bithynia to aid him against his brother, and were so delighted with the sunny valleys of this southern land that they decided to remain. Gradually they took possession of most of the country as far as the Anti-Taurus range; but about the middle of the third century B.C. they were checked in the valley of the Caïcus by Eumenes I, king of Pergamus, and a little later were completely defeated and shut up in Galatia by Attalus I. The successors of these two kings, who extended their empire to the sources of the Euphrates, were not only warriors, but men of culture, under whose patronage and enlightened government the fame of Pergamus spread throughout the shores of the Mediterranean. For a short time some of the early glory of Asia Minor revived; yet its Greek cities, which have contributed so much to the enlightenment of the world, had seen their greatest days. Finally they became a province of the Roman Empire; and with its decline their political position and the splendour of their accomplishments in the fields of literature, philosophy, and art, justly comparable to those of Greece and Rome, though less known and less appreciated, gradually faded away.

A thousand years of the Christian era passed before any great power ruled again over Asia Minor; then from the steppes north of Mongolia came the band of Seljukian Turks. Expelled from his tribe, Seljuk travelled westward with a hundred horsemen, a thousand camels, and many

thousand sheep, and settled on the plains of Turkestan, not far from Bokhara. His people increased rapidly in numbers and power till, in the year 1039 A.D., the grandsons of Seljuk invaded and took possession of Khorasan, as well as the rich cities of Merv and Balkh, and within a few years extended their conquests to Western Persia. In 1063 the Seljuks captured Bagdad, and then, under Alp Arslan, began the conquest of Asia Minor, which at that time was in possession of races largely Greek, who have been described as "industrious, intelligent, and civilized." While William the Conqueror was forcibly introducing Norman customs among the people of Britain, Arslan was everywhere devastating fair provinces and destroying what remained of the early culture.

On the death of Arslan, in 1073, by the blow of an assassin, his son, Malek Shah, succeeded him, and during his rule of nineteen years raised the empire of the Seljuks to the greatest heights it ever reached. He extended his dominion over almost all Asia Minor, as well as over Persia and Turkestan, encouraged literature and science, and assembled the most noted astronomers to revise the calendar, with the result that the new calendar was pronounced by the historian Gibbon superior to the Julian. Before his death, he divided his empire among his relatives, leaving Asia Minor to his cousin Soliman, to whom he had previously entrusted its government.

Soliman established at Nicæa the capital of his

empire, which subsequently was known as the Sultanate of Roum. In 1074 his sovereignty was recognized by the Byzantines; but his son lost Nicæa, and then transferred the capital to Iconium, where for about three centuries the Seljukian sultans continued to rule. In 1200 A.D. their empire extended over most of Asia Minor and Armenia; from 1219 to 1230 A.D. it enjoyed a short period of unusual splendour under Ala-ed-din the Great; and, though in 1243 A.D. his son was defeated and made a vassal by the Mongols, the Seljukian race was still a dominant power in Asia Minor as late as 1350 A.D.

The Seljuks of Roum had destroyed whatever opposed them; yet they were also constructive. Like Malek Shah, they were patrons of culture. They invited to their capital artists, poets, and philosophers; and the architecture of their medrissas, tombs, and mosques which still remain is silent yet sufficient testimony of their high and tasteful appreciation of artistic beauty. For many preceding centuries the greatness of the ancient cities of Asia Minor had been fading like the crumbling of their monuments; with the advent of the Seljuks, Oriental philosophy, religion, and government wrought a transformation in the earlier Greek ideals.

While the Seljuks were still ruling at Iconium, the Mongols were waging war against the Sultan Gelaleddin of Persia, whom they finally defeated among the mountains of Kurdistan. A few of his

scattered followers, whose ancestors were Turcoman shepherds and whose descendants were in time to found the Ottoman Empire, came by chance upon the Seljuks under Ala-ed-din fighting against their common enemy, and, joining with them, turned probable defeat into victory. In return for this service they were granted a tract of land on the Sakaria River, near the Byzantine frontier. Their leader, Orthogrul, was the father of Osman, whose followers, by a corruption of the name, have been called Ottomans. Osman was not only a pastoral chief but a soldier, who with Moslem zeal successfully invaded the possessions of his infidel neighbours, and rapidly extended the circumference of his domains until, on the fall of Brussa, which was taken by his son Orchan after a vigorous siege, they included most of the country as far west as the Sea of Marmora. His grandson, Murad, still strengthened the empire, and with conquering armies crossed the Hellespont, but fell in battle with the Servians and Bulgarians. Bajazet, his successor, surpassed all previous Ottoman rulers, and would probably have captured the Byzantine capital but for the appearance from the East of a still greater conqueror.

Like a pestilence that leaves in its path desolation and death, turning flourishing cities into sepulchres of the slain, Tamerlane swept with a vast horde of Tartars and Mongols westward from Turkestan, and, crossing Persia, Mesopotamia, and

Syria, entered Asia Minor. In 1402 A.D. he met Bajazet on the plains near Angora, crushed his army, and took him prisoner. All Western Asia, including the cities of early Greek culture, soon yielded to him, and the rising empire of the Turks seemed doomed; but far to the East, beyond the walls of China, lay a greater and still unconquered country. Tamerlane retraced his steps to his capital at Samarkand, where, while planning for the new conquest, he unexpectedly died.

After the death of Tamerlane his empire quickly fell to pieces, and Asia Minor became the arena where for ten years the sons of Bajazet fought for the sovereignty. The final victor was soon succeeded by Murad II, who ruled for thirty years, when he in turn was succeeded by his son, Mohammed II. The great ambition of this prince was to make Constantinople his capital. For fifty-three days he besieged it, and, though valiantly defended by seven thousand men, it was unable to withstand his terrible assault. In May, 1453, after its walls had been battered by the cannon of the besiegers, after its emperor had perished fighting by the side of his troops, the city of Constantine fell; the cross was replaced by the crescent, and the church of Hagia Sophia became a mosque. From then until now, Asia Minor has remained the land of the Turks.

So it appears that, unlike other parts of Asia, such as Assyria, Persia, and China, Asia Minor, though dominated in the beginning of history by

the Hittites, and again during the past few centuries by Turkish rulers, has never given birth to any great empire that has left an important impress on the civilization of the world. So, too, unlike these countries, which have only occasionally yielded to an admixture of foreign blood, Asia Minor has received complacently adventurous colonists, and has been the sport of every returning tide of conquerors, each of whom has engrafted something on the native stock, so that what remains is but the fusion of different branches of the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian races.

Yet perhaps this ethnological complex only adds to the fascination of the study of its people. From the intermarriage of these different branches has frequently resulted offspring dissimilar to their ancestors, though in parts of ancient Cappadocia the thick-set bodies and heavy features of the men betray their Hittite origin ; a race of almost pure Seljukian blood dwell in the district of Karaman ; Armenians trade in every city ; and, by the western shores, the uncovered faces of fair women display their Greek parentage.

Moreover, some of these people have left monuments that have influenced subsequent art. On rocks near Boghaz Keui, the Hittites carved symbols which, after the lapse of thirty centuries, are still borne on the escutcheons of great nations. Not unlikely the gates of Mycenæ have a prototype in a stone gate in the walls of the Phrygians. Equally probable is it that the architecture of

ancient Greece may have borrowed something from the houses, theatres, and temples which rose in so many cities of her own Asiatic colonies.

Whoever, then, wanders over the hills and plains or through the valleys of Asia Minor mindful of its past history, will not only enjoy its flowers, its fruits, and the innumerable forms in which nature has fashioned with delicate beauty, but will receive in the study of its people, and in the contemplation of its ancient ruins, which are endeared by both classic and sacred associations, an ever increasing and endless delight.

CHAPTER II

THE ASIATIC SHORE OF THE SEA OF MARMORA: HEREKE, BRUSSA

AT the beginning of spring, I stood on one of the seven hills of Stamboul, looking across the Sea of Marmora to Asia. Most of Europe remained in the grasp of winter; but the shores of the Bosphorus were responding to warm sunshine; and even the tall cypresses seemed to have forgotten their sadness as they put forth fresh leaves. The spell of the great capital of the Byzantines and Ottomans, which still holds much of the spirit of earlier generations, had completely taken possession of me, so that it was almost regretfully I considered crossing even for a short visit to the imperial factory at Hereke, on the eastern shore, before making a greater plunge into the heart of Asia Minor.

Early in the morning, accompanied by a Greek, who was a member of a large contracting firm, I reached the crowded wharf of Galata. As we took our seat on the upper deck of the small side-wheel ferry-boat that regularly traverses the channel from shore to shore, a great throng,

representing the people of a dozen nations, was already passing over the bridge which connects the former city of the Genoese with Stamboul. The rattling of vehicles and the lusty cries of men, rising above the throbbing, rumbling din of the city, mingled with the shrill whistle of approaching and departing steamboats. At the mouth of the Golden Horn, scores of slender caïques, cushioned and carpeted, gaily painted barques and lateen-sail craft, glided over the waters; yet our boat skilfully passed between them, and, rounding the point of the old Seraglio, in ten minutes reached Haidar Pasha. Once this town was only an Asiatic village of a few inhabitants; now it is the important terminus of the railway which extends to the Cilician Pass, and will, it is hoped, soon reach Bagdad and the head of the Persian Gulf.

In the spacious station, which would be a credit to a city of the Occident, we ate our breakfast while waiting for the train that was to take us to Hereke. It was the regular train that leaves each morning for a two days' journey to Konia, with coaches divided into compartments not unlike those in use in many parts of Europe and equally comfortable. Leaving the station, we passed the cemetery of Scutari, where for four centuries the remains of Turks who had died in Constantinople were conveyed and buried, as if with the feeling that in Asia was their native soil. No other burial-place of the Turkish Empire is of

such striking appearance. It covers in area a couple of square miles, extending over hilly land which on the west faces the dome of Hagia Sophia and the six minarets of the Achmet mosque, and on the south the Sea of Marmora. Its surface is almost completely overgrown with a forest of cypresses, which attain such proportions of height and circumference as are rarely seen elsewhere and add immeasurably to its dreariness. And yet their sombre green and their dark shadows seem to have a solace for the Turks, who have a custom of planting a plane-tree at the birth of a child, and of placing a cypress near the foot of the grave of a relative.

Thicker even than the cypresses are the stones that mark the head of the graves. Some of them were brought from quarries of marble on the isle of Marmora, which rises high above the sea at a distance of eighty miles to the south-west. It has been said that these stones were shaped to suggest the human form; but they are little more than a shaft, which occasionally is without either inscription or ornament. The upper part of those that stand by the grave of a man are usually fashioned remotely like a human neck and head, surmounted by a fez or turban to indicate the rank of the deceased, and the graves of the women are designated by a less conspicuous stone, on which may be chiselled a rose branch or a lotus leaf.

The credulous people of Scutari used to repeat an old tale associated with this burial ground, as

full of poetry as of superstition. Flocks of birds, the size of a thrush and with dark plumage, flew along the Bosphorus from sea to sea. Each month of the year, heedless of the movements of boats or the noise of sailors, they continued their flight. They were never seen to eat, and rarely seen to rest ; but when a storm raged on the Black Sea, and the tumultuous winds whistled unrelentingly through the channel of the Bosphorus, they would seek the shelter of the cypresses and fill the cemetery with their wild cries. So the legend spread that the spirits of some of the Mohammedans buried there had found no peace because of crimes, but, shut out of Paradise, were condemned to fly unceasingly above the waters and utter their dismal warning.

The road to Hereke goes at first by the Pilgrim's Plain, where caravans of Mohammedans, numbering tens of thousands, gathered each year to begin their long march to Mecca. It passes through suburban villas, where a few of the wealthy Turks have well-built houses surrounded by gardens of flowering bushes and fruit trees ; then follows the beach of the northern shore of the Sea of Marmora, within sound of the splash of the waves, in view of the Princes Islands, once called the Demon Islands. The one nearest to the Bosphorus is Proti, which is about a mile in length ; the next is Antigone, of about the same size ; then comes Halki, nearly twice as large ; and Prinkipo, largest of all, lies still farther to the east. The heights of

these islands were once covered with pines, some of which still linger ; on their hills grew myrtle, cistus, and arbutus. Monasteries also flourished there long ago. One of them was built by the wife of the Emperor Leo, the brilliant Irene, in whom pious devotion was so strangely blended with horrible cruelty, and who for a short time was exiled there, in sight of the capital where she had firmly ruled in the hours of her industry, and where she had driven her golden chariot harnessed to four white steeds by way of diversion. When Mohammed took Constantinople, he set apart these islands for the Greeks, whose descendants still inhabit them, some living in little villas of picturesque homes embowered in vines and trees, others dwelling in stately cream-coloured houses, which extend from the water's edge half-way to the top. Viewed from the road to Hereke on this fair day in spring, these islands seemed like emerald jewels on a surface of sparkling waters. Between them, and in the distance, the white sails of boats were flitting, and beyond the nearer hills to the south Mt. Olympus lifted its snow-crowned crest.

Here and there, for short distances, the road turns aside from the beach and winds among homes partly shaded by pines and cypresses, as well as by a few spruce, magnolia, and eucalypti. There are also orchards where the pink blossoms of the almond blend with the silvery green leaves of the olive and the light-coloured trunks of the

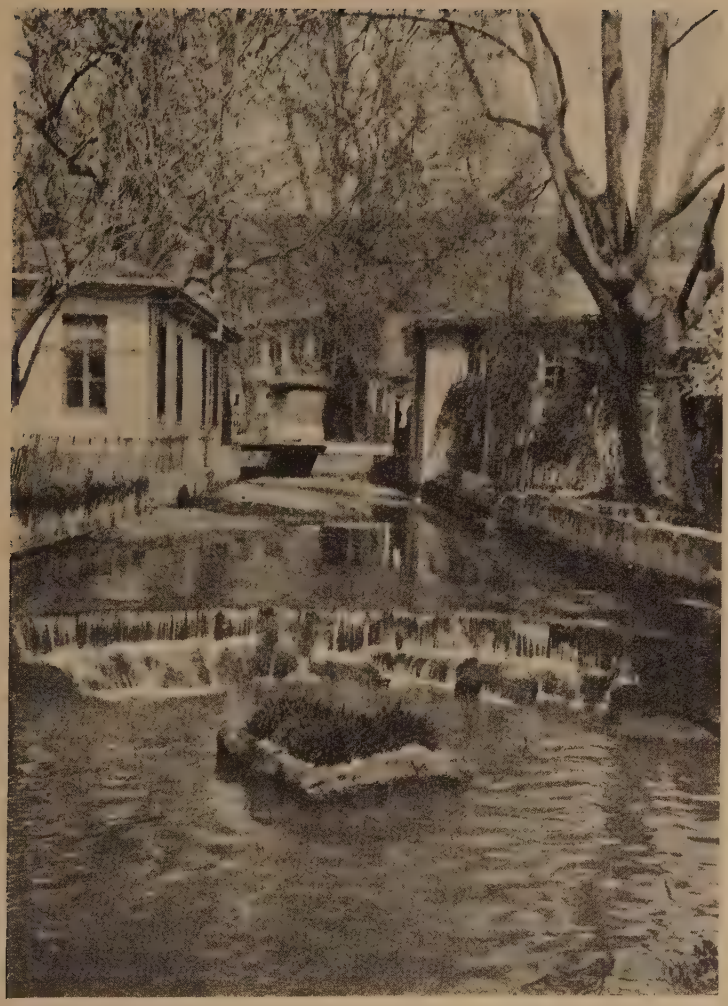
big-leafed fig. Some of the houses are of one story, some of two stories, and many of them are of unpainted wood, now turned by exposure to a dark brown hue; but their roofs are a dull red, the colour of the tiles, which if old are round, but if modern are almost flat.

The soil shows diversity. Some of it is poor and shallow, resting, as appears in railroad cuts, on rock resembling metamorphic sandstone. On such soil we could see that the olive-trees bore few olives; and, over most of it, brown sheep with huge tails were feeding among daisies and other compositæ. In a few districts, on the other hand, there were depressions or little valleys containing a rich dark loam, where men were ploughing with black oxen, and where a few months later would appear rich harvests.

For long stretches the road follows the side of low hills, so near to the sea that the play of waves against the beach, and even the pebbles that lie a dozen feet beneath the clear green waters, are distinctly seen. Again, it passes through short tunnels that bring at their opening a kaleidoscopic change of pictures: the sail of a fisherman's boat projected against blue mountains, a little hamlet of rural simplicity, and tranquil dells spangled with flowers. Some of the hills a few miles west of Hereke are of limestone, lying so near the surface that the cultivation is sparse, and at one place by the road a factory has been built to convert the rock into cement.

The village of Hereke is situated about twenty miles to the west of the head of the Gulf of Ismid, the name given to this part of the Sea of Marmora. It occupies a low, narrow space between the water and the mountains, and also part of a ravine that has been widened by the constant erosion of a stream. Its area is so restricted that probably it never would have held more than a little village of the few score men who are engaged in fishing, and the husbandmen who cultivate vineyards close by, if the Government had not established there a factory which employs large numbers of girls in weaving.

My companion told me the factory was two centuries old. It may be even older, as it is known that Soliman the Magnificent, after capturing Tabriz in 1534, brought Persian weavers to Asia Minor to instruct his own people, and the Turkish Government has ever since encouraged the industry of weaving. The grounds of the factory cover about fifteen acres of land, on which are erected a number of substantial buildings for making cloth, silks, and brocades, as well as the red fezes of the Turks. One of the buildings contains a very large number of looms, some with a breadth of even thirty-five or forty feet, on which are woven silk rugs of fine texture, and coarser woollen rugs that have long nap and follow patterns designed to please Occidental buyers. Two of the rugs on the looms at the time of our visit were copies of the famous carpet of Ardebil,



AT THE IMPERIAL FACTORY AT HEREKE

woven nearly four centuries ago for Shah Tamasp, and now hanging in the South Kensington Museum. The weavers are mostly Greek girls, rarely over fifteen years of age, and some are only five or six years old. During long, weary hours even the youngest tie the knots, one by one, with wonderful deftness; yet all of them seemed happy; some were smiling, some singing, as they worked.

Perhaps the reason for much of their happiness is the pleasing beauty of their surroundings, which are in strong contrast to the small dark rooms and the unattractive towns where so many other weavers of Asia Minor work and live. The building containing the looms is approached by a large sunny court to the west of the mountain stream that divides the grounds of the factory. This stream passes under a bridge and, gliding between moss-covered stone walls which are shaded with trees and a tangle of vines and plants, falls in two gentle cascades, then, swirling around a little island of flowers, ripples over the pebbles of the beach. On the eastern side of the stream a low stone house, surrounded by fruit trees and flowering shrubs and plants, is used as a laboratory for the chemist who supervises the dyes; and, in a garden close beside it, a small mosque lies half hidden beneath plane-trees.

From the mosque we crossed a little plaza to a low though stately pavilion on the beach, and saw where the directors consider old patterns and new dyes, or perhaps sip their coffee and smoke their

chibouques as they sit on luxurious divans and listen to the splash of the waves. We wandered along an almost spotlessly clean street, paved with smooth stones and shaded with poplars, and, passing from the grounds of the factory between tall houses in which the young girls have their dormitories, came at length to the simple dwellings where the men of the village, those who fish in the gulf and those who husband the vines, live in tranquil ignorance of the great tired world beyond.

This part of the Sea of Marmora is like an elongated basin enclosed by mountains, which on the southern side, opposite Hereke, rise to the greater height. Some of the ridges are probably not less than four thousand feet, and appear even higher as they tower above the white lines of little villages that are scattered along the edge of the shore. The bold contour of these mountains, the clear light, the changing colours of the pellucid waters, bear a close resemblance to similar features along the beautiful shores of the Gulf of Corinth.

As we returned in the afternoon to Constantinople, the scenes we witnessed in the morning seemed vested with even greater charm. At one moment we traversed a valley studded with olive-trees, which looked as peaceful as some pasture in Arcadia ; at another we passed the remains of a deserted castle standing like a lonely sentinel on a cliff ; again, we wound along hill-sides overlooking the gulf, where we could see waves tipped with foam breaking on the beach below. Near the

shore the water was the colour of emerald; out in the channel it appeared an indigo, almost solemn in the shadows of the clouds that hung above it and over the purple range of the farther shore. The upper edges of the clouds were billows of radiant white, dazzling in the sun; below them were patches of azure streaked with the thin veils of other clouds. And in the distance far beyond the nearer ridge, the snow-covered mountain of Olympus, whose crest of glittering light was melting softly into blue shadows, lay, in its serenity and immobility, like a great marble sepulchre of the past.

The most interesting and picturesque place near the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora is the city of Brussa, at the base of Mt. Olympus. For more than a century it was the capital of the earliest Ottoman sultans, each of whom participated in the erection of notable mosques, as well as imposing sepulchres in which their remains were finally placed.

The journey from Constantinople to Brussa is made by small but comfortable steamers, which land the passengers at Mudania, about fifty miles away on the southern shore of the Sea of Marmora, and then by a railway. Both officers and employés are Turks, who, as a rule, speak neither English nor French; but, since many of the travellers to Brussa speak Greek, I was fortunate in having as my companion an English student of archæology who had lived in Greece, and so was

able to make known our few wants. We left the capital at an early hour, when the air was so still that the smoke from the engines trailed in a long line above the wake of the boat; and, as we passed a few miles to the west of the Princes Islands, scarcely a ripple stirred the surface of the water. Midway across the sea, the only visible signs of life, apart from those aboard, were a few seagulls following us, some ducks flying northward, and a school of porpoises that sportively turned half somersaults in the air. Even the passengers seemed inclined to langour, for the day was warm; while the dull pulsing of the engines, and the confused blending of the voices of passengers, which seemed suppressed as if affected by the contagion of the prevailing tranquillity, soothed the senses like the drowsy hum of insects.

Beyond the Gulf of Ismid, our boat rounded a high promontory, whose southern side is covered with vineyards and fields of mulberry-trees, and approached a little village of well-built houses, two and three stories high, that stand at the water's edge. Passing between lateen-sail feluccas and numerous smaller craft that glided over the waves, we anchored before a wide, smooth beach, where a number of people had gathered to watch the arrival of the steamer with an interest unsatiated by its daily occurrence.

From this pretty village, so characteristic of many others along these shores, the distance is but a few miles across the opening of a well-

sheltered bay to Mudania, the principal port of a fertile district extending far to the south and east. From its long wharf the railway passes by warehouses, and, at once entering the hills, winds with constantly ascending grade along their sides so as to afford pleasing views of the valleys below and the receding sea. At last it crosses a divide to a much larger valley extending to the foot of the Olympic mountains.

The country increases in beauty as it extends from the sea. Near Mudania are low round hills planted largely with olives ; farther inland, where the hills rise higher, they are covered with mulberries, which in the spring of the year bear leaves of an exquisite soft green with a slightly yellowish tint, as suggestive of hope as the silvery green of the olive is of peace. In many places tall, slender poplars like the Lombardy, with a nearly cream-white bark, separate the farms from one another ; and in the villages they partly conceal low stone houses with red-tiled roofs, stained with age. When the divide is reached, a scene of greater beauty opens to the south. A little below are numerous hamlets in a rich, well-watered valley, where peasants toil in the orchards or plough the open fields with black oxen. Well-defined roads wind through the valley and over ancient bridges to the city of a hundred minarets, the ancient capital of the Ottomans, which lies half hidden in the dense, dark foliage of rugged ridges that climb to a summit of dazzling snow. At the time of our

visit the land was refreshed by the passing of snow-melted waters; it was enveloped in an atmosphere fragrant with blossoms, with the smell of aromatic plants, yet soothing, as it induced the peaceful langour peculiar to the Orient.

It would not be unreasonable to believe that the site of Brussa has been occupied by people since a very remote period. According to legend, the foundations of the city were planned by Hannibal in 220 B.C., as a token of appreciation for the hospitality he had received after taking refuge at the court of Prusias in Bithynia. It was then named Prusa after the reigning king. Much later it became a city of the Byzantines; but in 1326 A.D. it was captured, after a severe siege, by Orchan, and was at once made the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Here for a century and a quarter the Turkish sultans ruled. Yet it was still subject to changing fortune: it was pillaged by the ruthless Tartars of Tamerlane after they had defeated Bajazet, and a little later was besieged by the sultan of Iconium. It has also been the sport of conflagrations and earthquakes, which have destroyed most of the city, though nothing seems to efface its picturesque beauty.

These changes in its history have been denoted by an ebb and flow in the tide of its population. At the time of the fall of Constantinople it had 100,000 inhabitants; during the first half of the nineteenth century they had decreased to 35,000; now again there are over 100,000, two-thirds of

whom are Turks, and the remainder Jews, Greeks, and Armenians.

The main axis of Brussa, which is nearly twice as long as broad, extends from north-west to south-east parallel with the mountain system behind it; and the main thoroughfare of the city follows to a large extent the same direction, ascending gradually to the south-east. Most of the other streets are as irregular as the crackle of old Chinese porcelain. They run in all directions, but generally terminate at the precipitous sides of deep ravines at each end of the city, which carry from the mountains to the valley streams that in the winter and spring are often torrential.

The principal station is in the valley near the north-easterly part of the city; but my companion and I left the train at a more convenient station near where the waters of the more westerly of the ravines flow into the valley. We drove along a stone-paved road past Jewish and Greek cemeteries that occupy small plots of land, lying not within the city, like the Mohammedan burial places, but in the country beyond it, as if outlawed. Continuing, we approached near to the two-domed mosque of Murad II, which gives its name to the surrounding quarter; then turned to the left, and, crossing a bridge over the ravine, arrived at the Hôtel d'Anatolie.

From the recollections of some of the other places it was my fortune to visit while in Asia Minor, where hunger was often satisfied only by

accepting what the palate disdained, where sleep was often disturbed by the attentions of ruthless intruders too small and nimble to be caught, it is a pleasure to turn the thoughts to the clean though simple apartments and the wholesome fare of this unpretentious hotel, and to the delightful evenings when, after a day's tramp, we sat on the veranda near the gardens, sensitive to the mysterious intoxication of the Orient, listening to the falling waters of the fountain, and inhaling the sweet fragrance of flowers.

Brussa enjoys two advantages over most Turkish cities: it has an abundance of clear, cool water; it is well shaded. In many parts of Asia Minor but little rain falls during most of the year; but to Brussa this is no misfortune. When the rains of winter are over, the lower banks of the eternal snows of Olympus begin to melt and send down streams of pure, limpid water. Most of it passes like torrents through the ravines to enter the valley below and add to its fertility. Part of it is conducted through the city to the houses, mosques, and public fountains. And such is its abundance that the better homes of the city have their own small rivulets and fountains, which impart a delicious freshness and coolness, even in the hottest summer.

It is partly as a consequence of this abundance of water, and also because Brussa is on the north side of a high mountain, that the vegetation is in places so dense and rank. In the upper part of

THE GOLDEN HORN

ON THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE SEA OF MARMORA

the city, where some of the houses are on the side of acclivities, plants and shrubs grow wild; in other parts, tangled vines climb over crumbling walls, while in gardens and open places trees flourish with slight provocation. Before the Oulou mosque, in the centre of the city, there are venerable plane-trees with enormous trunks, looking as if they had been buffeted by the storms of centuries, and others grow in almost every street. They are one of the favourite trees of Asia Minor, and in most places have doubtless grown spontaneously; but a feature rarely seen elsewhere, and the result of forethought, are the grape vines which have been planted at the sides of the streets near the bazaar, and, climbing to a height of about twelve feet, have spread completely across them. It is said the Koran forbids the drinking of wine; but doubtless many a Mussulman seated in the shade of these arbours in the heat of summer, sipping his sherbet cooled by frozen snow, has breathed a blessing to the vine.

The banks of the ravine, where the stream has cut a channel as deep as it is wide some thirty rods to the south-east of the Konak, or Government building, are also densely covered with vegetation. Now and then during winter the stream becomes a roaring torrent, although in the late spring, when the rains are nearly over, most of the bed of the ravine lies uncovered, showing huge rounded boulders that the rush of waters has brought from the mountains above. But neither the impetuous

flow of water nor the debris has prevented native trees taking root in the steep banks, where their dark green foliage blends with a riot of vines and flowering shrubs and bushes.

Because of the perplexing irregularity of most of the streets near the heart of the city, we often found it much simpler to follow the main one as near as possible to the place we were seeking, rather than take a more direct course and get lost in a labyrinth. This main street has gutters at each side, and is paved with stones, which the tramping of horses and the jarring of carts have worn smooth, so that walking over them was preferable to stumbling over the rounder stones of the narrow, slightly elevated pavement. Many of the smaller streets are without pavement and, in place of having gutters, incline from each side to the centre. Some of them terminate in blind alleys or against a high wall; some lead to interesting quarters.

Almost in the centre of the city, within call of the muezzin of the Oulou mosque, there is an opening about half an acre in size, which is paved with stones, shaded by large plane-trees that cast a delicate pattern of shadows on the ground, and surrounded by low houses with slanting tiled roofs. These houses are used partly as dwellings, partly as shops of half-industrious men. At one of them the Turk can buy meat, beneath the projecting roof of another he can sip small cups of coffee, and before another he can smoke his narghileh while playing dominoes. Under one of the plane-

trees, to which is attached an old-fashioned municipal lamp shade, is a large stone basin, nicked and moss-covered, where animals drink and men wash their hands. Here and there pigs diligently hunt for refuse, and dogs, cats, and storks cultivate the goodwill of the butcher. The scene is not one of beauty, but is one of those interesting bits of simple Oriental life that is most characteristic of Asia.

The bazaar is about a hundred yards to the north. Though it bears no comparison in size or in attractive display of wares to the great bazaars of Stamboul and Tabriz, though it lacks much of the mystery fostered by their dull light, it discharges similar functions in the domestic life of the people. The accumulated length of its passages, lined on both sides by innumerable small booths and covered by a roofing, probably does not much exceed a quarter of a mile; but, as is the case in all Turkish towns, adjacent portions of streets that approach it are used for similar purposes. Within this restricted space, keen-eyed Turks, Greeks, and Armenians display almost every commodity produced in the district, and also many foreign articles, old and new. People of all classes—tawny-complexioned peasants, and veiled women whose daintily-shaped feet betray their parentage—come here to bargain and buy, for the prices are generally less than in the larger stores in the main street.

Some of the dwellings are of only one story, but

the great majority are of two or evenre the stories. In the business section of the city, the lower part facing the street is generally used as a shop, while the rear and the upper story contain living-rooms. One of the most interesting features of these Turkish houses is the projecting window, where the women of the Orient, whose minds have not yet responded to modern culture, spend many of their leisure moments gazing into the street. If the house is occupied by a Greek, the windows are protected simply by blinds or curtains ; but, if it is the home of a Turk, they are covered with lattice work, which conceals the members of the harem—a wife, daughters, and occasionally an odalisque —without obstructing their observation. Frequently, when wandering along some street, studying the graceful lines of a minaret or some delicately carved stonework, we heard unexpectedly the murmur of soft voices ; and looking up discovered overhead a lattice window, behind which perhaps some fair beauty was concealed.

A little to the west of the centre of the city, a steep street climbs to the quarter known by the Turks as Hissar-Itchi, or the Citadel. It occupies about twenty-four acres of comparatively flat land, extending like a bench from the mountains to an almost precipitous front, one hundred yards to the rear of the Hôtel d'Anatolie ; and at its eastern and western sides, terminates in steep declivities. The walls that partly surround it rest on an old foundation, which probably represents what re-

mains of an ancient city pre-dating the Christian era, but were themselves built much later, and, though frequently repaired, are now rapidly disappearing. From no other place can a more excellent panorama of the city and valley be obtained, since almost every place of consequence is visible. The suburb of Tchekirgueh, renowned from classic times for its baths, to the north-west ; the military school, among the hills to the south-east ; the stalls of the bazaar, surrounded by a disarray of red roofs, a score of rods to the right ; and the dark sad cypresses of the Turkish cemetery, directly behind—these are some of the objects that appear beyond and among less conspicuous buildings, over which in every direction rise the white, arrow-like minarets, pointing to the places of the mosques.

Few, if any, other religious sects are so punctilious as the Moslems in their acts of religious devotion. They offer their prayers daily at fixed hours, that their feelings may be united in simultaneous outpouring of thanksgiving and petition. This was the wish of the followers of Mohammed, who long debated over the selection of the means by which the attention of their people should be attracted at the exact hour, since everything suggestive of the practices of other religions was to be avoided. At length one night, according to tradition, a being clothed in green appeared in a vision to one of the elders, and mounting to the housetop lifted his voice in a ringing call to prayer.

This vision was accepted as a messenger from Allah. So, ever since, the muezzin appeared on the roof of the mosques, until towers were erected, with balconies, from which his weird solemn chant, undisturbed by conflicting waves of noise in the city below, and vibrating with intensity, is borne through the air and stills the souls of men. But the towers are not alone objects of utility. Remove from stately mosques the single feature of the minaret and, though their splendour remains, you have taken away the architectural effect and destroyed one of the most pleasing charms. Even if there be only one rising above the roof and the encircling trees, the delicacy of the slender column with the graceful balcony near the top accentuates the majestic proportions of the rest. Some, moreover, such as the best that were built by the Seljuks, with geometric patterns and coloured tiles, were objects of beauty even when regarded independently of the adjacent structures.

Some one has said Brussa contains two hundred mosques ; another, that there are upwards of six hundred. Evidently there are too many to be accurately counted. Most of them are small, with only the suggestion of a minaret or none at all, with little more than a room where the Moslems come to enter into the presence of the Spirit of Allah. A few are almost as simple as the earliest mosques, which because of the almost entire absence of Mohammedan ritual consisted of a courtyard partly shaded with palm branches, or a court

surrounded by a cloister, and covered only at the end where the mihrab was placed.

Of these innumerable mosques, almost all are modern and of slight interest. But those erected by the five sultans who in succession made Brussa their capital before it was transferred to Constantinople, though racked by many earthquakes, are still imposing examples of Oriental splendour, for each follows to some extent a style of architecture that the Ottomans had acquired from the Seljuks, and they in turn from the Persians. None of them are now open to worshippers, so that before we could gain admission it was necessary to have written permission from the city officials. This, however, was readily obtained on the presentation of our passports; and the guardians, when once awakened from their reveries, readily opened the doors as they silently ruminated over the prospect of baksheesh.

The oldest mosque, located near the centre of the city, was built by Orchan, who took Brussa from the Greeks. The original structure has been almost entirely rebuilt; but two of its marble columns, which have octagonal shafts surmounted by delicately carved Byzantine capitals, still remain as an evidence of Orchan's appreciation of the art of the conquered.

The mosque of Murad I (1359–89), the second oldest, which lies in the suburb of Tchekirgueh to the north-west of the city, has been termed "the most beautiful mosque of Brussa." Unlike the

other mosques, it contains within the same structure a medrissa, a shaded cloister where sons of the conquerors studied the ethics of the Koran. It, also, is the work of a Byzantine architect ; yet here and there appear traces of Islam art.

The succeeding sultan, Ilderim Bajazet (1389–1403), laid the foundations of a mosque at the north-eastern end of the city, and partly completed it before his capture by Tamerlane. Stalactite ornamentation was largely employed in the interior decoration for the first time, and the carving of the marbles had a delicacy unexcelled in any other mosque of the city. Now most of its former beauty has been destroyed ; yet even in its decay it represents a notable conception of ideal thought.

The largest mosque of Brussa is the Oulou Jami, which was begun by Murad about 1379, continued by Bajazet, and completed by Mohammed I in 1421. It is in the heart of the city, not far from the bazaar. Probably because of this convenient location, inviting the approach of every passer-by, it has lost the charm of partial seclusion. The open court before the principal entrance has been neglected : there are neither plots of grass, nor bushes of flowers, nor rows of cypresses—simply a plane-tree, venerable and rent by countless storms. In vain would a Mussulman search this court for the accustomed fountain at which to wash his hands and feet before entering for prayer, for it is not without, as is usually the case, but

BRUSSA FROM THE YESHIL JAMI

THE MAIN STREET OF BRUSSA

almost in the centre of the mosque, where it is separated from the surrounding space by a low railing. Its large stone basin with a central column supporting a series of smaller carved basins, from which the water pours in jets to fill the one below, is the first object to attract the eye from the main entrance. The mihrab, which is invariably placed so that the bending suppliants shall face Mecca, is in the wall beyond it ; while a mimbar of wonderfully carved woodwork is at one side. Viewed from any eminence about Brussa, this mosque is one of the most conspicuous objects below, not only on account of its size and the heights of its minarets, but because in place of one large dome surmounting the roof there is a cluster of twenty small domes, each covering one arched section of the lower floor.

Each of these silent memorials of a monarch's devotion to the creed of Islam is a worthy tribute to the hold it has had on the minds of countless millions of followers ; yet an even more perfect example of Oriental architecture is the Yeshil Jami, or Green mosque, which takes its name from the green faience with which its minarets, that fell during an earthquake in 1855, were embellished. This mosque was built by Mohammed I (1413–21) on the site of a former Byzantine church, across the deep ravine at the eastern end of the city. The paved court before it contains wide-spreading trees and a covered fountain. The main entrance, directly behind this fountain, is typical

of Seljukian art in which is expressed the best inspiration of Persia. Its carved double doors, placed in a slight recess of an imposing portal, are surmounted by a stalactite arch and surrounded by delicate carving of inscriptions and arabesques of exquisite design. Rarely does stone seem less inanimate, for slight gradations of the colour of the marble and the soft shading of the carving impart the semblance of vitality. So great is the reposeful elegance of the exterior that, even when the door was opened, we were in no haste to enter.

The small hall leading to the main chamber is decorated with green faience, which surrounds blue medallions with six-cornered stars suggestive of the pattern of Oushak carpets of three centuries ago. Perhaps this resemblance is more than accidental, since a number of these carpets were spread over the floors, though we saw them in no other mosque of Asia Minor. The main chamber, lying beneath the large domes, is twice as long as broad, and is divided into two parts, of which the part farthest from the door is elevated about four feet above the other, and may have been used as the imperial tribune. The lower part, where the worshippers kneeled, contains an octagonal-shaped marble fountain with a beautiful ornamental standard. And at each side of the entrance are smaller chambers containing shrine-niches, which are decorated with blue and green faience arranged in geometric patterns, and with delicately gilded enamel.

In many places within the mosque, as well as on its exterior, the faience is cracked or even completely destroyed ; yet the rich colouring of what remains, the marvellous stone carving of Arabic letters and dainty designs that appear in clear-cut relief, the soft dim light that penetrating stained-glass window is reflected from marble walls, and a silence which seems almost audible like some voice of the Infinite, awaken in the observer, whatever his creed, the deepest feelings.

From the front of the court before the Yeshil Jami, the ground rapidly falls away so as to give an almost unobstructed view of the flanks of the mountain on which Brussa rests. Across the ravine to the north-west, a high wall encloses a garden and the mosque of Murad II (1421–51), the last of the sultans who preceded the conqueror of Constantinople. And, amid a dark tangle of lofty cypresses and giant plane-trees, the domes and minarets of numerous other mosques rise above the roofs of houses, and not infrequently afford pictures of decaying splendour surrounded by unrestrained vegetation. It is a scene in which the art of man has added charm to the lavish work of nature.

The same spot overlooks the final resting places of many of the Moslem dead. Most of them present a close array of stern-looking shafts with turbaned crowns, for the poor, who are in the great majority, have little more than a headstone ; but the richer have marble sarcophagi surrounded

by a plot of grass and flowering bushes ; and the sultans have magnificent turbehs, or mausoleums. Of these, the Yeshil Turbeh, which is the burial place of Mohammed I, and the turbehs of Osman and Orchan, which are near together, are the most interesting.

The Yeshil Turbeh is at the rear of the Yeshil Jami, at a slightly higher elevation. The garden before it contains large numbers of small bushes with bright flowers arranged carefully in little beds, in which there is a total absence of dense trees, so that the dismal gloom of the usual Turkish cemeteries is lacking. Perhaps it was planned so as to be in keeping with an original design to exclude as far as possible every sad suggestion, for the exterior of the turbeh was originally covered with green tiles not unlike some on the inner walls, which would glitter in the sunlight ; and the carving of the stonework is so delicate that there is nothing oppressive in its massiveness. The structure as a whole is as simple as beautiful. It is of octagonal shape, with a vaulted portal of exquisite design in one of the sides, and windows in each of the remaining seven. The interior consists principally of a large hall beneath a central dome, a hall in which the light of day is softened by passing through stained glass before it falls on the solemn grey walls and floor and the dark investments of the dead.

The present turbehs of the sultans Osman and Orchan replace earlier tombs, which were destroyed

by an earthquake. They are near the citadel, and are surrounded by a garden, where a little rivulet flows by stone walks, where the fresh breezes from above gather the sweet odours of flowers. Here beneath sombre catafalques, overlooking the valley of Brussa, lie the remains of father and son whose ancestors only a short while before were wandering homeless among the mountains of Armenia, and whose descendant a little later captured Constantinople. Their mausoleums are marked by an impressively simple observance of traditional conventions ; yet they are fitting monuments for the founders of the great Ottoman Empire.

There are other places less imposing and with none of the associations of lugubrious mortality, which nevertheless are as distinctly Oriental and not devoid of charm. Such are the medrissas, of which the most interesting and beautiful is the Yeshil medrissa, close to the Yeshil mosque. Its vaulted entrance-chamber leads to a quadrangle, with rooms for students on three sides ; while its centre contains a fountain surrounded by native plants and fig-trees. It is, however, chiefly the exterior of the beautifully decorated entrance, as well as the green faience above the windows, that gives a just appreciation of its former grandeur. Many of these old medrissas are now in ruins : the faience has fallen from their walls ; the smoke no longer curls above the innumerable little chimneys that rise from the separate apartments where the students lived. But the seductive pleasure of sit-

ting in the cloister or under the fruit trees of one of them, inhaling the fragrance of blossoms and listening to the singing waters of the fountain, long lingers in the memory of whoever has experienced it.

The warm springs at the western end of Brussa and among the suburbs of Tchekirgueh probably had greater influence than the cool streams and the beauty of Mt. Olympus in inducing the Ottomans to locate their capital here, for to the Turk bathing is one of the greatest luxuries. It is, moreover, enjoined by the law. Even insignificant towns have their bathing places, which can be distinguished by the many domes studded with numerous small hemispheres of glass that rise above the walls of the building. Every important bathing house consists of three apartments : the outer room where the bathers undress, an adjoining room where they become accustomed to greater degrees of heat and are sometimes rubbed and prepared for the bath, and the inner room containing the central bathing pool, which not infrequently is surrounded by numerous alcoves to be used as resting places. In the larger and more elegant establishments these rooms are of marble, elaborately carved. Such is the case at Brussa, where the basin beneath the central dome is of polished marble fifteen yards in diameter ; and parts of the walls have some of the old mosaic work and faience decoration that carry the mind back to the days of the early sultans.

While Brussa has long been noted for its mosques and baths, it is not alone a place of purification spiritually and bodily; it is the capital of a vilayet of about thirty thousand square miles, inhabited by a million and a half people engaged in various pursuits; it is also the commercial centre of a silk industry which gives employment to a large part of the population. It has over fifty factories for spinning the silk of worms that feed on the leaves of millions of mulberry-trees; and, though most of the raw silk is sent to France, there are houses where some of the silk is dyed and then woven into knot-tied rugs.

Many of the towns of Asia Minor melt away into forsaken plains and uninteresting surroundings; but it is not so with Brussa. Let a traveller ride through the valley below, explore the shady ravines, or climb the trail that leads to the snow-line of Olympus, and he will find everywhere views of fresh and striking interest.

Perhaps it was the murmuring splash of the fountain, or the soft fragrance of orange-blossoms, that cast its spell over us one beautiful afternoon in spring. Summoning a carriage, we bade the driver take us wherever he would, but warned him that whipping his horses would merit the bow-string. We passed to the rear of the hotel, crossed the deep ravine to the west of the city, then slowly ascended the road that winds along the hill-side. Here we turned into a recess, through which a noisy rivulet overhung with dense foliage tumbled

unceasingly and rushed to join the bigger stream below; here we approached the edge of a declivity overlooking the whole of the adjacent valley. Almost beneath was a stone bridge, humped like the back of a dromedary, as is the case of so many of the bridges of Asia. It had doubtless borne the tramp of great armies again and again, for it was worn and gray with age. Near it we could see gardens carefully cultivated; and, farther away, orchards of olives and mulberries, leading up to the blue divide that separates the valley from the Sea of Marmora.

It seemed to be a holiday, for along the road we overtook parties of children with men and women; or perhaps they, too, had yielded to the call of the hills. They were evidently Greeks, for the faces of the women were unveiled and showed no fear. Some gathered flowers by the roadside, and twisted them into garlands; some sang; all seemed full of an intense joy of living.

We mounted higher until to the east appeared the upper flanks of Olympus, which are not visible from the city, so closely does it nestle at the base. What lay beneath seemed dwarfed in its overshadowing grandeur. Far to the west, beyond glades and shaded pastures, stretched vast areas of rolling land, enclosing a lake that sparkled like some great gem in the slanting rays of the sun. On a hill close by, a man was ploughing with sluggish oxen, leaving behind furrows of dark, moist soil that told how little he had accomplished

A STREET IN SMYRNA ON THE NORTH SIDE OF MT. PAGUS

since the break of day. Now, from other fields, men were moving homeward; and from a rock-built hamlet, on a little shelf of ground, blue smoke rose and drifted slowly through the still air. As the sun sank out of view, shrouding the distant hills in great patches of purple, we reached a deep ravine, from whose gloomy shadows rose the sound of waters plunging unceasingly against boulders; and the sound rose complainingly as if trying to impart some mystery of eternity we were too dull to interpret. All else was still. At length from out of a thicket far across the ravine came the clear note of a bird, prolonged and plaintive, as though to announce that day had ended. Infinite peace seemed to pervade all things, bringing them into harmony. As unwillingly as the lotus-eater to leave his shore, we turned back, for at early morning we were to leave this land of the mulberry-trees and passing splendour.

CHAPTER III

CONSTANTINOPLE TO SMYRNA

THE voyage from Constantinople to Smyrna may be made on several different lines of steamers, of which the Austrian Lloyd and the Khedival Mail are generally considered the best. Though the steamers are not large, their rooms are comfortable and the meals fair, so that when the weather is favourable the voyage is one of constant delight, and the single day required is none too long.

It was one afternoon about the first of April when we left the great Ottoman capital to visit the ancient cities of Asia Minor. The weather had been exceptionally delightful, for at this time of the year there are generally much rain and bleak northern winds. As we crossed the entrance of the Golden Horn and passed beyond the domes of Hagia Sophia and the six minarets of the Achmet mosque into the Sea of Marmora, a cool breeze blew across it from the farther shore. Perhaps it had touched the snows of Mt. Olympus after traversing the salty plains of Anatolia; perhaps it had played among the hills where the founders of the Ottoman

race had followed their flocks. It awoke again the spirit of the nomad, dormant for unnumbered generations, then died away.

Neither the waters of the Bay of Naples nor its skies at the close of day are more beautiful than those of the Marmora and the Ægean. Late this quiet afternoon a few gulls and queer-rigged craft floated almost motionlessly on the sea. Only a slight movement stirred its surface, from which was reflected the grey-blue colour of a sky that was mostly veiled with thin clouds, but darkened in places with heavier clouds and the smoke of the city. As our steamer continued on its way, the domes and minarets of Stamboul appeared faintly like unreal images in a clouded background. The sun was hidden as it approached its setting ; then suddenly the west was brightened with a silvery light that appeared the more beautiful in contrast with duller tones. Now the light fell on the waters, which shone like beaten silver. At length the light turned to gold, most refined, most beautiful, that flamed the western clouds with a splendour suggesting worlds not made with hands. Finally darkness, effacing every outline, spread over the sea.

The Dardanelles are about forty miles long and four miles wide, or a little more than twice the length and breadth of the Straits of the Bosphorus. If the shores of the Dardanelles are less beautiful than those of the Bosphorus, they are more classic ground. It was near Abydos on the Asiatic side

that Xerxes built the bridge for his army to cross ; and, at the lower end, Agamemnon and Achilles warred against Priam, before the walls of Troy. Twelve miles below the southern entrance is the island of Tenedos, to which, legends say, the Greeks withdrew till the Trojans had received within their walls the wooden horse ; and to the east of it rises lofty Mt. Ida that witnessed the judgment of Paris.

It had rained during the night ; but as we approached the island of Lesbos the sky was clear ; the sea was a beautiful indigo blue, dotted with shining white sails. On the north-east side, the croppings of limestone give the island a very rugged appearance, as if it were somewhat desolate. Yet parts of it are well wooded ; parts, fertile and highly cultivated. Here and there are orchards of olives, and also villages, even high on the hill-sides.

As the largest island in the eastern part of the archipelago, Lesbos occupied a most important position in the early history of the Greek colonies. It was the home of historians, philosophers, and statesmen, and of the lyric poets Alcæus and Sappho, who told in verse of its hills and cliffs, among which they wandered. It was the scene of many conflicts on account of its importance and position ; and it is still one of the chief bones of contention between the Greeks and Turks, for, although the population is almost entirely Greek, it lies within a dozen miles of the Turkish shore.

Our steamer passed between the island and the mainland; and at the south-eastern part of the island, anchored in an open roadstead before Mitylene. The city has a small inner harbour of rectangular shape, protected by short stone piers, the ends of which support diminutive lighthouses; but the water is too shallow to permit large steamers to enter, so that their freight and passengers are transferred in lighters. This haven for fishing boats and smaller vessels is partly surrounded by numerous cafés and shops, and on its south side by a plaza with large, wide-spreading trees, where people lounge on warm summer evenings. Most of their dwellings extend from the plaza southward along the water front, though others climb far up the hill, whence the shore of the mainland is clearly seen. In a few places clusters of cypresses tower above the houses, and groves of olives cover the hills to the south of the city. Little remains on the island to recall early Grecian days; but on the site of an ancient acropolis, to the north of the city, is a mediæval castle built by the Genoese. The hill on which it stands was once separated from the mainland by a small channel, so that it could be assailed only with difficulty; while its fortifications were so strongly built as to be almost impregnable in those days of simpler warfare. Even now, after the lapse of centuries, its massive walls are so well preserved that they are used as a fort by the Turkish soldiers.

On the afternoon when the steamer approached Smyrna the sea was the colour of lapis lazuli, and was gently undulating with slight swells. Not a cloud flecked the sky above; but heavy clouds with edges tinged with dazzling light drifted near the horizon and over the mountains that surround the bay. They cast ragged shadows on the peaks of the Two Brothers that lie to the south, on Nif Dagh, the Ionian Olympus to the east; and on the long ridge of Mt. Sipylus to the north-east, covering their sides with patches of black-green separated by other patches of the emerald of springtime, and making a setting rarely surpassed for the cream-white houses of the second largest city of the Turkish Empire.

To the left, the steamer passed flat lands on which mounds of salt glistened in the sun; then entered the channel near its modern fortifications. It came to anchor near the quay, at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards from a score of boats, each holding a couple of men. The boats, riding motionless on the water, were drawn in line facing the steamer; but at some signal they dashed forward like hounds from a leash, racing for the gangway. As they approached, the men in them became a howling mob, and reaching the gangway sprang up, gesticulating, yelling, wrangling, pushing, struggling, yet never came to blows; and rushed aboard like pirates to seize and bear ashore the luggage of the travellers. Some of them were wretchedly garbed; some were men

in whose faces appeared the roar of the tempest, the red heat of burning wastes, the bitter anguish of hunger and thirst. And with such noise and confusion and contest, all for a trifling recompense, they received us at the threshold of Asia.

CHAPTER IV

SMYRNA

EVEN before a stranger has landed on the quay of Smyrna, he begins to realize he is about to enter a very old city, for, on the summit of a low mountain against which it rests, he sees a long line of shattered walls that speak unmistakably of ancient methods of warfare and of the wear of many passing centuries. It is indeed one of the many Greek cities which once flourished on the western coast of Asia Minor, and the only one that has survived; it is also older than most of them, since its earliest foundations ante-dated the beginnings of history. They were laid, it is said, by Æolians, about 1100 B.C., on the site of a previous settlement of the Leleges; there is also a tradition, going back into the far misty past, that its name was derived from one of the Amazons of Anatolia.

Once the gulf extended as a narrow channel much farther inland; and the ancient city of Smyrna was on its northern shore, about four miles to the north-east of the present city. But during the past three thousand years the coast has been slowly rising, and from the valleys and mountains the rivers have been bringing down

A STREET IN SMYRNA NEAR THE TEKKE OF THE WHIRLING DERVISHES

silt and depositing it in the harbours, so that now the sea has receded at Smyrna, as it has also at Ephesus and Miletus.

In those early days the Royal Road of the Hittites, over which caravans brought precious stuff from the Far East, passed from the valley of the Hermus over a low divide and along the southern side of Mt. Sipylus to this ancient city. But an equally important branch from near Sardis, which traversed the valley of the Cayster not far from Colophon, directed some of the commerce to the ports of Ephesus and Miletus. Thus arose a commercial rivalry between Smyrna and Ephesus, which resulted in the Ephesians aiding the people of Colophon to obtain control of Smyrna. And so it happened that, at the beginning of the seventh century B.C., it became part of the Ionian League ; but at the end of the century it was captured by Alyattes, king of the Lydians.

Little is known of the history of Smyrna during the following three centuries. The statement by Strabo that it was destroyed by the Lydians is inconsistent with the reference of Pliny to its beauty. Yet without a doubt much of its early political and commercial importance waned, until Antigonus and Lysimachus, the successors of Alexander, transferred the inhabitants across the narrow arm of the gulf to the base and flank of the northern side of Mt. Pagus, and there laid the foundation of its subsequent greatness. Then, for protection, they built a citadel on the top of the

mountain, and a wall six feet thick which completely encircled the new city except on the side of the sea. The wall has almost entirely disappeared, and the location of only two of the gates is known: one to the east near the depot of the railroad to Sardis; and the other, which was called the Ephesian Gate, at the west end. Between these two gates lay the principal street of the city, known as the Golden Street, the street where the wealth of the East was exchanged for the wealth of the West.

On a magnificent harbour, where it received the ships of every city of the Mediterranean, and surrounded by the most fertile valleys of Asia Minor, Smyrna soon became one of the most prosperous cities of the world. Through its gates passed the commerce of every nation. Its broad streets were laid out with regularity and paved with stone. It had a public library, an odeum, a theatre in which were heard the plays of Greek tragedians, and a stadium in which were regularly held games like those of Olympia. It had temples erected to Diana, Apollo, and Jupiter, as well as to Cybele, the tutelary goddess of the city.

Not alone its pagan history, but its sacred history, also, is of interest, since here was established one of the earliest Christian churches, which became known as one of the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse; and here was born its second bishop, Polycarp, who was burned in the stadium after refusing to become an apostate.

The Smyrna of to-day has almost completely engulfed the old city, leaving only a few half-intelligible ruins. It extends from what is known as the Point, at its northerly extremity, for a distance of about three miles to the south-west along the Gulf of Smyrna; on its north-east side, it extends from the Point for a mile along the inner harbour, known as the Gulf of Burnabat; and on the south it reaches nearly to the summit of Mt. Pagus. The character of its population also has changed, for it now consists principally of Turks, though it has large numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, as well as those Europeans who are generally spoken of as Franks. Each of these different classes, making a total of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, dwells in a clearly defined section of the city, possessing peculiarities of its own, but comes forth to mingle with the others on the quay, in the bazaar, and along the streets that pass through the heart of the city.

The Franks occupy a narrow strip of land extending for a mile and a half to the south-west of the Point, and between the harbour and Frank Street, which is parallel to it. Along its water-front, a stone-paved boulevard, sixty feet wide, rises about three feet above the surface of the sea, and becomes the quay as it extends beyond the custom-house and wharves to the Konak. The rise and fall of the tide is hardly noticeable; but when the winds blow from the west the waves

pile up and dash over the boulevard, wetting the feet of passing horses and driving promenaders to the inner side. The view from this northern water-front over the harbour and the surrounding mountains has attracted many of the wealthiest residents, some of whom occupy imposing-looking houses several stories high and faced with marble. The foreign legations also have their homes here. Along the boulevard, farther to the south, are places of entertainment, where may be seen moving pictures from America, ballets from Russia, and spicy plays from Paris. Here are the best hotels, as well as numerous cafés, where, while sipping coffee or sherbet, one may watch the movements of some steamer or white yacht or lead-coloured vessel of war among the light craft bobbing on the waves, or notice the latest modes from Paris worn by the élite.

Even this quarter, though occupied almost entirely by Europeans, has an Oriental flavour, since it adjoins the wharves, where Turks, Arabs, and Syrians, dressed in native garb, are constantly employed loading and unloading merchandise. Here also are many of the retail stores, where Greeks vie with Armenians in enticing purchasers, and portable stands, behind which men with guileless look wait to exchange gold Napoleons for silver mejidiehs. Turks are stationed at every principal corner, offering carriages for hire at rates that almost compete with the old-fashioned horse-car line, which runs from the depot at the Point

along the quay to the south-eastern part of the city. And other Turks are constantly at hand to remove the dust and mud from foreigners' shoes, though neglectful of their own. In fact, the shoeblack at Smyrna is an important personage. One who gave me his attention had a portable stand about a yard long and a foot wide, made of inlaid wood carefully bound with brass, and with a brass knob rising from each of the four corners. The top contained a small round mirror as well as innumerable small boxes of paste and more than fourscore bottles of liquids to suit all conditions and tints of leather.

The Greek quarter is behind and to the southeast of the Frank quarter. All of its inhabitants are industrious : some are engaged in simple pursuits ; others are merchants conducting important houses of business. The homes in which they live are to a large extent comparatively modern houses, two stories high, with roofs covered with flat-shaped tiles, and with fronts of stucco faced with stone. Many have marble steps leading up to glass doors protected by iron grille work but unobscured by curtains, as if it were the hospitable intent of the owner to invite the glance of the passer-by to the neatly furnished hall and the open court, cheerful with vines and blossoming bushes, with its little gravel walks and perhaps a fountain. It is not unusual, also, to leave the windows of the lower floor uncurtained at night, so that one turning involuntarily from the dark street to the bright light can-

not but see the family gathered at their evening meal.

Both the Frank and the Greek quarters lie to the north of the limits of the ancient city; but the Armenian quarter, which is to the south of the Greek, undoubtedly covers part of it. It also lies between Frank Street, which is the great shopping centre of the city, and the station of the Smyrna-Kassaba railway, which runs through the valley of the Hermus to Afium Kara-hissar, so that the travel through it is constant. The most important building of this quarter is the Armenian Cathedral of St. Stephen. It stands near the northern line of the ancient wall of Lysimachus, and occupies part of an enclosure which seems apart from the city, though in the very heart of it, an enclosure where the bustle of activity never intrudes; where the remains of Christians lie beneath aged shady trees, and under carefully dressed marble slabs marked with emblems, which singularly include designs that for centuries have been employed by Mohammedans. Perhaps fortunately, in 1845 a fire swept away many of the old buildings in this part of the city, for the present houses, though small, are substantial and attractive, and are also comparatively clean. One I was invited to enter had wooden floors, which were partly covered with neat little rugs, and had been so constantly scrubbed that wherever exposed they vividly reflected the light that fell upon them.

The Jews, with whom the Turks have always

sympathized, and who have been unmolested during Turkish wars, occupy a small district to the west of the Armenian quarter and to the south of the bazaar, a district where large numbers are huddled together in the small rooms of low houses that face on narrow courts approached by alleys from the main street. Though near one of the dirtiest parts of the city, this small and picturesque district is in comparison moderately clean. The women seem to be interminably washing their clothes, which are afterwards hung on lines stretched across the court from roof to roof; or are still more earnestly engaged in scrubbing the floors or sweeping the stone pavements. Many of their husbands, meanwhile, are patiently, if not industriously, occupying dingy cribs in the bazaar, or in the street of the silversmiths, and meeting with a success measured by their shrewdness and frugality.

A very much larger area, which extends almost to the top of Mt. Pagus, as well as along the shore to the west, is occupied by the Turks. It is by far the dirtiest, most picturesque, most fascinating, and most Oriental quarter of all. It contains bazaars, mosques, baths, and caravansaries. Here are the filthy hovels of poor Mussulmans; and also the pretentious homes of wealthy beys, houses two and three stories high, with mysterious lattice windows that may conceal either a withered face or a languid beauty. The principal streets are lined with shops and khans with the names of the

proprietors inscribed above the doors in writing that, despite a semblance of elegance, suggests the wriggles of a worm surrounded by lesser wriggles interspersed with dots and dashes. Many of the buildings are modern ; others are old ; and some are even built against the historic masonry of ancient Smyrna. Men wearing baggy trousers loiter before the shops and coffee houses ; dervishes with conical hats of brown felt, hadjis with green turbans and grey beards, saunter majestically ; and women hidden in shapeless ferridges, and wearing sandals that are merely a sole of leather with a covering at one end into which to thrust their toes, glide like shadows through the street. Young boys play at knuckle-bones while they look askance at giaour strangers. Older boys, seated in saddles with huge backs, guide their small donkeys in and out of slowly moving crowds ; and muzzled camels, before whom everything yields, stride along with the dignity of a sultan yet as nearly like an ostrich as any four-legged animal can be. There are ever present the bright colours so peculiar to the Orient :. the green sashes and blue garments of men, their red fezes and turbans ; the crimson dresses of Greek and Jewish girls and women ; the orange trappings of animals ; as well as the more sombre tones of browns and greys, and the solemn black worn by Turkish women—all mingling, as those who wear them come and go. And rising above the yelping of dogs, the cries of children, the calls of vendors,

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HOWLING DERVISHES AT SMYRNA

MEN RETURNING FROM KILLING LOCUSTS IN THE SUBURBS OF SMYRNA

the rattle of wheels and the complaining grunts of camels, is heard at regular intervals, just as it has been heard for forty generations, the deep, clear intonation of the muezzin from the minaret, casting even over the listening infidel a spell that lingers as long as the memory.

Near a booth, I saw an old man separating wool by striking the cord of a heavy bow with a mallet as his ancestors had done centuries ago. In an establishment for dyeing, a number of men, ignorant of the old art of using vegetable dyes, and smeared with the cruder analines, were hanging skeins of freshly dyed wool on the roof to dry. In a caravansary, men from the desert were unloading their kneeling camels and drawing for them water from an old stone well, as in the days of the patriarchs. Above the roofs of the houses of another district, I counted twenty-three kites that boys were flying simultaneously; while in the streets below, I saw women dressed as daintily and officers as jauntily as on the Champs-Élysées. It is indeed a city that has an odd blending of the old and new.

The bazaar of Smyrna, though much less extensive than those of Constantinople and Tabriz, is the largest in Asia Minor. It occupies a position to the east of the barracks, near the place where the northern wall of the city once terminated at the shore in the castle of St. Peter, which for a century and a half was held by the Knights of Rhodes. It also covers part of what was once a

small inner harbour with an entrance closed by a cable, a harbour which Tamerlane, after capturing the city, ordered his men to destroy by carrying stones from the old citadel and throwing them into it; though only within a comparatively recent period was it made firm land. Hundreds of little shops are clustered here. Some of them are hardly more than a dingy crib occupying a few square feet of surface; but others have two rooms: an outer room where the ordinary wares are displayed, and an inner one where the choicer goods are kept and a prospective purchaser is invited, while the door between is closed so as to exclude all interruption. The total length of all the little lanes and by-ways would probably equal several miles, for they lie close together, winding, crossing and re-crossing like the meshes of a spider's web. Most of them are covered with a vaulted roof through which faint light enters obliquely; yet there are more fascinating spots where the sunlight falls directly into open courts.

Frequently, after a long walk, I enjoyed sitting quietly in the principal court, watching the people pass by. I remember particularly being there one day when the sky had cleared after a shower. In other parts of the city it was warm, yet this spot was refreshingly cool. Perhaps it seemed even cooler than it was, because of the sound of running water that came from a marble fountain which stands in the middle of the court. The surrounding booths were protected by awnings, and the

rays of the sun fell upon the stone flags of the pavement only after a struggle to find their way through the broad leaves of palm, maple, and mulberry-trees. At one of these booths a Turk was displaying Egyptian beans and large loaves of bread. In another, the principal commodities were bracelets of enamel ware and strings of blue and red beads, some of which were reputed to have been brought from Mecca. In still another, a Jew was handling rugs gathered from throughout Asiatic Turkey, from Caucasia, Persia, and far distant Turkestan.

At first I was regarded with eager anticipation, then with keen disappointment, by those who had articles to sell, and with curiosity and half suspicion by those who had nothing. But as I remained quiet their interest at length flagged, so that undisturbed I was permitted to observe the life about me. From all surrounding quarters the people of Smyrna were drifting into and through this seductive breathing spot in the dusky bazaar. Some officers took a seat at a table by small rubber trees, and began to smoke cigarettes and sip coffee. A turbaned Turk with bulging trousers, who was bearing a large basket of oranges, and a Greek with a handful of home-made brooms, were each seeking a customer. A bent figure, moving lethargically, approached the fountain to drink, and to wash his hands and feet before entering the mosque near by ; while a youth drew water to refresh the plants of daisies, marguerites, hya-

cinths, and geraniums that he offered for sale in little pots. Along came a man with a brass-bound wooden frame on which to clean shoes for one-fifth the sum that, most probably, he would ungratefully accept for a similar service in the Occident. In turn passed by a black-robed woman veiled with a cowl-like tcharchaf, an aged negro with red and white turban and flowing coat, a young Jewess with wooden shoes clanking on the pavement, and a boy leading a donkey.

As I sat listening to the strange voices and watching the scene, it seemed as if some dreamy spell of the East was affecting all things, dispelling timidity, for a strange cat came and rubbed its back against my leg, a yellowish white puppy with inquisitive nose approached and wagged his tail, a white-winged butterfly fluttered past my face to the big leaves of the plane tree just overhead, and wild turtle-doves with dark rings about their throats settled confidently among the branches, almost within reach, and cooed softly their plaintive love notes.

The leaves and branches of a few tall trees partly veil from this court a mosque known as the Hissar Jami. It was built one hundred years ago, and is one of the most important of the fifty mosques of Smyrna ; but it lacks the historic associations and much of the architectural beauty of the more famous mosques of Brussa. Its large dome, resting on an octagonal base supported by marble columns, rises high above the surrounding roofs,

so that from all over the city it is a conspicuous object. Yet its location within the bazaar, where a stream of Moslems is constantly passing within call of the muezzin, is sufficient explanation for the large numbers of its worshippers. Most of them enter at regular hours, after passing from the court through a high iron gateway leading into a small open space, which contains marble stands with faucets for washing the feet and hands, as is prescribed in the Koran, so that at times the whole floor is almost entirely covered with a dark mass of turbaned but shoeless kneeling forms, bending, straightening and bending again, as with faces to Mecca their bodies and lips unite in earnest devotion to Allah.

Contrary to the popular impression in Europe and America, there are very few fine antique rugs in the mosques of Asia Minor, as they have been almost entirely removed to Constantinople. The floor of the Hissar Jami, which has a breadth of one hundred feet and a depth of only sixty-six, is almost entirely covered with modern, poorly-coloured rugs and kilims. One of these is a woven strip containing thirty-four separate patterns, each similar in drawing to the patterns of old Ghiordes prayer rugs. Among other pieces of less importance, I noticed not less than a dozen much worn Persian Feraghans and two or three Ghiordes hearth-rugs; but apart from their association, they merit little consideration. This absence of Oriental splendour in the floor coverings is appar-

ent in all the surroundings, for besides a picture of the Kaaba at Mecca, a few precepts from the Koran on the walls, and some brass candlesticks near the mihrab, there is little to attract the eye.

One morning I went with a Turkish Bey to visit the Serapji mosque, which was built by one of his ancestors near the base of Mt. Pagus. It was not gloomy and musty like so many other mosques, as the sunlight streamed through large windows and fell upon the freshly carpeted floors and brightly tinted walls of an interior which might have been mistaken for some Christian place of worship, were it not for some Mohammedan inscriptions and the mimbar that rose in one corner. At the request of the Bey, we were permitted to ascend the minaret. As is the case with most of them, the walls are of stone about a foot thick, enclosing a cylindrical space about five feet wide, in the centre of which is a stone pillar with wedge-shaped steps that revolve about it like a spiral. The distance to the top seemed interminable, so that we were glad to rest whenever we came to the small rectangular openings that admitted light and ventilation ; but when we had reached the last step and passed out into the narrow balcony, far above the housetops below, we saw Smyrna spread before us like a map, a sight that more than compensated for the toilsome climbing.

It seemed as we moved around the balcony, which was too narrow for two to pass, as if we were looking into the very life and heart of the

city. To the north and north-west lay the bazaar, the Konak, the curious rows of buildings erected by the English Levant Company in the eighteenth century, and the wharves where steamers from Constantinople, Alexandria, Marseilles, Belgium, and even Russia were loading or unloading merchandise. To the east, the tops of synagogues rose above the narrow winding alleys of the Jewish quarters. Here and there clusters of small domes indicated the roofs of Turkish bath houses. Just below, in a caravansary, which the founder of the mosque had bequeathed to its elders for its maintenance, donkeys and camels were munching hay. From this elevation we could see the shrouded figures of women hesitatingly moving along crooked lanes, and other women, unconscious of our view, working at the rear of their houses in small yards or gardens, of which the streets gave no indication. Above the tangle of roofs, domes, and minarets rose the dull rumbling sound, now increasing now diminishing, of the pulsating life of the city. And far away to the north and west appeared the blue waters of the gulf ; while to the south, with clear definition against the sky, extended the ridge crowned by the citadel and the ragged edge of a cypress grove that marks a cemetery.

One afternoon I went with the Bey and a few acquaintances to visit the tekke, or religious house, of the Mevlevi or Whirling Dervishes, which is situated at an elevation on the side of Mt. Pagus

overlooking most of the city and the harbour. We were presented by the Bey to the head of the order, who received us graciously in an ante-room ; and to judge by the compliments that were exchanged and the numerous cigarettes and cups of coffee which were offered, it would seem that the attitude of Mohammedans to Christians was most cordial ; although we had been told that since the Balkan war they felt much bitterness toward them.

When the ceremonies were ready to begin we were escorted into the principal hall, where as particular guests we were offered chairs on the main floor. The hall was entirely bare of furniture except what had been brought there for our comfort, and was almost without ornament ; but to the left was a recess where the remains of some of the departed chiefs of the order lay enshrined in state. An orchestra of native musicians sat in a gallery over the entrance ; Turks who like ourselves were observers and not participants occupied a gallery on the right ; while behind latticework in a gallery on the left were hidden the women, who were permitted neither to be seen nor to worship.

Ten dervishes, including youths and old men, with skirts that reached to their bare feet and with tall brown hats, ranged themselves at the side of the hall facing the tomb ; while their chief, similarly dressed but with a green band about his hat, took a seat beneath an arch opposite the entrance, resting on a goatskin, with his legs

A COURTYARD OF A CARAVANSARY AT SMYRNA

doubled under him. He was a tall, fine-looking man who had a place of business in the bazaar; but here the material world was forgotten, and he became a mystic. After all had continued for half an hour in prayer and chanting, and had yielded to the magic of the weird unmelodious strains of the orchestra, eight of the dervishes rose, and passing ceremoniously in a continuous line around the hall, each in turn stopped as he approached the arch where their chief sat enrapt in passive contemplation to bow with great dignity to the one in front, who simultaneously turned and bowed to the one who followed. Again they bowed before the recess, and again before the entrance, placidly offering silent reverence. After repeating this movement several times, they passed one by one to near the centre of the hall, and began to turn on their bare feet to the accompaniment of notes that rose and fell like the dismal wail of wind rushing through a forest. At first their hands lay crossed over their bosoms, their heads bent forward, their eyes closed, as if they were passing into forgetfulness; but as they turned more rapidly, their hands extended outwards, their skirts spread about them with the centrifugal force, their heads rose and then fell inanimately to one side. These movements continued, with only momentary stops, for nearly half an hour, during part of which time the youngest dervish whirled at the rate of seventy-five revolutions to the minute. Some of them had

not appeared ascetic when first they entered the hall; one or two looked as if they might awaken uncomfortable feelings if encountered beyond the city walls on a dark night; but as the dance continued, the faces of all grew pallid, and then assumed the listless look of deep abstraction, as if their minds, oblivious of the surroundings, had entered another realm. At length, as the relentless notes of the orchestra turned to minor tones of dismal plaintiveness, their features seemed stirred with ill-defined longings, and at last acquired an expression of transporting ecstasy.

After a short interval they repeated the same movements, which, we were told, were intended to symbolize the dependence of all things on a great central Spirit, about which all things turned, and that thus they hoped to enter into closer accord with that Supreme Being.

On the following night, accompanied again by a few acquaintances, I visited the tekke of the Howling Dervishes. We were received with much courtesy in a small room, where we were offered coffee, lemonade, and cigarettes; and, in remembrance of the visit, I was permitted to carry away a small brass dish for holding cigarette ashes. We were then conducted into a room separated from the ceremonial hall by a partition consisting almost entirely of windows, which were raised so that we could observe all the services while comfortably resting on divans.

As was the case in the tekke of the Whirling

Dervishes, the head of the order was seated on a goatskin, within an arch at the end of the hall towards Mecca ; and other dignitaries were seated near him on other goatskins. A strip of rug, representing nine prayer arches like those in Kirshehr rugs, extended from one side of the hall to the other ; but after the introductory services, which resembled chanting, had lasted for half an hour, the floor was cleared, and the devotees formed a line facing their chief. The chanting was then renewed and became more solemn, more doleful, until as their chests rose and fell it was interspersed with dull moans changing to pathetic groans. Gradually the groans grew deeper and more ominous, for they seemed like the half-suppressed growls of dogs intermingled with terrible sighs. With every utterance the bodies of the mystic brotherhood swayed and bent in unison, and staggered as if in the agony of convulsions. As well-timed as the baton of a leader, a groan passed from their frothing lips at the climax of each movement, as though only then could it escape from the pent-up fountain of their emotion. And still they had not endured enough. Forming two circles, one within the other, by interlocking arms, they struggled together, and writhed in the bitter agony of their souls, uttering a wail of sorrow like that which escapes from men only when they have lost the power to endure. At length they became more calm, appearing to pass into an ecstatic state ; but their faces gave no in-

dication that their minds had any knowledge of material things; nor did they seem to have found satisfying peace in whatever realms they may have wandered. Finally the movements ceased; the dervishes straightened their contorted bodies; and as their eyelids opened wide, they looked about them as if in surprise and with the dim recollection of some appalling nightmare still before them.

It was with some relief that we left this hall of apparent distress. Yet the surroundings appeared so attractive, as the silvery blue light of the moon played among the leaves of the trees, that on the next afternoon I returned. The tekke is in the heart of the Turkish quarter, shut in from the street by a stone wall. The guardian who received me was an old man with serene dignity, with broad forehead and snow-white beard, wearing the high brown hat of his order and a long loose cloak that descended to his heels. He seemed the very soul of genial hospitality: he took me through the hall where the dervishes had groaned in tribulation the night before, then into a building a little to one side, where the tombs of their chiefs are surrounded by innumerable candles, suggesting the eyes of watchers beside a bier. For a moment he stood apart, gazing silently where the dead reposed, while his face expressed as clearly as words the prayer that the *rahmet* of Allah rest upon them. We sat together on a bench in the stone-paved court and looked at the

city below, which was too far away for us to hear its distracting noises, and over the blue bay to the mountains beyond. We could communicate only by signs; yet perhaps some of the same feelings animated each. Just behind us, within an iron railing and partly shaded by cypresses and olive-trees, some of the dead of his order were sleeping in graves. Their presence was indicated by carefully chiselled marble headstones; but the flowers that grew beside them were so bright, and the sun shone with such cheer, that it seemed we were in the presence of life, not death. An iron bucket was resting by a stone-encased well in one corner; the branches of some grape vines, just putting forth their fresh green leaves, were stretched over a trellis overhead; and the air about us was charged with the pungent smell of cypresses and the sweet fragrance of roses. Here was the inviting repose peculiar to a southern land. Every sound, every element that could disturb was hushed. I was sorry to leave such a peaceful spot and say good-bye to the old man who so attentively cares for the flowers, the grape vines, and the olive-trees.

The acclivities of Mt. Pagus facing the city are precipitous and rugged, so that the most easy way of approaching the summit is by a detour to the west of the tekkes. Even so, it is necessary to make some steep ascents before reaching the top, as it is about six hundred feet above the sea. As the road climbs higher the houses be-

come more scattered, until near the top of the ridge there are only a very few, which are surrounded by little plots of ground hemmed in by stone walls. Behind these walls, arbours of grape vines and venerable looking olives dispute possession with almond and fig-trees. The decomposition of the trachyte of which the ridge is composed forms a soil so well suited to leguminous plants, that the natives raise them even to the very base of the wall of the old castle. In springtime the ground is partly covered with a vetch that bears blue flowers and is raised for donkeys and horses, and partly with the "broad" bean, which has thick pods six or seven inches long, and is eaten, pod and all, by the natives.

The highest part of the ridge is about an eighth of a mile in width and a quarter of a mile in length, extending from north-west to south-east. It is encircled by a Byzantine wall now largely in ruins. Near its centre, where once stood an ancient mosque, may still be seen part of the vaulted roof of a reservoir built during the thirteenth century; but an older and much more conspicuous object is the citadel at the westerly extremity, which rests on foundations laid over twenty centuries ago. Some of its towers have been destroyed; the bust of Apollo, which once adorned the principal entrance, has been removed; its walls, though six feet thick, are pierced with holes; but, like some aged oak shattered by lightning and shorn of all its branches, it is still imposing in its

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AN ANCIENT ROAD NEAR THE CARAVAN BRIDGE AT SMYRNA

decrepitude. Evidently the ruins of still older buildings must have stood near the top of Mt. Pagus when this citadel was erected, since its walls, though consisting principally of broken fragments of trachyte cemented together with lime, also contain bits of tile and pieces of carved marble which would never have been brought so high up the mountain side to be placed in a wall.

Apart from its associations, the citadel has now little interest, since it is merely a mass of ruins where a Turk was pasturing his sheep, as we entered and climbed to the top of the walls. But the view from it is not only one of the most beautiful along the western coast of Asia Minor, for the gulf, Mt. Sipylus, and the valley of the Meles with its rolling hills and suburban villas are within sight, but also one of the most fascinating, as the alleys, lanes, and streets of Smyrna spread out like the windings of a labyrinth viewed from above.

No other street is more interesting than the one extending from the Turkish quarter across the "Caravan" bridge. It is the one avenue which has endured from time immemorial the march of men and the tramp of animals from the Far East. It would be safe to affirm that traffickers from Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkestan, India, and even farther Asia have passed over it with their laden camels. Along it or near it must have trod the armies of Alexander, of Tamerlane, and the Knights of St. John. And now it still pulsates

with the Oriental life of those who, shunning the encroachments of the West, cling to the traditions of the East. Where it joins the maze of other streets that wind through the Turkish quarters, it is surrounded by khans, at which strangers from the plains and mountains stay while becoming acquainted with the city life. The paved courts at one side are frequently crowded with their carts and covered arabas, their diminutive donkeys, their meek-looking, humped camels, and their big-horned, black water buffalo, among which they are constantly moving while busily engaged in accomplishing little. Before the cafés they sip their coffee and smoke their bubbling narghilehs, disdaining almost to glance at the black-veiled women, or even those tricked out in flashy gowns and gaudy jewellery, who pass by. Near the bridge the road is lined with numerous smithies, harness shops, grocery stores, and the places of men who cater especially for travellers from the country. There are also stands for serving concentrated coffee, and booths for drinking lemonade, which is displayed in large bottles with mouths closed by lemons in place of corks.

In the spring of the year, when the rains have raised the waters of the Meles and covered the trees with fresh leaves, the neighbourhood of the Caravan Bridge is one of the most picturesque parts of Smyrna. On the north side of the bridge, a seductive tavern stands close by the right bank. It has an inviting little garden in which wicker-

bottom chairs and small tables are scattered beneath shady trees. On the south side, two small fig-trees are growing out of a perpendicular wall by the right bank and interlocking their branches with those of a locust-tree in the garden above; while on the opposite bank stately cypresses completely shadow an old cemetery, from which rises the smell of damp earth and decaying vegetation. From a branch of one of the trees overhanging the water, it was the custom once to hang culprits with the quick justice of martial law, for this section has long been noted as being one of the least orderly of any in the city.

The bridge is built on foundations that probably belong to the Roman or the Greek period; and there is little doubt that a bridge has spanned the river at this point for over twenty centuries. But the present superstructure is not old, though the stones of which it is composed are moss-covered, and are worn with ceaseless travel and the rush of waters. There is, moreover, a ragged edge to the uppermost course of the stones of the abutments, and an irregularity to the low iron railing that rests above them, which contribute to the natural surroundings a sense of harmony that would be lacking if the construction were more perfect.

The term "Caravan" was applied to the bridge on account of the large number of caravans which, before the construction of the railways, began or ended their journey near it. Formerly almost a

thousand camels crossed it daily ; and even now, during harvest, long strings of them, preceded by a little donkey, pass regularly while entering and leaving the city. Often they are seen marching heavily laden along the quay, and even in Frank Street, as well as through lanes so narrow that, when half a dozen are tied one behind the other, each, except the leader, instinctively sways his head and the fore part of his body in a direction opposite to that which he is about to turn, lest he be dragged by the camel ahead of him against the sharp corner of the adjacent building.

Three-quarters of a mile beyond Caravan Bridge the main road passes a place called Diana's Bath. From the low ground, which is partly shaded by trees, a number of springs rise, and overflowing form a little lake, where tradition says Homer came and composed his Iliad. Not unlikely this is true, since his name has persistently been associated with this locality. Formerly a cave was pointed out on the banks of the Meles as another spot where he was wont to retire for reflection, a circumstance which would account for the term "Melesigenes" that was applied to him ; and furthermore his figure appeared frequently on the ancient coins of Smyrna. Centuries later, the springs were enclosed within the walls of a Roman villa which contained a statue of Diana ; and at some period, the land stretching between them and the city was a place of interment for the wealthy, as is evident from the number of carved

sarcophagi that have been found. Yet this spot is no longer a home of the muse, the abode of elegant nobles, or a burial ground for the dead; the *Société des Eaux de Smyrne* have acquired possession and, surrounding it by a high wall, have built over one of the springs on the bank of the lake a pretty pagoda supported by eight columns, and conduct the surplus water to part of the city.

Near some Roman ruins, on slightly higher ground across the road, we found an encampment of Yuruks, nomads with Turkoman blood and gipsy instincts, who own no land, yet are rarely poor, for their flocks of sheep and their camels, which they employ for transporting freight, are sources of constant profit. They had come to linger for a few days on the outskirts of the city, and then to wander among the valleys and the mountains of Anatolia, with their black goat's-hair tents and their barking dogs. They were occupying half a dozen tents, of which the largest was about ten feet in diameter and five feet high. Probably most of the men were away with their flocks, as only two or three were present. These were seated in the largest tent, indolently watching the preparations of their evening meal over some glowing coals; and, if the words they uttered corresponded with the expressions of their faces, they must have been extending an invitation to us to share it with them, for no more hospitable people live in Asia.

Their women, unlike true Turks, were neither

veiled nor seemed disposed to flee at our approach ; but, on the contrary, advanced and offered good fortunes in exchange for money. Their finger-nails were stained with henna ; their clothes were models of untidiness ; their feet were only partly shod. In one tent, a woman, old and ugly, was tenderly brushing the hair of a young child ; at the entrance of another, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years was bathing her feet and legs, and continued to do so as we passed with as little concern as though she were washing her face and hands ; while out of another tent peered the face of a quite young and pretty girl, who at once began to clamour for some coins.

As we returned along the main road we heard a commotion in one of the taverns near the Caravan Bridge, and saw a girl from the Yuruk camp lustily beating an improvised instrument of leather stretched over the end of an earthen vessel ; while another girl with tambourine was performing a dance suggestive of the *danse de ventre* of Northern Africa. One of our party, inspired perhaps by the barbaric music, began the movements of a sailor's jig, which so amused the assembled Turks that they shouted approval ; but so enraged the blue-eyed dancer that she stopped, stamped her bare foot, and then with increasing rage rushed forward, pouring out a volley of terrible imprecations as her eyes dilated with anger that was only partly appeased by a handful of coins.

THE CARAVAN BRIDGE AT SMYRNA

A striking contrast to the life of the Yuruks, which is as primitive probably as that of their ancestors of thirty or forty centuries ago, is the plodding life of many thousands now engaged throughout Asia Minor in mechanically weaving Oriental carpets or rugs. Once weavers spun their own wool, brewed their own vegetable dyes, and wove patterns embodying ideal thought and subtle symbolism. Now in two large establishments at Smyrna, the weavers tie knots with machine-spun yarn, which is coloured with chemical dyes prepared in the laboratories of Germany, as they follow patterns furnished by their own employers, patterns of older rugs woven in Asia Minor, Persia, or China, or new patterns largely influenced by European taste. And when the rugs have been woven and their surfaces sheared, scraped, and ironed, they are placed in vats where the crude colours are softened by artificial processes. The weavers, it is true, are given regular employment that enables them to be better clothed and fed than were their ancestors, and undoubtedly their advancement along the road of Occidental civilization is real ; but they are losing their artistic perception ; they no longer feel the stimulating influence of direct contact with the elemental forces of nature ; they are becoming mere mechanical drudges.

Not alone the city of Smyrna, but its suburbs, also, have their places of interest. One on the northern shore of the gulf is the picturesque little

town of Cordelio, which is reached at regular hours by small steamboats; another is the village of Bariakli, which lies within two miles of some crumbling walls of huge blocks of stone that mark the site of the first city of Smyrna. Farther to the west, a large tumulus rises over a vaulted chamber, where it is said Jupiter buried Tantalus after throwing him down the mountain side, because he had refused to return his golden dog. Burnabat, a few miles north-east of Smyrna, and Buja, a few miles to the south-east, consist largely of beautiful villas, the summer homes of Europeans, who enjoy many of the comforts of an Occidental civilization amidst an Oriental environment.

As we drove one afternoon along the shore to the south-west of the city, we had an opportunity to observe one of the many instances of Turkish administrative inefficiency. It was the day which once a year the Government sets apart for the extermination of locusts. In the morning every shop was closed, and we were told that any man, not a foreigner, found in the city would be placed under arrest. Some departed on foot; some on donkeys or horses; while others took a train or boat. The Bey accompanied us to show the way to some hills where he expected to find many of his people industriously employed; but even he had miscalculated their energy. Most of them had not reached the place before ten; at noon they sat down to eat lunch and take a long, long rest; and at half-past two we met them leisurely

returning to the city. We were too late to see them at work, but as we passed through a grove of olives, one of which had a diameter of nearly six feet at the base and was as rent and twisted as if it had struggled with the storms of centuries, and climbed the hills where they had been engaged, we saw countless thousands of young locusts they had overlooked ; and with the next strong wind from the south we knew myriads would come to take the place of the few that had been killed.

Whoever visits Smyrna with the hope of finding important remains of the days of Lysimachus or the early Christians will be disappointed, as all the public buildings of that time have disappeared. Bits of broken masonry a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the prison, and between the Turkish cemetery and the shore, are believed to be the traces of what were once the temples of Æsculapius and Vesta ; but the sites of the other temples are unknown. Nor is it possible to distinguish more of the stadium—which had long tiers of marble seats—than some ruins, a little over a quarter of a mile to the west of the acropolis ; and a tomb within them, which according to tradition is the burial place of Polycarp. The ancient theatre, which was one-eighth of a mile north of the acropolis, and much below it in elevation, was so large that it was capable of holding twenty thousand people ; but now its only vestige is the well-known Turkish haunt, the Vizier Khan, which in the last part of the seventeenth century was built with

some of the stone taken from it. But though so little of the ancient city can be identified, though much of its early history is uncertain, the traveller may rest assured, as he wanders about it, that he is treading the same ground and looking at the same gulf and encircling mountains as did Alexander and Tamerlane, and probably Crœsus and Homer, and the apostles Paul and John, as well as other men who have left immortal names.

CHAPTER V

THE VALLEY OF THE CAÏCUS: PERGAMUS

IN a little more than a century, a stone-walled village covering about ten acres of land grew to be the most important capital of Western Asia. It was Pergamus, where the heirs of a flute-player ruled in royal magnificence.

Of the cities of the "Seven Churches of Asia," Pergamus alone is inconvenient to reach. It is in the valley of the Caïcus, only eighteen miles from the Ægean shore, and just fifty miles in a direct line due north of Smyrna; yet it seems many times as far to the stranger unaccustomed to Oriental modes of travel. Bergama, the name of the modern city, which includes some of its ruins, may be approached either from the sea by taking a small boat from Smyrna to Chanderli, passing in sight of the old Ionian city of Phocæa, the parent of Marseilles, and then driving up the valley of the Caïcus, or by the railway that extends from Smyrna to Panderma, on the southern shore of the Sea of Marmora, and from the station of Soma, which is about midway, driving down the valley. Each of these routes has its unpleasant

features as well as advantages; the steamboat frequently has a provoking way of not arriving at the appointed time; and the journey by railway to Soma from either Smyrna or Panderma requires at least half a day; and then six or eight hours more are consumed in driving down the valley by carriage, unless the motor-car—which was laid up for repairs when we particularly wanted it—is in service. Furthermore, it is generally necessary to pass the night in either Chanderli or Soma, which are far from attractive places for one who is hungry and tired. But, on the other hand, if the journey is made in the spring of the year, the valleys are radiant with bright wild flowers, birds utter their tremulous love-songs among the bushes, and the trees of the encircling hills are covered with fresh green leaves.

When at length Bergama is reached, it appears not unlike many other cities of Asia Minor that the ways of modern civilization have not yet entered. It has numerous mosques conspicuously free from artistic ornamentation; dirty streets, through which lines of camels tramp; a bazaar, where half-occupied merchants watch in little stalls; and unattractive houses, where its population of fully twenty thousand live in utter ignorance for the most part of any world beyond the hills that surround them and the blue sea in the distance. But on the other hand, unlike most other cities of Asia, it contains many ruins of the days when the land it occupies was part of a

A LOOM AT SMYRNA

A WAREHOUSE AT THE STATION OF AK-HISSAR

Roman province. It would seem that to a large extent the Romans ignored the public buildings of their Greek predecessors, near at hand, for they constructed their own theatre, a stadium and extensive baths, and erected an amphitheatre over a small stream, which at times was dammed to turn the arena into a diminutive lake where mimic sea battles took the place of fighting gladiators. Parts of each of these buildings remain. Yet all Bergama contains has little to awaken the interest of the visitor compared with the still imposing ruins of the ancient city, which lingers in silent desolation on the hill to the north of it. But to appreciate fully its former magnificence, he must have some knowledge of its history.

Whenever the Greek colonists settled on the coast of Asia Minor, they selected, as a site for their future cities, some fertile valley near the sea. One of these valleys, lying to the east of the island of Lesbos, is watered by the river Caïcus, which has a total length of about sixty miles ; yet in its short course it has so chiselled the hills, and brought down such rich soil from the mountains above, that the valley has been pronounced one of the most beautiful and productive in all that land.

Near the centre of this valley a ridge of trachyte, with two abrupt sides and rounded top, rises nine hundred feet above the river, and is partly surrounded by much smaller streams, the Selinus and Cetius, which flow into it. As such a ridge could be easily fortified, and as it overlooked a

valley with abundance of running water, some of the earliest colonists seized it and built on its summit houses of stone. In later centuries, when its walls were extended, it became known as Pergamus, to which Pliny referred as the "most celebrated city in Asia," a city whose people invented parchment; erected a temple to Æsculapius, where invalids from all countries might receive treatment from its priest-physicians; established a school of literature and philosophy, where sages gathered to study and teach beneath its groves; and founded a library that rivalled the one at Alexandria. During the height of its power it surpassed in splendour every other Greek colony in Asia, and was still an important city when addressed by St. John in the Apocalypse.

As is the case of most ancient cities, the circumstances of its origin are shrouded in mystery; but unlike them, it did not rise to greatness till nearly the beginning of the second century B.C., and was at its zenith for only a very short time. The poets used to tell how it was founded by some Arcadians led by Telephus, son of Hercules, who was reared by a hind after being exposed to die by his grandfather, and when grown to manhood left his home in Arcadia for Mysia, at the instance of the Delphic oracle. Even its name, which is also of uncertain origin, being attributed by some to Pergamus, son of Pyrrhus, and by others to the Greek Πυργος, a tower, affords little assistance in unravelling its

earliest history. The first authentic records refer to the beginning of the fourth century B.C., when it was already a very old city, though it occupied only a limited area on the summit of the ridge. At that time an army of Lacedæmonians, aided by the Greeks who had made the famous retreat under Xenophon, were fighting in the valley of the Caïcus to expel the Persian satrap Tissaphernes. But it was only after the distribution of the empire of Alexander, at his death in 323 B.C., and the acquisition of this part of Asia by his general Lysimachus, that it came into prominence.

As Lysimachus was constantly engaged in wars to maintain and extend his empire, he deposited his accumulated treasure, amounting to nine thousand talents, in the stronghold of the acropolis, under the guardianship of Philetærus, the son of a flute-player. Some years later, after the death of Lysimachus, Philetærus made use of this treasure and his position to seize the government of Pergamus, which he exercised with such prudence that at his death, twenty years later, he was able to transmit to his nephew, Eumenes I, a city that had grown to considerable importance.

Another nephew, Attalus I, ruled from 241 to 197 B.C. with such efficiency that Pergamus, which had hitherto controlled only the valley of the Caïcus, became the capital of a kingdom including à large part of the western coast of Asia Minor. He assumed the title of king, and began the construction of buildings which were to make

the city the most beautiful and noted in Asia Minor.

It was, however, during the reign of his son, Eumenes II, from 197 to 159 B.C., that the city reached the zenith of its power and splendour, and became politically the mistress of almost all Asia Minor. Sculptors were invited there to celebrate in marble the achievements of the king; and scholars were attracted to study in its library, in which were collected two hundred thousand volumes. During this short period it was celebrated throughout the world for the magnificence of its public buildings, for the energy and capacity of its people, and as a centre of art, science, and philosophy. But neither Attalus II nor Attalus III, who in turn succeeded to the throne, contributed much to its glory; and when, in 133 B.C., the erratic Attalus III died, he bequeathed it to the Roman Empire. For a century longer it flourished, then gradually declined.

The ridge on which the ancient Pergamus stood has a contour that is irregularly elliptical, the direction of the main axis being from a little to the west of north to the east of south. It has a breadth near the base of about three-quarters of a mile, and a length about twice as great. The geographer Strabo described this ridge as a mountain with the shape of a pine-apple ending in a sharp summit. The oldest part of the city was built on this summit, as far to the north as it ever reached, for as the city grew it extended south-

ward, though it was only in the days of the Romans that it crossed the banks of the Selinus and spread over part of the plain at the base.

When Lysimachus took Pergamus, about the year 300 B.C., it was little more than a village crowded for safety into a space about eight hundred feet long by five hundred feet wide, and surrounded by a stone wall, beyond which probably lay a few houses. Nevertheless, the strength of its fortress, so far above the valley, was sufficient to assure him a safe depository for his treasure. During the following century, under the rule of Philetærus and his two nephews, an agora, or market-place, was built for the people near the citadel; the city descended on the south side much lower down the hill, and was protected by a new wall that encircled a space three times the size of the old enclosure. And still the population increased so rapidly that when Eumenes II made Pergamus the capital of Asia Minor in the first half of the second century B.C., even this wall was found too restricted, so he erected another, that very much enlarged the area to the south-east, south, and west. As the growth of the city was constantly in a southerly direction, towards lower levels, many of the people, who felt they belonged essentially to the city, undoubtedly had homes and little plots of land in the valley, which they sowed with grain or planted with orchards. Yet it would be wrong to suppose that during the expansion southward the old parts were neglected, since

it was on the eminences that the magnificent public buildings were constructed, buildings such as the gymnasium, the temples, the theatre, the palace and the great altar, as well as the porticoes of the agora, to which the people, young and old, regularly went, climbing the paved ways from below.

From the principal gateway, between two towers that stood at the most southerly extremity of the wall of Eumenes II, two streets wound up the hill, one to the east and one to the west, The one to the west is still hidden beneath the accumulated debris of centuries. Near the one that turns to the east, and at a distance of three or four hundred feet from the gateway, the hill was cut away to form a terrace, on which, in the days of Eumenes II, was built an agora of rectangular shape with a length of about two hundred and fifty feet and a breadth of one hundred and eighty. It had a paved and uncovered court, surrounded by rooms or halls, which on three sides opened on to porticoes with Doric columns. Here the people of the lower part of the city met as in a public plaza ; and here, as well as among the small shops that extended beyond it along the hill, they bought and sold, exchanged and haggled, as peasants do now in the open markets of the towns and villages of Europe.

Farther to the north-east, at about one-third the height from the plain to the summit, the winding pavement leads to a vaulted gateway in the

second oldest wall, which is of special interest, as vaulted structures were rarely employed by the Greeks at such an early period; and a little farther it passes a marble fountain sixty-five feet long, which was once surmounted by a colonnade. From the gateway steps and a narrow street ascended to the gymnasium, which because of the limitations of available space, and also in order that the exercise of the younger children might not be hampered by the presence of older ones, was divided into three parts, each on a separate terrace cut out of solid rock. Children and youths had their sports on the two lower terraces; while the young men exercised in a much larger space, about one hundred and ten yards long by ninety yards wide, on the upper terrace.

In the part of the gymnasium allotted to young men, pedestals and broken shafts occupy the ground where beautiful columns once stood; the walls have fallen; and here and there along the terrace are fragments of carved marble carefully assembled by the last excavators. And yet enough of the gymnasium remains to reconstruct its essential features, which show the great importance the Greeks attached to their physical development and mental culture. A large open court faced the valley to the south-east. It contained stone benches and numerous statues, and was completely surrounded by porticoes with marble columns, which originally had the carving of the Doric school, but during the Roman period

were changed to the more elaborate Corinthian. Several chambers occupied the space at its eastern end; and a long hall with marble basins for bathing extended the full length of the western end. Doubtless the most ornamental part was on the northern side, where a portico extended in front of a gallery reserved for assemblies or banquets, with a smaller room known as the "King's Hall" on the left, and a semicircular room with seats arranged as in a theatre and capable of holding a thousand people to the right. Probably most of the exercises, such as hurling the disc, wrestling and boxing, occurred in the open air of the large central court; but the foot-races were run in a vaulted stadium, about an eighth of a mile in length, which was between this terrace and the one below it.

The remains of other public buildings, such as the temples of Æsculapius and Hera, erected by the Greeks; and some Roman baths, constructed at a much later period, surround the gymnasium. At a slightly higher elevation, the winding street passes a rectangular shaped terrace, with propylæum of marble columns, which contains a temple dedicated to Demeter, goddess of the fruits of the earth. But the ruins that lie higher up the hill, for a distance of some two hundred and fifty yards, are as yet unexcavated; and even the direction of the streets that lead to the acropolis is unknown.

However fascinating to the archæologist these ruins may be, it was on the crest of the hill, on

terrace rising above terrace, that the monuments of the greatness and magnificence of Pergamus stood. The upper agora, which was surrounded by marble prostyles, was near the most southerly extremity of this crest, at an elevation of about eight hundred and fifty feet above the sea. From this great breathing spot of the city, narrow streets wound to right and left. One passed the small marble temple of Dionysus, fashioned after the Doric style of architecture, but showing signs of transition to the Ionic. Climbing forty-three feet it came to the terrace on which the great altar of Zeus was erected; and at an altitude of fifty feet more, where now are only broken columns and a Byzantine church, it reached the principal sanctuary of the ancient city, the temple of Athene, erected before the days of the Attalid dynasty. At almost the same altitude another street passed the famous library that Antony despoiled to present its manuscripts to Cleopatra; and approaching the eastern side of the hill it came to the palace of Eumenes II, which, if one may judge by what is left of a beautiful mosaic pavement from one of its rooms, was without a doubt worthy of the grandeur of its surroundings. A Roman temple adorned with Corinthian columns and dedicated to Trajan stood on the highest point of the ridge, looking to the south-west over the uppermost seats of the theatre, which rested against the side of the hill at an altitude only a little less than that of the agora. And at one time a royal garden

occupied the most northern extremity of the summit, a little to the west of the stone aqueduct which with inverted siphons brought water from a mountain twenty miles to the north. One may almost imagine this scene of pagan splendour; and yet the walls give back no echo of voices or of the tread of footsteps; over all rests a silence hardly disturbed by the confused noises of the modern city below.

Wandering among the broken piles and fragments of marble is like treading the paths of a deserted graveyard, where the spirit of solitude broods amid tokens of mortality. There are, however, two ruins that attract with a curious fascination: the theatre and the great altar of Zeus, the places of diversion and of worship. The theatre is built on a terrace, which extends along the westerly side of the hill in a north-westerly direction from the agora. Remnants of the stone seats are still in place resting against the hill, which naturally curves inward at this point. They spread out like a fan to a maximum breadth of about one hundred and sixty feet; and as they rose to a height of about one hundred and thirty-four feet above the orchestra, people occupying the upper seats, though far removed from the actors, enjoyed a view of exceptional grandeur. Without a doubt the theatre has been remodelled more than once, for the *scena* was originally of wood, as was the case in the very oldest Greek theatres, but later was changed to stone; and

also about the time of Eumenes II a row of apartments surmounted by a portico was built along the outer face of the terrace.

Great as were these architectural achievements, the finest sculpturing is from the great altar, built probably by Eumenes II to celebrate his defeat of the Gauls. Its foundation, which rested on a terrace, was about one hundred and twenty feet square at the base, with sides facing the four cardinal points of the compass. What remains of it is now only crumbling stonework, which seems from a distance like the squares of a chessboard, but it consisted of a network of intersecting walls with intervening spaces filled with earth. This foundation supported a paved court surrounded on three sides by an Ionic portico, and on the remaining south side, where a broad staircase approached it, by wings of the portico extending to the stairs. In the middle of the court rose a high sacrificial altar, the essential objective of this massive structure, yet insignificant in comparison with the opulence of artistic workmanship that surrounded it.

The real glory of the great altar, which sets it apart from all others as a masterstroke of Grecian genius, are its friezes. The smaller one was on the inside of the portico, where events in the life of Telephus, the legendary founder of Pergamus, were portrayed. The sculpturing represented Apollo warning the Arcadian king, Aleus, of the misfortune to befall his house through the indiscretion of his

daughter Auge; Hercules discovering Auge beneath an oak; the exposure of their illegitimate son, Telephus, in a grove; and the banishment of Auge, who drifted in a boat to Asia Minor, where she was adopted by King Teuthras. Other fragments of the frieze depicted part of the ship in which Telephus sailed to Asia Minor; his reception by the same king; his discovery that Auge, whom he was about to marry, was his mother; and how he attacked the Greeks on their way to Troy, and becoming entangled in a grape vine, was fatally wounded by Achilles.

These and other events were represented on this interior frieze with much spirit; but the finest sculpturing was on the great exterior frieze, of which much was destroyed during the Byzantine period, and the remainder was removed since the excavation of the ruins to the Royal Museum in Berlin. It consisted of blue-white marble slabs seven feet high on which the battle of the gods and giants, as related in the Theogony of Hesiod, was illustrated in bold relief. Uranus, god of the heavens, and Ge, who by him became the mother of the Titans, appear on the extant slabs. Of their six sons, Oceanus alone is recognized; but five of their daughters are seen fighting against the giants. One of these is Rhea, the mother of mighty Zeus, who also appears bearing on his left arm the ægis, while with the right he hurls a thunderbolt against the giant Porphyrion. Other slabs represent Demeter and Hera, the sisters of

Zeus, as well as his children, Artemis and Apollo, armed with bows and arrows ; Hebe driving four winged steeds ; Athena dragging a giant by his hair, and powerful Hercules. There were also depicted numerous other gods and heroes, the Winds, the Furies, Night and constellations of the heavens, all mingled in such terrific conflict that " lofty Olympus was shaken from its base, and the huge disturbance reached to Tartarus."

The names of the sculptors were engraved on the frieze, but most of them have been lost. They were doubtless the foremost of their age, since in the expressive action which animates each of the many figures, in the delicacy of the outlines, and in the boldness of the execution, the work might well be classed as one of the marvels of Hellenic art.

So far are we removed in time and civilization from those ancient days that it is difficult to realize the life of the people of Pergamus or the appearance of their magnificently pagan city. Yet out of the dusk of more than twenty centuries a vision, though imperfect, seems to rise from these silent stones. We may almost see Eumenes II, royally clad, crossing the mosaic floor of his palace, and from its entrance glancing to the south and east, where the provinces of his recently acquired kingdom stretch far beyond the Cetius. About him rise imposing monuments : a library, stoæ and temples, expressing the highest ideals of architectural beauty in their perfect proportions, in

their delicate carving, and in the chaste colour of their glittering white marble. With a few retainers he passes slowly along the upper terrace, by a wondrous statue of the dying Gaul, and beneath the columns of the temple of Athene; then descends in the shade of cypresses to the great altar of Zeus, which his sculptors have just completed.

The city below is in commotion, for it is a holiday. Groups of people in light-coloured robes wander by the streams; others are climbing the narrow, stone-paved streets to the agora. A few pause to quench their thirst at the public fountain before entering the gymnasium to watch the oldest youths competing for a wreath. Some loiter in the porticoes to talk of recent conquests; some climb higher to witness the sacrifice of a garlanded ox on the altar. The smoke rises; and as it floats away, king, priests, and subjects cross the terrace and take their seats in the theatre.

Perhaps they are listening to some old play of Sophocles or Euripides, perhaps watching the rhythmic movements of lithe forms; but now and then the eyes of those who occupy the highest tiers of seats, almost too distant to hear what is uttered below, wander away to another scene. It is the valley of the Caïcus, where the river winds slowly to the sea. Plane-trees and willows grow on its banks; and on the encircling hills are grape vines and olives. Among the rocky places boys are lazily following their goats as they pipe some

A STREET IN AK-HISSAR

simple air on flute-like reeds. Here and there men are tilling the rich, dark earth with big-horned bullocks ; and along the grey roads other men are leading trains of laden camels, while they chant a droning song. Things animate as well as inanimate are bathed in the ineffable calm of a peaceful dream, for over all hangs the mysterious spirit of the East, charming and intoxicating with a subtle, elusive power that leads to the brink of another world. And now when the last applause has cheered the actors and the people arise to return to their homes, the mountains are tinted a purple with the light of the waning day ; and the grey haze of the farthest stretches of the valley quivers with rays of the red sun as it sinks into the sea.

CHAPTER VI

THE VALLEY OF THE HERMUS: MANISA (MAGNESIA AD SIPYLUM), AK-HISSAR (THYATEIRA), SARDIS, ALA-SHEHR (PHILADELPHIA)

THE valley of the Hermus is about thirty miles south of the valley of the Caïcus; it is also much longer, as it stretches eastward from the Ægean Sea for over a hundred miles till it is lost in the Phrygian mountains. Few other parts of Asia Minor are more fertile; few are richer in historic associations. In the remote past it supported a large population, part of which inhabited a number of ancient cities that call up memories associated with the teachings of childhood: Magnesia, Thyateira, Sardis, and Philadelphia, though the modern cities that have sprung up near their ruins no longer bear these classic names. It has also witnessed the march of Hittites, Phrygians, Lydians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Tartars, and again and again its hills have echoed the clash of conflicting armies.

It is still possible to reach the valley from Smyrna by riding through a depression in the

Sipylus range which leads directly to Manisa, or by following the tracks of the Royal Road along its southern flank and over a low divide. But most of the travel is by a railway, which passing around the western end of the range traverses the main valley eastward and crosses the Phrygian mountains to Afium Kara-hissar, and which also connects at Manisa with the branch that extends northward past Ak-hissar to Panderma on the Sea of Marmora. Even the poorer classes travel by railway, for the fare is low, and the compartments of the coaches, though small, are similar to those of Europe and not uncomfortable.

In a great reverse curve, the railway bends at first to the east around the arm of the Bay of Burnabat, then to the west around Mt. Sipylus. To the northeast of Smyrna it traverses large patches of black earth planted entirely with artichokes; then passes between well-kept vineyards, and orchards of quinces, apples, and almonds. It turns westward near fragments of Cyclopean masonry, where the earliest Smyrna lies hidden beneath crumbling ruins, and enters Cordelio through pretty villas separated by walls of baked mud, which are partly hidden by vines. A few of the villas have small fountains, surrounded by rose-bushes, magnolias, and lemon-trees; while great masses of lavender-coloured wistaria cling to the sides of cream-white houses. Gracefully drooping branches of date palms spread above their roofs; and here and

there olive-trees rise fully forty feet high, and plane-trees mount still higher.

Though most of the low ground around Smyrna is fertile and carefully cultivated, there are many square miles of low salty land and rough hill-sides to the west of Cordelio that are barren and fit only for pasture. Where the train enters the valley of the Hermus, a little farther to the north, the transition is again most marked. Its rich soil is planted with olive and fig orchards and with vine-yards. Every acre is cultivated. And everywhere are life and movement; but it is the unhurried movement of the Oriental, immune from the fevers of Occidental haste. Children hang listlessly about low adobe houses with rust-coloured roofs, or indolently loiter by the wayside. Here, a Turk with turbaned head and voluminous trousers is following a pair of bullocks attached by a yoke and beam to a crooked stick that scratches the ground; there, another is similarly ploughing with equally sluggish horses. Along the road a man creeps on a diminutive donkey, which is almost concealed by his big body, and his long legs that reach nearly to the ground. Behind him follows a line of stately camels, with backs towering above him and heads high as if their spirits soared above the trammelling of their bodies. The contrast is comical; but the face of the man is quite serious.

The valley near the west end of Mt. Sipylus is about a mile in breadth, and is surrounded by

mountains about two thousand feet high, whose sides are cultivated far towards the top ; but it soon narrows to a pass only three hundred yards wide, where the railway skirts the bank of the Hermus. Willows droop their branches over the waters, which are muddy with the rich soil they bear along ; and the hills are partly covered with oaks and, in the spring of the year, with wild flowers such as daisies, dark red poppies, white fleur-de-lis, furze, oleanders, asphodels bearing dainty clusters of white blossoms, and brilliantly coloured Judas trees.

After passing for a couple of miles through this defile, the valley broadens into a plain two or three miles wide, and even more as it extends farther to the east. Here the cultivation is devoted principally to raising grapes and grain, so that patches of reddish vines are seen interspersed with great stretches of waving barley. The fields are separated only rarely by walls or fences, but generally by lines of feathery poplars with cream-white trunks. Compared with other trees of Asia Minor, these seem to represent the highest expression of floral grace, for, when their branches sway in the wind, their tops bend like plumes of glistening green ; the two sides of their quivering leaves display different shades of colour. One thing alone mars the harmonious beauty of this valley. Many of the adobe houses, which in other parts of the country appear so picturesque —the dull ashy-grey colour of their walls con-

trasting with the dark red of their roofs and the green of surrounding trees—are painted with atrocious colours: an ugly blue, red, or yellow. It is as if the Oriental, usually so sensitive to beauty, was here venting some spite towards nature.

From a long distance, slender minarets, like arrows, point out the city of Manisa, on the south side of the valley, about forty miles by railway from Smyrna. In classic times it was known as Magnesia, which the old legends, with their usual uncertainty, say was founded by a band of Amazons, and also by Tantalus. Part of the city occupies low land at the base of the overshadowing Mt. Sipylus, not far from where the Scipios, in 190 B.C., defeated Antiochus the Great, and thereby gained for Rome the sovereignty of Asia Minor. Part of it extends a short distance up the rugged flank of the mountain, where some of the old walls still appear, though they were racked by the earthquakes which nearly destroyed it during the reign of Tiberius, and fell repeatedly before the attack of each new rising power: Crusaders, Seljuks, the Ottoman Turks, and finally Tamerlane in his terrible march to the Ægean Sea. Now the city is the largest in the valley of the Hermus; and because of its peculiar location, its poplars, its lofty cypresses, and its mosques which are half hidden in blue shadows, it is the most beautiful. It rests so calmly beneath the hoary limestone mountain rising protectingly above, and

faces a valley that fades away so peacefully, it is hard to believe the reality of its numerous misfortunes.

From Manisa, the railway to Ak-hissar and Panderma traverses the Hermus valley to its north side amid vineyards, and fields of beans and grain, and between villages of sun-baked earth partly shaded by trees. After crossing the main branch of the Hermus, which is here about one hundred yards wide, it follows one of the tributaries to the north-east among limestone hills. In a small village, a few miles to the south of Ak-hissar, it passes near a large modern building occupied by a school of agriculture established by the Ottoman Government, which is beginning to realize the importance of educating the people in the most efficient methods of cultivating the soil.

In cities such as Smyrna, Brussa, or Constantinople, the Turks have acquired some of the conventionality of western civilization ; but, far from centres of civilization, they are more nearly the children of nature. The train that carried us to Ak-hissar was one of those accommodation trains that carry both freight and people. As it backed along a switch at Manisa to be attached to a small freight car, a dozen natives, like small boys wishing to render assistance, sprang forward with the impulsive energy sometimes displayed by a phlegmatic people, and pushed it forward some fifty feet to meet our backing train. When departing from another station we passed a man with eight or ten

camels, including a baby camel which, yielding to the force of some mental aberration, began to follow the train. At first it walked, then trotted, and then with constantly accelerating motion ran faster and faster, until what at first appeared all legs seemed all body and no legs. Its mother broke the rope that bound her to the others, and devotedly followed with astonishing bounds. The Turk looked the picture of utter despair. Rising as high in his saddle as its long stirrups would permit, he shouted and frantically waved his arms. At one moment he started to chase the runaways; the next he turned to cling to the larger part of his caravan. When last we saw him he was seeking solace in vigorously punishing his sinless little donkey.

Ak-hissar, the White Castle, is in a small cultivated plain, encircled by hills. It is on the site of the ancient Thyateira, one of the Seven Churches of Asia; but now a few stone fragments, worn and scarred, alone bear witness to the old city. It was here that Antiochus the Great was encamped when the Scipios landed on the coast to dispute his dominion; it was a woman from here that Paul met at Philippi selling purple dyes. It is not improbable that even in those days the city was a centre of weaving, as it is still; but then the people wove chiefly to supply their own needs, while now they weave solely for exportation to Europe and America. The looms are entirely in private houses; and the weavers are girls of

THE EXCAVATIONS AT SARDIS, LOOKING ACROSS THE PACTOLUS

Grecian, Turkish, and Armenian nationality, who with remarkable deftness tie the knots to the warp as they follow whatever pattern is furnished them.

While in the city I was the guest of a Greek merchant who was largely interested in the establishments for weaving. After inspecting a number of them, he invited me to his home for lunch, which consisted in part of soup, a ragout of mutton, bread, olives, salad, sweets, and very excellent native wine with the flavour of port. Neither his wife nor daughters joined us; but afterwards he showed me his children with evident pride, for they were splendid types of the Greek race, as is the case of many of the girls who work at the looms in crowded rooms.

A large part of Ak-hissar enjoys a rare cleanliness that distinguishes it from most cities of Turkish Asia. To a great extent this is due to the abundance of clear, pure water which is conducted to the city from the surrounding hills by numerous aqueducts. The narrow streets, hedged in by high walls, are paved with small cobble stones, and incline slightly to a small, open stone channel at the centre, through which water is constantly coursing, so that any uncleanliness that may gather is at once carried away. The courts of dwellings are similarly paved with stone, and are regularly swept and washed. In the hot days of August, when the ground is parched, when the air quivers above heated stones, the water passing

through the city throws up sprays at the fountains, bubbles and falls in the gardens, trickles like silver threads over marble slabs, and murmurs softly as it fills the air with a delicious coolness.

When at length I left Ak-hissar I did so almost unwillingly, since all I had met, Turks as well as Greeks, had been most friendly. Even the magpies I passed on my return to the station seemed to chatter less saucily, and the camels grunting beneath the burdens of rugs and carpets they were bearing to the warehouses appeared to glance at me less condescendingly than before. Though the city lacks the picturesqueness of so many others of Asia Minor, though it now has little to remind one of the days of the Scipios and St. Paul, it possesses a rare cleanliness and unusual industry.

The lower part of the valley of the Hermus presents few, if any, pictures that are wild or grand or majestic—simply the tender loveliness of some quiet pastoral scene, where bits of woodland and rolling hills blend in unobtrusive colours and soft shadows. Yet in the late afternoon and approaching twilight it occasionally reveals scenes of startling beauty. On my return, the plain near Manisa was in deep shadow, for heavy clouds hung overhead and in the west; but along the northern side of the valley the sun poured a stream of silvery light that enveloped it in exquisite colour. Here and there the light fell on

cream-white houses, on the glistening green of feathery poplars, and on the river, a winding line of shining steel. As the sun approached its setting, the clouds above the western horizon parted so as to leave an uncovered patch of faint blue sky, which near the earth changed to a most delicate shade of lemon-green. Through one of these openings, with edges fringed and tinted with glittering gold, shone the sun—a ball of fire emitting a glory of light transporting in its splendour.

Eastward from Manisa the railway extends along the northern base of Mt. Sipylus, which in places is very precipitous. Below an ancient ruin dominating a sharp peak a few miles from the city, it passes a rock carving about thirty feet high which, despite the effacement of time, appears to be the figure of a seated woman. A hundred generations of men have passed beneath it, and to most of them it has been a sphinx. The Grecian poets said it was Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, and that the lime which the waters, dripping from above, deposited on the face were her tears as she wept for her children slain by the arms of Apollo and Artemis. But without a doubt the figure represents the great Hittite goddess Cybele.

A short distance beyond, Mt. Sipylus terminates abruptly, and the main valley of the Hermus widens into a plain. Near Kassaba, eighteen miles east of Manisa, the land is very fertile. The

fields produce not only grain and beans, but vineyards, orchards of cherry-trees, and melons which have carried the name of Kassaba even to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. In places the cultivation is broken by scattered stones of prehistoric ruins, as well as by tumuli about sixty feet in diameter and twenty feet high, the remains undoubtedly of the burial places of long forgotten princes.

The railway continues along the southern side of the valley, and at a distance of about thirty-five miles from Manisa reaches Sart, close by the site of the ancient Sardis. The station, which consists of some three or four houses only, is so unimportant that trains do not regularly stop there. Half a mile to the south the steep escarpments of a line of hills several hundred feet high are silhouetted against the sky; and far beyond them the tops of Mt. Tmolus, snow-covered in winter and spring, appear through a gap, where the Pactolus flows beside willows and poplars, and rumbling over a bed strewn with boulders of quartz and schist passes the station to empty into the Hermus.

One fair day in spring we followed the road along the bank of the stream, over a gravelly soil covered with daisies, buttercups, dandelions, and anemones, as well as the larger oleanders. As we entered the gap we passed near a dozen stone and adobe houses with surroundings so ordinary—for dirty children were playing before them, chickens

were scratching offal on the ground, the regulation yellow dogs were snarling, and storks were perching on one leg above the walls—that we were totally unprepared for the scene of the ancient ruins that suddenly opened before us, a scene, however, that only can be appreciated by some knowledge of its past.

Long ages ago the country about Sardis was much lower than it is to-day, and the encircling mountains were gradually worn down and washed away, to be deposited in the valley. Then in still later geologic time, when there came a gradual elevation, the rivers from the mountains, seeking their way to the ocean, cut down the valley to much lower levels, and chiselled the alluvium previously deposited into hills. So it happens that the hills surrounding Sardis consist of clay, sand, and gravel; and are so slightly consolidated that the rains and even the winds, assisted by the earthquakes, are changing and gradually effacing them.

No better idea of the general plan of Sardis can be had than by standing near where the old acropolis stood, on the edge of one of these hills, which is part of a low ridge parallel to the valley of the Hermus and to the much loftier Tmolus to the south. A hundred rods to the west of the acropolis, the Pactolus, flowing northward, has cut the ridge transversely, so as to leave on its west side what is known as the Hill of the Tombs. Furthermore, a little vale, somewhat like an amphitheatre

and partly hidden from the valley of the Hermus, lies between the acropolis and the Pactolus. Four great races—Lydian, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine, each of which has played a part in the history of Sardis—in turn occupied this ground. The principal buildings of the Lydians and Greeks were in the little vale; while the larger Roman and Byzantine cities, requiring more space, extended northward along the flanks of the ridge.

The early history of the Lydians is so clouded by myths that authentic history probably does not begin before the reign of Gyges, the first of the line of Mermnadæ, who repaid the folly of Candaules, the preceding king, in inviting him to witness the physical charms of his wife when disrobed, by slaying king and taking wife and throne. During the reign of his son, most of the city of Sardis was destroyed by the Cimmerians, though the citadel escaped. Alyattes, the fourth of the line, drove the Cimmerians out of Asia Minor and rebuilt Sardis, which became under Crœsus, his son, the most wealthy city of Asia Minor.

The Lydian kingdom might have endured much longer, and the fate of the Grecian cities of Asia Minor might have been far different, if Crœsus had not heeded the Delphic oracle, which declared that if he advanced against the Persians he would destroy a great kingdom. Even after his defeat, he might have escaped in the security

of his citadel but for the absence of part of the wall along the most precipitous western side, where one day Cyrus noticed from his camp below a soldier descending to recover his fallen helmet and then safely ascending. In the darkness of the following night, a chosen band of Persians stealthily climbed the same way and captured the citadel.

With the downfall of the Lydian empire, Sardis became the residence of a satrap; but a little later the Ionians took it, after burning parts of the city in the struggle. At Sardis, Xerxes assembled his troops before crossing the Hellespont; and here also Xenophon joined Cyrus the younger when he marched against Artaxerxes. Subsequently it passed under the yoke of the kings of Pergamus, and when the Scipios defeated Antiochus the Great, it became part of a Roman province. Though almost completely destroyed by the earthquake of the year 17 A.D., it was restored by Tiberius Cæsar, and during the Byzantine period new buildings and walls were erected; but the hill of the acropolis was gradually shattered by recurring earthquakes, and washed down to cover that portion of the ancient city which lay between it and the Pactolus. At length, when fourteen centuries of our era had passed—just as many, if traditions are true, as had preceded since the native people had united under one king—Tamerlane swept through the valley and, where a populous city had just stood,

left little more than shattered walls and broken columns.

Perhaps the barbaric pageantry of the worship of Cybele, with its strange rites and the wild licence granted to men and women at stated seasons, contributed to the growth of Sardis; but its importance and power were due to a number of other causes: its rulers were for the most part men of constructive ability, who maintained formidable military forces; it was on the great highway of the ancient Hittites, leading from the East to the harbours of Smyrna and Ephesus; it was near the centre of a large and fertile plain. There is, moreover, another reason for its wealth. The saying that the Pactolus "rolled over golden sands" has possibly as much of truth as fiction, for the stream is sufficiently rapid to bear along any gold that might be released from the schists of Mt. Tmolus. At any rate, the Lydians were the first nation, and Gyges the first king, to coin gold, which as a medium of exchange gave them a distinct advantage in the intercourse between East and West. The valley of the Hermus was a huge granary, and the city of Sardis was noted for its ceramics and delicately woven textiles. With money and commodities, it carried on trade not only with the eastern part of Asia and the Greeks of the coast, but with the cities of the Mediterranean all the way from Phœnicia to its far western shores.

When a small group of Americans, under Pro-

THE EASTERN END OF THE RUINED TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS AT SARDIS

fessor Howard Butler, began their work of excavation in the year 1910, the only pre-Roman remains visible at Sardis were two unfluted columns with Ionic capitals, rising about thirty feet above the talus slope which extends gradually from the bank of the Pactolus up the little vale to the hill of the acropolis. A few unsuccessful efforts had previously been made to sink pits from the surface to the platform on which the columns stood; but the Americans began their work on the bank of the stream about one hundred and fifty yards away. When part of the bank had been removed, they unearthed a flight of sandstone steps extending along the western side of a building partly surrounded by rows of marble slabs. One of these slabs had a carefully carved Lydian inscription, establishing the fact that this was an early Lydian building, which may have stood three thousand years ago. Subsequently, other Lydian inscriptions were found on other slabs near the Hill of the Tombs; and, what was of still greater importance, some of them were accompanied by Aramaic inscriptions, so that the hitherto unknown language of the Lydians may soon be deciphered, as was the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics on the discovery of the rosetta stone.

As the work of excavating progressed to the east, a wall of undressed marble was encountered a little above the Lydian building. It proved to be the foundation of the great temple at one end of which stood the two columns, the temple of the

Asiatic goddess Cybele, whom the Greek colonists metamorphosed into Artemis. Within a comparatively short period, considering the difficulties encountered and the care that was exercised, the temple was completely exposed, as well as a large space surrounding it. It was over three hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty in breadth, so that it occupied almost twice the area covered by the Athenian Parthenon. The cella was divided, as was usually the case, into two halls. The one in front, facing to the east or towards the acropolis, contained two rows of six columns each, which supported a roof of marble tiles; and between the rows, facing the entrance, stood the altar of the goddess; though now the columns are in ruins, and all that is left of the altar are some blocks of sandstone entirely stripped of ornamentation. The hall to the rear was the smaller opisthodomos, used as a treasury; but nothing of it remains except part of the wall on the north side, on which is inscribed in legible Greek characters probably the earliest mortgage on record, whereby Mnesymachos, a Greek, pledged his property to the custodians of the temple. A row of twenty enormous columns, seven feet in diameter and sixty feet high, flanked each side of the temple; while in front stood a double row of eight, with the very unusual feature of another column between the inner row and each anta, or extended wall, so as to leave a large open space before the entrance. The two unbroken columns which are

at the south-east corner, as well as the remaining parts of others that stood near the entrance, are unfinished ; yet they undoubtedly represent Ionic architecture, though the temple appears to have been erected in the first half of the fourth century B.C., when Sardis was still under the control of the Persians.

Whoever visits this scene for the first time and notices how few are the fragments of friezes, architraves, columns, and walls, is apt to wonder what has become of the great masses of stone that once composed the temple, and why such parts of the columns as remain are entirely at the east end, and also why some that had capitals of graceful volutes and delicately carved bases are unfluted and bear marks that were to guide the sculptor in their completion. Yet the reasons are simple. From remotest times, it has been a custom of the people of Asia Minor to dismember the monuments of preceding generations regardless of all historic interest, if by doing so they could satisfy their present needs. So it happened that the beautiful marbles of Sardis were placed in the subsequent buildings of the Romans or Byzantines or burnt for lime, even as some of the ruins of Tralles are being burned by the Turks to-day. And the reason that the best preserved part of the temple is at the eastern end, is because, being nearest the hill of the acropolis, it was the first to be buried beneath the soil that washing from it gradually filled the little vale. Other ruins farther to the east may have

been partly buried in the first part of the Christian era ; but in all probability it was during the fifth or sixth century that the eastern part of the Temple was covered up, while the western part remained unexposed for many centuries afterwards. The unfinished condition of some of the columns is doubtless due to the wave of Christianity that swept over the country just after the old columns were destroyed by an earthquake and before the new columns were completed, since the converts to the new religion forsook the worship of Artemis, with its sacrifices and unholy rites, and abandoned the temple.

No one knows the exact site of the primitive church which in the time of the apostles was addressed as one of the "Churches of Asia," and where the first Christian bishop of Lydia was consecrated ; but at the south-east corner of the temple, a few feet above the base of one of the standing columns, is a rude structure which perhaps is one of the oldest Christian churches that now exists, for it was built about the year 300 A.D. It is a low building of sun-dried brick, almost as crudely made as some of the homes of the peasants who recently excavated it. It consists of a nave terminating in an apse covered with a half dome, beneath the centre of which a roughly-dressed stone column rises about two feet from the ground, and supports an equally crude slab that served as an altar. This apse is partly encircled by an older and larger one, which was damaged by earthquakes.

So great is the contrast of the earthen walls, the small arched windows, and the simple altar of this small Christian church with the lofty marble shafts, the delicately carved capitals, and the magnificent proportions of the pagan basilica which stands beside it, that it almost seems as if it were to emphasize the simplicity of the new religion as compared with the ceremony of the old.

Only a little of the talus to the east of the church and temple had been removed before the outbreak of the European war, when the work of excavating was discontinued. It is believed, however, that somewhere between these buildings and the site of the acropolis the remains of the palace of Crœsus and other important ruins lie concealed.

The Hill of the Tombs, on the western side of the Pactolus, was for several hundred and possibly a thousand years the burial place of the ancient races who occupied Sardis. It is of friable sandstone and conglomerate, sparsely covered with scrubby bushes, and honeycombed with excavations that at a distance look like gigantic ant holes. These excavations have exposed numerous underground chambers, approached from the surface by short passages, and surrounded on three sides by low couches hewn out of the living rock, on which the dead were laid. The bodies of the Lydians were buried in a shroud only; but the bodies of the Greeks were placed in coffins of terra-cotta or in larger sarcophagi. In the course of

centuries, the same tomb was used again and again: the bones of forgotten ancestors were huddled in obscure places, while the couches they had occupied were given to the more recently deceased; and during the Roman period urns containing the ashes of the dead were often deposited on the couches without disturbing the earlier remains. By the side of some of the dead have been found pottery that suggests an early Ægean influence, vessels of Egyptian alabaster, and glass of Phœnician character, as well as objects in bronze and silver and gold. There are also rings, bracelets, and necklaces of curious and delicate workmanship; and daintily carved precious stones, which display an artistic taste in keeping with the high architectural ideals of the people. These are the burial places of pagans of long ago, and yet of pagans with loving feelings and tender sentiments, as the love for the beautiful would never alone account for the dainty rings, the exquisite necklaces, that lay beside the remains of frail women.

The ancient Sardis of the Lydians, the Hyde of Homer, was probably confined largely to the vicinity of the Pactolus, where it stretched along the banks to the north and south, and extended eastward to the acropolis on the hill. During the Greek period new buildings were raised on the foundations of the old; and the boundaries of the city were slightly enlarged. But, during the days of the Romans, other buildings, which were erected

MT. TMOLUS, AND THE HILL OF THE TOMBS BEYOND THE EXCAVATIONS AT SARDIS AT THE LEFT

PRIMITIVE HOUSES AT AVASOLUK

on the northern side of the hill of the acropolis and on the plain at its base, covered an area of about a mile in length and two-thirds of a mile in breadth. A market place was built near the centre of this Roman city; to the south-east of it, and at a higher elevation was placed the stadium, while a theatre occupied a depression in the hill-side facing the valley of the Hermus. Extensive walls, which have been regarded as part of the gymnasium, are still in place a little to the east of the bank of the Pactolus; and other walls of cobble-stones and broken fragments of rock, which may have been erected during the Byzantine time, cover part of the same site. But, among all these ruins that mark the city's growth during the rule of the Romans and Byzantines, there is little of interest compared with the splendid accomplishments of the earlier period.

Of the glory of the past, barely a vestige is left: toilers, armies, kings have passed away; their homes, palaces, and temples crumbled as the earth gathered all again to her bosom. Even part of the hill of the acropolis has fallen; but otherwise the country is much the same as it was long, long ago. As we stood above the temple, looking down at the busy scene where two hundred men were resurrecting a buried city, the ground at our feet was covered with anemones and orchids, sweet forget-me-nots and white-petalled Stars of Bethlehem, smiling just as they had smiled when Crœsus trod the same hills. The willow-shaded Pactolus

was murmuring the same song that was heard by the Lydians and Hittites nearly three thousand years ago. To the south, snow-crowned Tmolus glittered in the sunshine, behind purple ranges covered with pine; and away to the north the classic Hermus glided in long sweeping curves to the ocean—just as when the builders of the matchless temple marched along the sacred way to offer their sacrifices to Cybele, or under the spell of barbaric music yielded to the wild fascination of her strange rites. And as we gazed over the ruins, beautiful and imposing even in their decay, we felt almost lonely, longing for the departed of so many years ago to rise to life, to tell how they lived and toiled, while learning how the world has changed since then. Reluctantly we turned at last and left the little vale, with its touch of sadness, its sweet spirit of ineffable calmness.

The Hill of Tombs was not the only place of burial for the people of Sardis. Many of the dead were taken to the more extensive necropolis of Bin Tepe, sometimes called "the Place of a Thousand Tombs," a few miles to the north of the city, on the right bank of the Hermus. Unlike Moslem cemeteries, it consisted of large tumuli, which today are grass grown, and are partly levelled by the constant wear of wind and rain. One of them was the burial place of King Gyges; but more interesting than all are the stone foundations of the great mausoleum described by Herodotus. It

was the burial place of Alyattes, father of Crœsus, erected, so it was said, by the contributions of the fallen women of Sardis. Its diameter exceeded a thousand feet; and its top, which rose two hundred and sixty feet from the plain, was surmounted by two spheres of marble, which could be seen from a great distance, and were believed to possess the power of averting the spell of the evil eye. Many of the tumuli have depressions that show the work of the treasure-hunter; but whatever of value or interest was buried there has long since been removed.

As the necropolis is on a terrace slightly elevated above the plain, an excellent view may be had from the top of the tumuli of the Mermere Gul, which is a little farther to the north. In ancient times it was called the Gygean Lake after Gyges, the Lydian king. The character of the ground at the lower end lends colour to the supposition that originally it was an artificial body of water constructed either for irrigation or the pleasure of the court. It has a length of about eight miles and a breadth of three, and is connected by a sluggish stream with the Hermus. On its surface linger myriads of wild fowl, which make their nests in the reeds of shallow places; and the waters abound in carp, which the descendants of refugees from Russia, who established themselves on its banks in the days of Catherine, catch as their principal occupation.

Midway between the upper and the lower part of

the Hermus valley, the ranges of mountains that rise on its south side are much higher, and the streams that flow from them much shorter, than those on the north side. After leaving Sart, the railway is flanked on the south by the lofty Tmolus, now known by the Turks as the Boz Dagh range, on which the snow rests till late in the spring. When it melts, the waters flow for a few weeks as torrents; but by summer their diminished streams trickle over boulders ; the earth looks parched ; and the thirsty shrubs begin to wither. But the stations have stone wells where the travellers may at all seasons replenish the supply of water they carry in their red earthen ewers. The station houses also are built with some consideration for the comfort of the people ; and most of them are shaded by slender locust-trees, bearing on their delicate branches white fragrant flowers. Farther to the east, in the upper reaches of the valley, the soil is somewhat poor and not so carefully cultivated as at the lower end. Consequently there are fewer houses of husbandmen. Here and there the train rushes by lonely stations ; on the low hills by the river's banks are often seen the camels and the black tents of wandering Yuruks.

Ala-shehr, the Spotted City, rests on the site of the ancient Philadelphia, almost at the head of the principal branch of the Hermus, about eighty miles in an air line due east of Smyrna. It is not far from the important pass through which, in ancient times, one of the great highways between the East

and West extended from the valley of the Hermus to the upper part of the valley of the Mæander. Yet there is no record of any earlier city than the one founded by Attalus Philadelphus, who ruled at Pergamus from 159 to 138 B.C., at a period when Greek art in Asia Minor was beginning to wane. So it happens that there are few traces of such remains as lend an interest to the exploration of so many of the ancient ruins of Asia Minor. The remnants of a hoary castle and some massive walls, which represent only part of the original fortifications, and the ruins of an ancient theatre and stadium, are almost the only indications of the importance of the old city. There is, however, a small section of a wall believed to contain the bones of human beings. Some say it was built by Bajazet as a warning to his enemies when he had captured the city in 1390 ; and others, that it was the work of Tamerlane, who on several occasions erected such gruesome monuments to his victories.

The present city of about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, who are largely Turks, stands partly on low ground at the base of Mt. Tmolus, partly on a slight elevation overlooking the valley. It has hot springs used for bathing, as well as medicinal springs which for centuries have been esteemed for their curative properties, and are bottled and sold throughout Asia Minor. It has attractive gardens that are cultivated partly for the roses from which attar is made ; its hills are covered with grape vines, as they were in the days when

Virgil and Strabo told of its wine. But, after all, its principal interest lies in the fact that it was one of the Seven Churches of Asia, and remained a Christian community long after the others were simply memories.

THE THEATRE AT EPHESUS. MT. CORESSUS IN THE BACKGROUND

CHAPTER VII

THE VALLEY OF THE CAYSTER: EPHESUS

THE month of April, after the severe rains of winter and before the heat of summer, is the pleasantest time to visit the valley of the Cayster. For about fifty miles it extends east and west between the larger valleys of the Hermus on the north and the Mæander on the south, then narrows to a pass through which the river flows to the sea at Ephesus. The Nif Dagh, Mahmud Dagh, and Boz Dagh protect it from the winds of the north; and, as the earth responds to the warm sunshine of springtime, the deciduous trees renew their leaves, the hills are covered with wild flowers.

The railway from Smyrna to the valley starts near the Point at Smyrna and passes near Caravan Bridge, and then to the east of Mt. Pagus along the bank of the Meles. Just beyond the city it approaches an imposing aqueduct spanning the river, and soon another, older and grey with age. In the widening valley it enters the village of Paradise, where a large American missionary school has recently been established for the instruction of both girls and boys. Part of the

valley is sown with grain, but is poorly cultivated; part is used as pasture for sheep. On the hillside bunches of pink tamarisk flowers appear among the cream-coloured croppings of limestone.

About seventeen miles from Smyrna the railway turns eastward into the Caystrian plain; but the waggon road continues a few miles farther south to the ancient Colophon, one of the seven cities that claimed to be the birthplace of Homer after he was dead. For several centuries it was one of the leading cities of the Ionians; yet, except an investing wall, little remains to indicate its former magnificence. After leaving the village of Turbali, where a branch railway extends eastward through the valley, the main road turns southward and passes within a short distance of some moss-covered and hoary walls that mark the site of the Ionian Metropolis, at the base of a hill on which the acropolis stood. In ancient times this was an important city on account of its commanding position near the lower end of a fertile, well-watered valley, and contained a theatre and Doric temple; but now little of it exists but shattered columns and parts of entablatures, which have been removed to mark the graves of a Turkish cemetery close by. A little farther to the south the road skirts Lake Pegasus, which in the spring of the year covers about one hundred acres, but in winter spreads over a much larger area of rush-covered, marshy ground.

As the train moves along, the mind of the

traveller is constantly turned from the present to the past : on the soggy land where the waters of the lake are beginning to recede, Turks pasture their cattle, and Yuruks follow their sheep ; but from a peak of rugged limestone, five hundred feet above the road, the picturesque ruin of Kechi Kalesi, the Goat Castle of the seljuk Sultans, who six centuries ago so named it because of its almost inaccessible position, looks down threateningly. Again the train passes amid orchards of fig-trees where men are ploughing, and comes to a little station where other men are sitting in the shade of locust and mulberry-trees, sipping small cups of concentrated coffee just as they do throughout all Turkey ; but the ruins of an aqueduct overhead at once transfer the thought to the Roman days.

The station has a very modern appearance ; yet the town behind it, which derived its name of Ayasoluk from a corruption of a term applied to St. John, existed almost two thousand years ago. Its few hundred inhabitants occupy the land lying at the base of a hill and extending over the lower part to the western side, where without a doubt it overlaps the site of ancient Ephesus. On this hill the early Christians built a church, which in the days of Justinian was replaced by a cathedral, where many of the Crusaders on their way to Palestine stopped to repeat their vows, and where during the Middle Ages Christians from every land gathered at the

annual festival to worship at the tomb of St. John. At length it was destroyed about the time Tamerlane took Ephesus.

The Roman aqueduct, which is also attributed to Justinian, conveyed water to Ayasoluk across the little valley separating it from the hills to the east. Most of its arches have fallen. The marble slabs that were stolen from Ephesus by its builders, to embellish it, have been stolen again by others. On top of its rectangular-shaped pillars, which are about forty-five feet high and made of blocks of stone, a colony of storks annually build their huge nests of grass and crooked sticks; and, looking down into the principal street, almost seem, with their constant fluttering and chattering, to be active participants in the affairs of the town.

When not engaged in visiting the ruins of Ephesus, it was a pleasure to watch the life of this typical Asiatic place, which has changed but slightly from generation to generation. When I left the modern hotel near the depot, with its spacious halls and clean hardwood floors, and passed from a garden of trees and fragrant flowers through a gate, which is locked for the safety of travellers at night, into the adjoining centre of the town, the contrast was startling, for it was a transition from an environment that was Occidental to one that was Oriental. One morning I noticed, within a high fence surrounding a space about twenty feet square, two dozen

men, unkempt and dirty, old and young. One was an inane looking shepherd wearing a heavy mantle of white wool—the only one who had had a warm covering during the night. Two looked as if they would not hesitate to bury their knives into a stranger's heart for a few mejidiehs. The face of none was reassuring. I was told that many of them had probably been arrested because of offences against women. At eight o'clock a guard of armed soldiers removed them from the pen, and placing shovels and mattocks in their hands marched them forth to work on the roads. Now and then a veiled woman would go with a pitcher to one of the large public fountains that stood at each end of the street reaching from the station to the hill. Coarsely clad men lounged before small khans or taverns, smoking and drinking; while their animals rejoiced at a respite from work in the corrals at the rear. Other men gathered to eat at a booth close by, where numerous dishes filled with the odorous preparations of Turkish *chefs* were smoking over little coal fires. In a baker's shop on the ground floor of a building across the street, a man was removing from a huge glowing-hot oven round loaves of bread about a foot in diameter, and brushing their tops with a scrubbing-brush, which he first immersed in very unsanitary looking water. Even as I watched him, he entered into negotiations with a customer who stopped with a donkey beneath the tiled veranda of his shop,

and soon was piling loaves upon its back until they reached almost twice the height of its withers from the ground.

The most pleasant time of the day was at its close, when the air was cooled by the shadows of twilight, and was fragrant with the perfume of locust-trees growing before the houses. It was also the most interesting. As I strolled one evening along the main street, men entered the town leading strings of camels which they placed in the corrals. After removing their packs they fed them with dry hay. The camels grunted as they ate; and donkeys expressed their satisfaction that the day was over by a prolonged bray, which rising lustily above every other sound, suggested both a demoniacal laugh and a fiercely rasping saw. The men gathered before the taverns, where they sat in crudely-made wicker chairs while waiting for their evening meal, some chatting, some listening in silence to the barbaric notes one of their countrymen was producing from a brass instrument, and a few heeding with curious expressions the strangely contrasting music of a light operetta from an Edison gramophone. Mohammedan girls with half-averted faces and partly covered heads were tripping to the fountains to draw water for their homes. Through open windows and sometimes from the doorsteps of low-browed houses came the voices of little children, now in shrill piping notes, now as a flow of liquid melody. A young

FRAGMENTS OF CAPITALS AND BASES OF COLUMNS AT EPHESUS

THE PROSCENIUM OF THE THEATRE OF EPHESUS

Greek girl lifted up a baby to which I had given a small coin, that I might see the smile of its pretty eyes, with a confidence utterly unlike the attitude of the Turkish women, who again and again hid the faces of their children lest in some way I might bewitch them. And, watching all, the storks craned their necks in the dim twilight, fluttered their wings, and at length, as if satisfied, settled quietly in their nests.

The hill of Ayasoluk is an elliptical ridge about two-thirds of a mile long, increasing in altitude as it extends from south to north. The main street meets the base of it at the fountain, about three hundred yards from the depot; thence it passes around the southern part, which is occupied by houses. Some of these houses are the homes of Greeks, and though small are attractive. One morning while stopping to admire a garden, I was invited by the owner to enter. Though an unpretentious carpenter, his home was charming in its simple beauty. He led me along a walk of slabs of marble, which once had adorned ancient ruins, and between beds of shrubs and flowering bushes to an inner court encircled by walls covered with vines. The court had a carefully mown lawn partly shaded by trees and was bordered by rows of potted plants covered with sweet-smelling flowers. It seemed an abode of contentment, to which a bird in a cage on the lower branch of a tree was warbling notes of cheer.

From this main street, narrow lanes climb the

ridge to the homes of the Turks. Some on the south-east side are plastered houses of more than one story surrounded by stone walls enclosing small gardens of fruit trees. Their furnishing is of the simplest character; yet at the windows of two or three I saw kilims and rugs hanging to air. Others have a less inviting appearance; and on the western side of the ridge, facing the plain of Ephesus, the homes are little more than a jumble of huts, distinguished by an uncleanliness and disorder only equalled by their picturesqueness. Their walls are made either of sun-baked earth, or of pieces of stone of all sizes and shapes with the interstices filled with clay, and have a few small openings for windows. While some of the roofs are covered with tiles, others are thatched with rushes, which in a few instances are also used for the sides of the huts. Many of the houses are close beside small sheds where shaggy donkeys are stabled; and the open spaces in front of them, though only a few yards square, are planted with vegetables, or more often are merely filthy spaces where dogs and chickens run and scantily dressed children play. Here and there, with strange incongruity, a fragment of carved marble appears in the sides of the huts or in the crudely built walls supporting the terraces before them; and yet not so strange after all, since everything associated with these homes, which are more like the makeshift habitations of Yuruks than the dwellings of Turks, is in wretched disarray.

The people of this part of Ayasoluk, like their dwellings, seem more primitive than those on the eastern side of the ridge. As I passed along the hill-side I noticed bent women, wretchedly clad, hoeing their terraced vegetable gardens, and a ploughman trudging in the dank, black earth below. Mothers seated on rude chairs before the doors of huts were carefully combing the hair of their children, just as they constantly do throughout Asia Minor, even amid the most squalid surroundings. A man squatting in an open space by a wooden trough was soaking reeds which he had gathered in the marshes, where the Cayster overflows, while a woman by his side was weaving them into a mat on a crude loom stretched horizontally on the ground. As the husband was present, I was permitted to enter the enclosure and watch them weave just as their ancestors had probably woven thousands of years ago, for their work represented the simplest, if not the earliest, type of weaving, since it eliminates the necessity of spinning.

The town occupies only the lower end of the hill ; but no doubt it laps over part of the ground occupied by the Christian city, since the ruined gateway of the old citadel that enclosed the Church of St. John stands near the upper edge of the houses. Little remains of the early structures. Probably their stones have been placed in more recent buildings, just as the gateway contained parts of older monuments of Ephesus.

Some may have gone into the large Turkish castle that crowns the highest point of the ridge, or into the still imposing ruin that rises at the foot of the western side of the hill. This is the mosque of Isa Bey, which was built about the middle of the fourteenth century by one of the last of the line of Seljuks, who occupied Ephesus and Ayasoluk during parts of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Unlike most of the mosques of Asia Minor, it consists of a rectangular-shaped building divided into two distinct parts: the place of worship, which has a roof surmounted by two cupolas resting on four monolithic columns that were taken from the gymnasium of Ephesus, and an uncovered court enclosed by walls as high as those of the mosque. Formerly the court contained a stone fountain, and was surrounded by a Corinthian colonnade; but it is now overgrown with bushes and rank grass, and charged with noisome air. The walls of the mosque are beginning to crumble; the minaret is shattered; yet what remains of the marble front and of the beautiful Seljukian workmanship at the portal and windows is evidence of its former splendour. Even if one could wander among its walls with mind detached from all preconceived influences, it would be impossible to escape from the subtle spell of its reposeful stateliness, which endures even in its ruin.

As I walked for the first time to Ephesus, I

passed a tavern on the outskirts of the town of Ayasoluk; and, while noticing the objects that seemed strange, I was observed by a turbulent Turk who perhaps had disregarded the injunction of the Koran to drink no wine. The memories of the recent war were fresh. He waved his hands and advanced towards me vehemently shouting the word "Turk" so repeatedly that it was evident he was anathematizing all others. His attitude became so threatening that I unhesitatingly followed the suggestion of another who approached and from behind his back signalled that I had better depart. Once again at Laodicea, I was similarly warned by a Turk; and, though at times I saw men who would justify the cautions I had received from Government officials, it was also my fortune to meet Turks who were most kindly disposed and ready to assist me. Sometimes in my wanderings in Asia Minor I was more than a hundred miles from a European, nor did I always remain within an hotel after dark; yet apart from the acts of small boys, who occasionally expressed their disapproval of my appearance by throwing stones, I was never molested.

No other dead city of Asia Minor has so great a fascination as Ephesus, for it is enshrined in memory with a few of the earliest classic traditions, with some of the immortal names of profane and sacred history, and with the image of the greatest temple of antiquity. But, unless we

keep ever before us the mental pictures of the past as we move among the ruins, we shall fail to enjoy them to the fullest.

The marshy land lying between the hill of Ayasoluk and the sea was not always as it is to-day. Thirty centuries ago the waters of the gulf extended for several miles eastward into the lower part of the present valley so as to form an inner harbour, land-locked and protected from storms by the surrounding hills. The climate was even more temperate and agreeable than that of Smyrna ; the soil was so fertile that slight efforts produced the necessaries of existence. Hence it happened that a well-established city stood near this harbour at the time of the first historic records. Who the earliest inhabitants were is not known. But whether Hittites or Amazons, or Carians or Leleges, as alleged by different traditions, the probability is that when the Ionian colonists reached here, about the middle of the eleventh century B.C., they found a mixed race composed of Asiatic and European elements.

It is claimed that the Ionians settled on the mountains of Coressus and Prion, on the south side of the Cayster, while the older inhabitants occupied the valley near Ayasoluk. For a long time both races continued side by side without either absorbing the other, each cultivating its own land, each worshipping its own deities. Yet for centuries the Asiatic influence seemed the

stronger, so that the Greek life yielded to some of the customs of Oriental luxury, and the Greek deities were clothed with the attributes of the Asiatic Cybele.

The geographic position of the city at the mouth of the Cayster, nearer the principal part of the valley of the Mæander than Priene or Miletus, and almost as near the central part of the valley of the Hermus as Smyrna, made it at a very early period one of the great marts of the Levant. Even in the eighth century B.C. it maintained with the Lydians an extensive trade, which in the following century became so important that Gyges, king of Sardis, gave his daughter in marriage to its ruler in order to cement the union between the two cities. And in the sixth century, when the Ionian colonists had increased to such an extent that they occupied the lower part of the valley of the Cayster, Crœsus besieged the city with the intention of absorbing it; but inspired by the beauty of the first great temple of Artemis, which was then rising on the plain, and moved by superstition, he not only raised the siege, but donated to the temple some bulls of gold and most of its columns.

When Lysimachus received Asia Minor as part of his portion of the empire of Alexander, he decided to transfer the inhabitants of the valley to the mountains of Coressus and Prion, because the silt conveyed by the Cayster from its sources had almost completely filled the harbour and

was spreading over the valley ; but he succeeded only after overcoming the vigorous opposition of the people by closing the natural watercourses so as to flood their homes. He then built protecting walls about the city and, destroying the harbours of Lebedus and Colophon, added their inhabitants to the population. Later, when Attalus II of Pergamus succeeded to the sovereignty of Asia Minor, he enlarged its harbours and built docks. The apostle Paul preached in its forum ; John lived there many years after his vision on the isle of Patmos, and died there, it is said, when ninety-four years of age. Finally, during the Roman period, it was made the capital of the province of Asia, and became the most flourishing city in Asia Minor.

The continued growth and prosperity of Ephesus, though due primarily to physical causes, were due also, and more than is generally realized, to its attitude towards religion. Not only were the temples that rose in succession on the plain marvels of splendour, but the last was such that it has been termed " One of the Seven Wonders of the World." Each was dedicated to Artemis of the Greeks, the Diana of the Romans ; but, with a breadth of foresight undoubtedly dictated by policy, the worship was not entirely in accordance with the traditions and rites of the Athenians—it also embraced some of the beliefs and religious customs of Asia Minor. The statue of the goddess represented a female without any of the classic

A MARBLE-PAVED STREET NEAR THE THEATRE OF EPHESUS

beauty characteristic of the Hellenic goddess, with the lower part of the body encased like a mummy and the upper part covered with many breasts, symbolic of the fertility of the earth. The high priest of the temple, called Megabyzus, was attended by a body of women, as well as by eunuchs who in a frenzy aroused by the pomp and excitement of religious ceremonies had devoted themselves to the service of the goddess, and thereafter dressed as women. There were days of festivities, of stately processions, and also, according to Herodotus, of wild orgies in which the people indulged with all the abandon of Asia. Ephesus, indeed, not only contained the most beautiful temple in Asia Minor, but celebrated its religious rites with a splendour and sensuous magnificence that dazzled even the Oriental mind, so that it became a Mecca which attracted the devotees of many sects.

The bustle of the modern cities of Rome and Athens is so out of harmony with the silent monuments of their past as to mar their placid contemplation. But it is not so at Ephesus. A spirit of ineffable calmness pervades the valley from Ayasoluk to the sea like the calmness of the sepulchre. The massive ruins of Isa Bey, rent and hoary and venerable, and a line of little mosques near them seem like some impressive symbols of mute serenity, for no sound is ever heard among them except when a keeper opens a door to some visitor. The marshy plain accen-

tuates the quietness, since the voice of the people who enter it and the call of the wild birds above it are lost in its space. And so the mind and feelings are prepared by the attitude of the peaceful surroundings for the death-like silence of the ancient city of the Ephesians.

A traveller visiting Ephesus for the first time will receive the best idea of its situation by climbing the hill of Ayasoluk, and viewing it from the edge of the ridge near the site of the Church of St. John. Just below will appear the twin domes and the great court of the mosque of Isa Bey. Three hundred yards to the south-west of it, he will see the site of the Temple of Diana, now indicated only by scrubs and rank weeds that cover slight elevations of earth where the foundations of the walls rested; and looking about a mile farther to the south-west, across low, partly cultivated land, he will see the twin peaks of Mt. Prion projected against the higher range of Coressus, the Hill of the Nightingales, which stretches westward to the sea. There, on the flanks of Prion and Coressus and in the little valley between them, the Greeks built the stadium, the theatre, the forum, and most of the ancient city where Antony and Cleopatra whiled away hours of forgetfulness, and the apostles Luke and Paul told of another world. The ground on which this ancient city stood presents a scene of surpassing interest; yet it is now almost forsaken except for the shepherd boys who pasture

their goats above the ruins, or the strangers who occasionally wander among them.

According to tradition, the first object of worship of the Ephesians was a wooden image of Artemis sent from heaven by Zeus. The shrine it occupied was succeeded by a small temple of wood, which in turn was followed by others in stone and eventually by the Ionic temple, to which Crœsus contributed. For about a century this temple was the wonder and admiration of the world; but in the year 356 B.C., on the night when the Ephesians said their goddess was away to be present at the birth of Alexander the Great, it was burnt by Herostratus in the hope of thus immortalizing his name.

Not discouraged, the Ephesians at once began the erection of a still greater temple planned by Dinocrates of Macedonia. For two hundred and twenty years the best artisans and some of the greatest sculptors and artists were engaged in its construction. Most of it was of a beautiful white marble; the only wood employed was the finest of cedar and cypress; and some of the ornamentation was of gold. So great was the enthusiasm that women sacrificed their jewels for it, while the cities of Asia contributed columns. When completed, it surpassed all other temples in grandeur and magnificence; and such was its fame that in time it became a treasure-house where the people of different cities stored priceless sculptures and paintings. Even after Ephesus became part of the

Roman Empire, the temple was regarded with high imperial favour: Octavius built about it a new peribolos, and Trajan gave to it new doors of brass. It stood for almost four hundred years after its completion, until, in the year 262 A.D., it was rifled by the Goths, and then slowly dismembered by Byzantines and Seljuks, who carried away its unbroken columns and sculptured marbles.

The replacing of each of the earlier temples by a larger was due in a measure to the increase of the population of the city, and also to the constant elevation of the surface of the plain by the silt of the river. When Mr. Wood, the famous English archæologist, uncovered the ruins half a century ago, he found the remains of several temples one above the other; and when Mr. Hogarth explored the same ruins more recently, he found the floors of three more temples beneath these. The lowest is so far below the present surface that during winter and spring it is completely covered by water, and even the floor of the last temple is buried to a depth of nearly twenty feet.

From what is left it is impossible to reconstruct the last and greatest temple; yet from the accounts of such historians as Pliny, and from the excavations of explorers, a general picture may be drawn. From the four sides of a base, approximately four hundred and twenty feet long and two hundred and forty feet wide, steps rose about ten feet to the rectangular pavement on which the cella of the temple stood. A double row of Ionic

columns, one hundred in all and about fifty-six feet high, surrounded it, and assisted in supporting a roof of marble tiles. Some of the columns were of grey, some of red granite ; those which were removed to the mosque of Hagia Sophia in Stamboul are of verd-antique ; and as was rarely the case in ancient architecture, a number at each end not only stood on pedestals sculptured in high relief, but were themselves sculptured in low relief for a height of six feet. One of the columns was the work of the celebrated sculptor Scopas ; and portions of the frieze which were found display workmanship of the highest artistic order. The vestibule contained an altar made by Praxiteles, and also a gold statue of the goddess wearing on her head, like the Hittite deities, a mural crown. As far as is known, no light of day entered the sanctuary except through the doorway before the vestibule. Yet the flare of countless lamps, the reflected sheen of polished bronze and silver and gold, the lustre of stainless marble, the waving of coloured plumes, the bewildering radiance of jewelled garments of priests and priestesses, and the misty veils of smoking incense that rose from the great altar, must have presented such a scene of dazzling splendour as would readily fascinate credulous and half-barbaric Oriental minds.

From this spot, which once witnessed the concourse of thousands of people, and now is utterly forsaken, two roads lead to the south-west, where the brush and the straggling trees of Prion and

Coressus are climbing over the relics of the same monuments that were seen by St. Paul nearly nineteen centuries ago. One passes along the northern side of Mt. Prion to the stadium; the other, the ancient road, turning more to the south, enters the city by the low divide between it and Mt. Coressus. For part of the way, this road was probably the *via sacra*, which was lined by tombs of Greeks, Romans, and Byzantines. One of them is said to be the tomb of Androclus, the reputed founder of Ephesus, the son of Codrus, king of Athens. A few hundred yards farther and due south of Mt. Prion it passes through the Magnesian gates, so called because they opened on the old highway to Magnesia on the Mæander.

From the gates a street extends over the divide, passing on the right a Roman gymnasium, and then the odeum, which had a white marble proscenium and a Corinthian colonnade of red granite. On the left, it passes in succession a circular Greek temple, which was surrounded by sixteen columns and was once regarded as the tomb of St. Luke; the wool market; a Roman temple, of which little remains but a few broken Ionic shafts; and a Byzantine church, now rapidly crumbling away. A little distance beyond, the road turns almost at right angles to the north as it approaches the site of the library and the ruins of the Roman agora, where a beautiful colonnade surrounded a mosaic pavement, and passing the theatre, on the right, continues two thousand feet to the stadium.

From the slopes of Mt. Prion, above the theatre, most of the hills and the plain to the west of the city may clearly be seen. To the left, Mt. Coressus rises as a long ridge, on which were many of the houses of the people, the citadel, the wall of Lysimachus, and the two-storied Greek tower where, according to tradition, St. Paul was imprisoned. To the right, the Cayster, which once flowed more rapidly and abounded with grey mullet, now winds sluggishly by scattered tracts of cultivated land and through a marshy plain, which in winter is the home of countless wild fowl. And four miles to the west the Ægean Sea appears distinctly, as the waves reflect the glittering sunbeams.

After the old harbour became filled with silt the Greeks excavated a new port, which was approached by a street two thousand feet long and over sixty feet wide, starting from in front of a fountain in the wall of the theatre. This street became the most important thoroughfare of the city : the principal buildings were grouped about it ; and rows of columns, statues, and elaborate circular monuments lined both of its sides. At the port it terminated in a beautiful triple gate opening on to the quay, which also was adorned with a colonnade, and connected at the south-east end with a building of marble, used as a market or place of exchange. The Romans probably built the small agora on the north side of this street, and at a short distance from it the Christians erected a " double church," as it is termed, where

in the year 431 A.D. the Third Œcumenical Council assembled.

These different buildings, which were associated largely with the everyday life of the people, are for the most part clustered together ; but the stadium is widely separated from them at a slight elevation above the plain on the northern flank of Mt. Prion. Perhaps it was on account of the view over the city and the valley and the port that this spot was selected to keep alive in the minds of the people the history of their past struggles and present greatness. It has a length of seven hundred feet, not including the amphitheatre at the eastern end. On the north side, parts of vaults that once supported a terrace are covered with soil where bushes and even trees have taken root, and at the western end the bases of a portico are still in place. But the columns and the marble seats have entirely disappeared ; and the arena, where contests once occurred, is now a field sown with beans by a few natives who live in huts near by.

It is the theatre, however, that awakens the greatest interest. Without a doubt it was used on various occasions for the discussion of questions of public policy affecting the body of the citizens. It was to this place the people who were excited to riot by the silversmiths, whose trade in the images of Diana was threatened by the preaching of the new religion, "rushed with one accord" when they had seized the companions of Paul. In no other building of Ephesus would it be possible

FRAGMENTS OF CARVED MARBLE FROM THE RUINS AT EPHESUS

for a trained orator to exercise such influence over the minds of his hearers, for, though the temple of Diana was hidden behind Mt. Prion, about them were grouped their homes, their public buildings, and the numerous monuments of their greatness, expressed in glistening marble wonderfully sculptured.

It was the work of Lysimachus, though many changes and additions were subsequently made. When finally completed it was one of the largest theatres in Asia, as its sixty-six rows of seats, divided into three tiers by horizontal passages, were capable of holding twenty-five thousand people. The seats were made of semicircular stone forms covered with marble slabs; but except at the south-west corner, only the forms on which the slabs rested remain. The wings which gave access to the passages at each end rose one hundred feet high, but now they are almost entirely gone; and so is the flooring of the proscenium, though most of the triple rows of columns that supported it are still standing. A collection of broken shafts, capitals, and shattered architraves with exquisite carvings occupy the floor of the scena, whose walls have been entirely demolished. Weeds and bushes grow within the orchestra and clamber up the hill where the seats once were. The shroud of desolation is cast over all, so that only in imagination can be resurrected a picture of the days when here were enacted some of the greatest of classic dramas. And yet in all its ruin

and awesome loneliness, broken only by the note of a bird or the sight of some lizard silently gliding among the stones, it evokes feelings that leave behind earnest longings to return.

The ruins of ancient Ephesus are visited but little by either men or animals. On the northern side of Mt. Prion I saw one afternoon a small brush hut, a patch of vegetables, a picketed horse nibbling the grass, and prone on the ground a sleeping man guarded by a hungry-looking dog. On the plain between Mt. Prion and Ayasoluk I was stopped by a native on foot accompanied by another riding a donkey that evidently was very much overloaded. The native offered me a carved stone, which he claimed to be part of some ancient jewellery, and as I did not accept it passed on ; but a moment later I heard a discussion and then a heavy thud. Looking around, I saw the saddle had turned and that the rider was sprawling on the ground. The donkey made no effort to run, but stretching his neck expressed his sense of humour by braying lustily. Then from Mt. Prion echoed the long bray of a sympathetic friend. But the few instances such as these when I saw or heard a man or animal in the valley or among the hills and ruins, only accentuated the pervading solitude and silence, which here, perhaps because of the fellowship of the memories awakened, never depress but attract one with a strange enchantment.

On this afternoon in April the sun was shining

from a cloudless sky. The ground was still soaked with the winter's rains, and pools of water were fringed with small marsh flowers with yellowish green button-like centres surrounded by white petals. In drier spots, an abundance of pink mallow and the needle-like alfilerilla was growing. Along the hill-sides wild mustard mingled with marguerites, yellow pea-flowers, and dainty little forget-me-nots ; while among the ruins appeared the yellow blossoms of the angelica and the bright pinkish flowers of the Judas-tree. Deadly miasmas might lurk in the dark low places ; jackals might hide among the rocks ; but the brightly smiling flowers and the soft voices of birds warbling their sweet songs of spring created a feeling of perfect peace and security.

Again and again the city of the Ephesians rises before my mind with a claim for recognition shared equally by no other of the dead cities of Asia. I can see even the little weeds thrusting up their thick leaves from the narrow spaces between marble slabs in the paved street, which is so much the whiter and more beautiful in contrast. I can still feel the fascination of looking among the wild grasses and flowers for the delicately carved fragments of cornice, frieze, and capital, which convey, though vaguely, an idea of the early grandeur of the city. I remember that once, as I scrambled among the shrubs for a better view of the distant sea, their bruised stems and blossoms filled the air with aromatic odours. Nothing stirred. Not even

the droning sound of insects broke the stillness. As far as I knew I was utterly alone, until a boy who had been quietly feeding his kids on the side of Mt. Prion, came down to offer some small copper coins which he claimed to have found among the ruins. I sent him away with a few pieces of modern Turkish money, and then sat down at the upper edge of the theatre to gaze at the relics of magnificent piles, at the fragments of marble scattered amid the debris of monuments like blanched bones in a wilderness, and to dream in the silent hour of a golden sunset of this ancient city so calmly resting in its eternal sleep.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VALLEY OF THE MÆANDER: MAGNESIA AD MÆANDRUM, AIDIN (TRALLES), PRIENE, COLOSSÆ, LAODICEA, HIERAPOLIS

THE Mæander has a length of one hundred and seventy miles, which exceeds that of any other river flowing from Asia Minor into the Ægean Sea. Where it descends from the western slopes of the Phrygian mountains it is a turbid stream dashing through narrow valleys surrounded by well-timbered mountains. In the middle of its course, where it receives two important tributaries from the south, but none of any consequence from the north, it flows less rapidly. At a distance of sixty miles from its mouth it begins to creep slowly, and near its end it becomes a sluggish river which for centuries has gradually been filling the valley by the sediment brought from the mountains. In ancient lore, Dædalus is said to have received his idea of the labyrinth in which the Minotaur was kept from the innumerable windings of its lower tortuous course.

No other valley of Asia was more celebrated, or contained so many classic cities: Miletus, Priene,

Magnesia, Tralles, Hierapolis, Colossæ, and Laodicea ; though all now have passed away.

The railway from Ayasoluk to the valley of the Mæander crosses an extremely picturesque mountain divide, separating it from the valley of the Cayster. The many glens that crease the mountain's sides have well-cultivated farms, orchards of figs and olives, and pretty red-tiled houses, daintily placed, and shaded by Lombardy poplars. Groups of men enveloped in huge trousers, and women in bright-coloured dresses, toil between schistous rocks with mattocks ; while sleepy oxen scratch the rich dark soil of larger spaces with wooden ploughs. Here maidenhair and wild flowers grow on the banks of brooks ; here the bright leaves of the Judas-tree mingle with the sombre foliage of such dells as were the haunts of Pan. There are spots that in the spring of the year would arouse the imagination of a lyric poet, and others that could inspire a Homer.

For a short distance on the western side of the divide the railway ascends a limestone gorge, which is heavily wooded from the tops of the ridges to the hurrying stream below. Where the gorge is narrow, a Roman aqueduct of a double tier of arches rising one above the other spans the stream ; where it widens, bits of old stone walls half hidden by myrtles mark the habitations of former men. Just beyond the summit the road enters the ravine of the Lethæus, whose steep banks are partly covered with clumps of pines not over twenty feet

high, and with dense masses of dark foliage, between which may be seen the froth of swirling waters. The brilliantly coloured Judas-tree appears everywhere, as well as bushes with red leaves and other bushes with yellow flowers. At length, just before emptying into the Mæander, the Lethæus passes through open country that has the sweetness of pastoral scenes, and between cultivated orchards of figs and olives.

From the earliest times the valley of the Mæander has been noted for its figs, which because of their place of export are known to the Western world as Smyrna figs. They grow in great numbers about the small town of Balachik, which is at the junction of the branch railway extending southward to Sokia. No doubt they were cultivated by Greeks before the coming of the Turks; but now there is a division of labour—the Turks as a rule work in the orchards; and the Greeks, when undisturbed by war, attend to the sale of the fruit. And so it happens that the population of Balachik is divided between the two races, whose homes may be distinguished by a difference in their character. The houses of the Greeks usually have a modern or European appearance; but for the most part they are of rough stone, or of adobe plastered and whitewashed, and have gardens of flowers. The houses of the Turks, on the other hand, frequently have small latticed windows and an appearance of seclusion suggesting mystery. Yet it is well to remember that the house which is

the most picturesque when viewed from a discreet distance is not invariably the most attractive to one who must spend a night under its roof.

A few miles to the south of Balachik the railway for Sokia passes through the walls of Magnesia ad Mæandrum, as it was called by the Romans to distinguish it from Magnesia ad Sipylum, in the valley of the Hermus. Once this city rivalled Ephesus and Sardis in importance ; but now it is utterly forsaken, except for the few families of Circassians who inhabit the hamlet of Tekke on one edge of it, and the Yuruks who occasionally pitch their black tents among the stagnant pools of pestilence scattered over it. According to tradition, it was founded by the Thessalonians at a very early period, but was destroyed by the Cimmerians about the beginning of the seventh century B.C. A little later it was rebuilt with greater magnificence, and for a short period was the capital of a Persian satrapy. Most of it is now in ruins ; but the little that remains of the agora, temple of Zeus, theatre and gymnasium, is in itself sufficient evidence of the city's early importance. It was, however, the temple of Artemis, situated between the agora and the present railway, that was the most famous of all the ancient buildings. This temple was nearly two hundred feet long, and pseudodipteral, with columns of the Ionic order, but those of the peribolos were Doric. Parts of the frieze, on which were represented battling Amazons, who play such an important part in the

A MOLLAH

mythical foundations of so many cities of Asia Minor, are now in the Louvre and in the royal museums at Constantinople and Berlin. Yet these fragments give no adequate conception of the magnificence of the structure that was described by Strabo as surpassing in its harmonious details, and in its beauty as a whole, the still more celebrated temple at Ephesus.

The town of Sokia, which was so named by the Turks on account of the invigorating winds that sweep through the valley, is a few miles to the south of Magnesia. It was my good fortune to have a letter to the local manager of an American company that has a large establishment there for treating the roots of the liquorice plants which grow abundantly in the valley of the Mæander. For when I arose on the morning after my arrival, I found at the door of the hotel a bay stallion of fine mettle on which I was to ride to Priene, as well as a Circassian who was to be my guide, and a Greek who was to be my cicerone, mounted on similar animals. The Greek was as communicative as the limitations of our knowledge of a common language would permit. He confided to me that he had a little farm in a dell not far away, where he was wont to retreat with his wife and children when not engaged at the factory ; and pointed out at the base of the mountain beyond the city the comfortable new dwellings the company had provided for its former employés unable any longer to work. He also said that a village near Sokia

had a settlement of a thousand Circassians, of whom the women differed from the native women in being both gentle and handsome.

The road we took along the western side of the valley skirts the base of Mt. Mycale, where the ground is firm ; more to the east, the Mæander twists back and forth through a marshy plain partly overgrown with rank grass and reeds, from which, as we passed, frightened wild fowl were rising. Invigorated by air that was cool and fresh after a night's rain, the horses galloped freely, now outstripping a string of forty-one laden camels moving with swinging tread, now leaving behind a shepherd guarding his flock of sheep, as well as natives on donkeys bearing to Sokia loads of liquorice roots. A little beyond we skirted on our right pastoral nooks in the folds of hills ; on our left, stagnant pools where tall grasses grow. Farther to the south, where rich soil covers part of the low lands near the base of the mountain, we passed fields of grain, orchards, here and there little houses tucked away beneath poplars, and near Priene a very picturesque village perched above the valley, with many of the houses surrounded by small flower gardens. At length, within a quarter of a mile of the ancient city, we reached an old mill with huge discs of stone, turned by water flowing from the same densely wooded ravine that once supplied the Prienese. And before a little house, hardly a khan, with stone walls and moss-covered tile roof, we unsaddled our

horses, and drank delicious tea made in the simple fashion of the Turk.

As is the case with many of the early Hellenic cities of Asia Minor, Priene, at different periods, occupied slightly different sites. The exact situation of the first city is unknown, but it was probably at the edge of the valley near the later city. It was a port on a bay of the Ægean Sea, which is now about nine miles distant. Not improbably, just as eventually the silt filled the gulf and banished the waters to the west, it also covered parts of the early settlement, and drove the people to place the new city on a shelf of rock two or three hundred feet above the plain.

The founding of the colony is supposed to have occurred about the year 1000 B.C., and has been ascribed to Æpytus, a nephew of the reputed founder of Ephesus. The Greeks soon vanquished the native Carians, and later joined the league of the Ionian cities. But in time their descendants became enervated by the mildness of the climate, so that during the seventh century they were overthrown by the Lydian Ardys, son of Gyges. Later the Persians took their city ; then Lysimachus and Antiochus in turn added it to their domains ; and finally it became part of the Roman province of Asia.

Though Priene produced Bias, one of the Seven Grecian Sages, and took part in the Peloponnesian War, it was never a metropolis like Ephesus or Smyrna, nor the capital of an extensive country

like Sardis or Pergamus. It was merely a prominent town of four or five thousand people ; yet it was a fully developed civic unit, a model which is the more interesting to study because its remains have been excavated so completely as to display a typical Ionic city of about the fourth century B.C., just as the uncovered Pompeii represents a suburban Roman city of the time of the earliest emperors. Undoubtedly it was laid out with more than usual regularity, for the streets extend in straight lines almost due east and west and north and south, so as to divide it into rectangular blocks; yet differences in elevation and in the character of the buildings give diversity. The western half, which contained most of the residences, slopes gradually from the plain to the terrace of the eastern half, where the principal public buildings were ; and the northern end, where the theatre stood, begins slightly to ascend the slope of the mountain.

As we walk among the relics of its ancient walls, where flagstones echo the tread of footsteps in the intense silence of the atmosphere, there are awakened ill-defined longings for a sight of the city as it was in the ancient days when the Prienese lived there. And if we look long enough and think hard enough, a phantom city, as it were, a creation derived from classic knowledge applied to these ruins, rises before our eyes. We may almost see a few of the inhabitants entering at the western gate and ascending the principal street that leads

across the terrace to the eastern gate. They seem for a moment to glance at the temple of Cybele on the right; then, ascending a little farther, some turn aside into more narrow ways, to go to their homes. Some continue along the principal street, passing before a public fountain of marble, not far from the level of the terrace, where the cool water that descends from a ravine on the side of Mt. Mycale issues from the mouth of a lion's head. Pursuing their way a little more, they appear to separate. A few enter the market place on the right, and as they wander from stall to stall, haggle over the leg of a goat, a *sextarius* of olives or a gudgeon fresh from the sea. Others go to the agora, which extends to the east of the market place for nearly a hundred yards in length, and entering at the north side, which is completely open, walk beneath the portico of Doric columns, in front of the shops that surround the three remaining sides, and gaze at the wares displayed, or indulge in the latest gossip. We may almost see one who is rheumatic limping to the temple of Æsculapius, which adjoins the agora; and another, intent on learning the latest official decrees, crossing the street to mount the steps of the Sacred Portico, which faces outward for the length of three full squares, and contains bronze and marble statues, as well as the high altar before which on solemn occasions the people gathered to witness sacrifices to the gods. Others turn northward and disappear in the direction of the public buildings.

One of these buildings, to the rear of the eastern end of the Sacred Portico, was the Ecclesiasterion, or senate house of the city, a small building of nearly square shape, with tiers of marble seats rising about three of the sides, and with a low marble altar for sacrificial purposes in the centre. At the time of our visit, wild flowers were growing in the soil that had accumulated about the altar, weeds had taken root among the seats; yet as a whole the building, which was uncovered, was in excellent preservation. The Prytaneum, adjoining it on the east, was the public hall in which the hospitality of the city was on memorable occasions extended to its own distinguished citizens and to strangers. Its central court was surrounded by rooms, in one of which vestals guarded by day and night the sacred fire that must never be extinguished, for in the eyes of the people it was heaven-born, and was part of the same fire which at the founding of the colony had been brought from some other city. The upper gymnasium occupied a large part of a block to the rear of these two buildings. And a little farther to the north one of the best preserved of all the Grecian theatres, for many of the seats and a large part of the proscenium are still intact, is calmly reposing against the side of the steeply rising mountain.

The Prienese appear to have been particularly addicted to religious ceremonies, since they built within their walls more than the usual number of sanctuaries. In addition to the temples of Cybele

and Æsculapius on the principal streets, there was one, a little to the north-west of the Sacred Portico, that Alexander the Great dedicated to the goddess Athena. It was a peripteral temple of the Ionic order, but without a frieze in the entablature, and was built by the same architect who planned the more famous mausoleum of Halicarnassus. A part of its architrave, now preserved in the Royal Museum of Berlin, shows some of the paint with which the Greeks were in the habit of adorning their public buildings. A temple of Demeter was erected on the mountain side one hundred and fifty yards to the north of this temple; and another to the east of the upper gymnasium was dedicated to the Egyptian god and goddess Osiris and Isis, whose rites were probably introduced during the third century B.C., when the city referred to Ptolemy its differences with Samos. Lesser divinities or heroes were also worshipped. Furthermore, the Prienese, in conjunction with the people of other Greek cities, built on the summit of Mt. Mycale the sanctuary of Poseidon, where every year was held a Panionic festival.

A narrow way descends from the agora to the larger gymnasium, on a shelf of rock a little below the terrace. Some of its walls still show the names carved by boys who exercised there over two thousand years ago, and who raced over the two hundred yard course of the stadium which adjoins it on the east. More interesting still are the ruins of over three hundred stone houses in the western

half of the city, for, though all the roofs are gone and only part of the walls are standing, sufficient remains to give an idea of the homes in which the Greeks lived about the third and fourth centuries B.C. Some were of one story; some were two stories high. All presented to the street a wall unbroken by windows on the lower story, as was often the case even on the second story. In some instances a door opened from a chamber directly on to the street; but not infrequently the entrance was by a narrow passage leading from the street to the uncovered inner court. Here again variety in construction was displayed; a few of the larger and more recent houses, following the conventional style of homes of Greece during its best period, consisted of several rooms surrounding a court with a peristyle; but the older houses were of a type unknown before the excavations at Priene, as the rooms were placed on the northern side of the court only, and were separated from it by a vestibule, before which a colonnade was usually placed. By this arrangement the vestibule shaded the rooms in the heat of summer, when the sun was near the zenith; but during winter, when the sun was low, it did not prevent the rays entering the rooms and giving them warmth. There were also houses representing a transition between these two types, in which a second side of the court had a colonnade in line with the passage from the street.

Many of the houses of Priene were not devoid

THE INTERIOR OF A CARAVANSARY

THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH AT HIERAPOLIS

of luxury. Their exterior walls were of marble; and though the inner walls were often stucco, they were decorated with simple paintings. Carpets were spread on the floors; and objects of art, such as bowls and vases, were arranged in suitable places. In houses two stories high the lower floor usually contained a large room with the family altar, a dining-room, and smaller rooms for the servants; while on the upper floor were the bedchambers of the family. Yet because of the delightful temperature of the climate, the people lived largely in the open court, where they were hidden from the inquisitive gaze of strangers, where for part of the year they probably ate their meals, and where perhaps during the warm summer nights some of them slept.

From the site of the acropolis, which stood near the top of Mt. Mycale and was enclosed by walls connecting it with the city a thousand feet below, the view is as impressive as it is extensive. To the west, the ridge terminates in a bold cape, separated by a narrow channel from the Isle of Samos; below, on the edge of the broad valley through which the sinuous Mæander glides, patches of dark rich soil planted with vegetables alternate with orchards, and long lines of poplars partly conceal a few scattered stone houses. Twelve miles in an air line directly to the south the walls of a gigantic theatre rise among the ruins of Miletus, which twenty-five hundred years ago sent its ships to the farthest shores of the Mediterranean and

through the Propontis to the Euxine; while a little more to the east, across murky waters that creep through reeds and rushes, Mt. Latmus lifts its long crest, where the old myths said the beautiful Endymion slept till the moon came down and kissed his cheek. In the clear atmosphere of springtime this part of Asia Minor has an attraction entirely apart from any historic association. But nevertheless its greatest charm is awakened by its ruins, which, however fragmentary, carry the mind back to the golden age of classic time. And where, as at Priene, they are not surrounded by modern habitations, their antiquity is more definitely realized, until it seems to be an appreciable part of the great eternity.

Now and then some trifling incident would call to mind the insecurity of travel beyond the main highways. As we rode back to Sokia, another Greek, quite unlike the manly-looking fellow who accompanied me, joined our party. He did not ride particularly well: the ends of his trousers had an unbecoming way of climbing nearly to his knees; his poorly-managed horse was constantly interfering with our horses. Moreover, he never spoke except to complain of the rapid pace we were travelling. Nor was he satisfied when our guide explained that he was escorting an American—one of a race always in a hurry—and that the happiness of the American depended on his meeting the train which left Sokia but once a day. Evidently the stranger was very uncomfortable as he was

bumped in his saddle; but, when it was suggested that he should travel more leisurely in his own excellent company, he offered the excuse that it would be impossible, since his horse was of too jealous a disposition to be left in the rear. And so he accompanied us very sadly all the way to Sokia, where he was going from his little farm to attend to some matter of business. When he finally left us, our guide explained that he had joined us for fear of being attacked by brigands, and that in doing so uninvited he had only followed one of the customs of the country.

From Balachik, the main line of the railway continues eastward through the valley of the Mæander, which is longer and more beautiful than the valley of the Hermus. It has fewer vineyards, but has more orchards of fig trees, which were celebrated throughout the world even in the days of Alexander. Many of these orchards are separated from one another, not by building fences, for wood is now very scarce throughout the valley, though once its surrounding mountains were densely wooded, but by digging a small ditch and piling the dirt on one side so as to make a continuous wall. In a few places wickerwork is placed above the walls to make them higher; in other places, stones or refuse gathered from the fields are added to them, and also cuttings, which taking root become in time like hedges. Where such walls are on each side of roads, the constant tread of animals on the dry earth during summer pulverizes it, so

that the dust is blown away; and thus, after a long time, the roads become lower than the surrounding land, and occasionally become the drains of watercourses.

Eastward from Magnesia the river flows along the southern side of the valley, where much of the land is poorly cultivated; but the railway passes several miles farther to the north, now among hills spangled in spring with marguerites and anemones, and now through pleasant scenes of husbandry. Here are fields of tobacco, cotton, and corn, orchards succeeding orchards, little hamlets of dull earth surrounded by patches of vegetables; and larger tree-shaded villages with open spaces stirred with the activities of placid-looking men. It is a constantly changing scene of rural beauty and of life still enchanting in its unspoiled simplicity.

A military band was playing as our train entered the station of Aidin, the capital of the vilayet, about twenty miles to the east of Balachik; and a company of soldiers was drawn up in line to receive the governor, a large fine-looking Turk, just returning from a visit to the Sultan, and apparently quite indifferent to the honour paid him. A few soldiers not on duty showed the terrible ravages of recent suffering and disease. Official notices in Turkish and French were posted about the station, advising the people to wash their mouths thoroughly before eating in the morning, and to follow other specifically mentioned precautions in order to escape cholera. And in an open space just

outside, gaunt, grim, dust-covered men were unburdening kneeling camels, and loading them again with other merchandise, for Aidin is the largest mart of the valley, and near the centre of a country that produces the best cotton in Asia Minor as well as large quantities of grapes, figs, and olives.

The city received its name of Aidin from one of the early Seljuk princes, who made it the capital of an independent province; and there his descendants ruled until Isa Bey, the builder of the large mosque at Ayasoluk, acknowledged the supremacy of Bajazet. It was also called Guzelhissar, the Beautiful Castle. In common with most Turkish cities, it has numerous mosques and khans, as well as an unusually seductive bazaar, whose booths contain not only native products but a surprisingly large assortment of imported articles. Some of the booths belong to Armenians, some to Greeks, and one in which I took shelter from a severe thunderstorm, that passed over the city and for a short time sent down almost a deluge, was presided over by an aged Jew, who offered me hospitality and sundry cups of coffee, even after he had learned that I would not buy any of his rugs or embroideries. In no other bazaar of Turkey have I seen so many trains of camels marching through its narrow lanes; it is indeed the very heart of the business life of the city.

From the bazaar the road winds up a steep hill overlooking a ravine and past a cemetery to an

elevated plateau, where what is left of the ancient Greek city of Tralles lies beneath an orchard of olive-trees waiting for an excavator. Since the earliest times it has suffered again and again from earthquakes ; in more recent years the Turks have turned some of its beautiful marble monuments into lime-kilns, and have used others in the construction of modern buildings. Yet there are still traces of Roman baths, a stadium, an acropolis, and also the theatre, from which on a clear day Strabo saw the white seats of the theatre of Magnesia far away in the west.

Some of the villages beyond Aidin have picturesque little homes, with plots of ground cultivated as gardens and orchards, and surrounded by reed fences or adobe walls. They seem to be the homes of people who delight in warm sunshine and bright flowers, as well as in the mystery of the eternally creeping, moving stream, and of the motionless, silent mountains.

At the station of one of these villages a party of about one hundred men and women entered the train. Some of them were girls who were full of life and were young and pretty, as appeared when in unguarded moments, or when yielding to a natural impulse, they left their dark hair, their lustrous eyes and their red lips uncovered by their veils. When I noticed that most of the women and girls were huddled in a single car by an ugly old negro, I concluded with some interest that they belonged to the harem of some country grandee,

and began to wonder if they brought him as much solace as care. But at another station they left the train ; and as the men began to pitch the tents, to which the boys carried pitchers of water and armfuls of bread, I learned they were only one of the many parties who, in compliance with the law, had gone out to kill locusts. All of them seemed as light-hearted as if they were about to enjoy a picnic ; and, judging by a few coy glances, I fear their efforts were as futile as those of the much larger party I had seen at Smyrna.

In this part of the valley the river winds sluggishly through low, uncultivated ground, here approaching the railway, there receding from it. In the fields we saw bullocks drawing large two-wheeled carts with sides made of wickerwork. At Nazli, where another liquorice factory has been established, men were carrying bunches of asparagus they had gathered among the hills. Many of the women we passed by the wayside were dressed in scarlet, and walked as erect as if carrying earthen vessels on their heads. They rarely permitted us to see their faces ; but at one of the stations, on the other hand, a young girl, one of the many Yuruks who spend part of the year encamped along the banks of the Mæander, rushed forward with uncovered head to beg, and eagerly accepted from a fellow traveller the equivalent of half a shilling for a very pretty coral necklace of native workmanship that she was wearing round her neck.

As the road continues to the east it traverses a land rich in historic interest. On the southern side of the valley, Antiochia, one of the sixteen cities of Asia named after Antiochus of Macedonia, lies buried at the base of a lofty range that in winter and spring is covered with snow. A short distance beyond it, near the upper end of the valley, the railway crosses the principal stream of the Mæander, which is here about twenty-five yards wide, and, following a branch known as the Lycus for about thirty miles farther to the south-east, reaches the little village of Gonjeli, a convenient abiding place for the traveller who wishes to visit the ruins of Colossæ, Laodicea, and Hierapolis. And a little farther to the south, the pine-covered Baba Dagh, which rises over seven thousand feet, separates these ancient cities from the site of the Carian Aphrodisias, where beneath bushes and trees and the wash of centuries are some of the most extensive unexcavated ruins of Asia Minor.

In the days of Herodotus, Colossæ was a most important city of Phrygia. Xerxes passed through it and over the low short divide that separates the valley of the Mæander from the south-eastern bend in the valley of the Hermus, when he was marching to Sardis; and Cyrus the Younger also led his soldiers through it as he travelled eastward by the Phrygian lakes to dethrone his brother. Here was founded one of the earliest Christian churches, to which the apostle Paul addressed an epistle. But now only a few fragments remain to show where

THE CASCADES OF LIME AND ALUM DEPOSITS AT HIERAPOLIS

once stood the acropolis, the theatre, and a few other public buildings.

A Greek showed me the way from the station of Gonjeli—where I remained at a small hotel that seemed amazingly clean when compared with most of those in the interior of the country—to the Turkish village of Gonjeli, a few minutes' walk to the south ; and thence to the ancient Laodicea, among the hills behind it. We passed men with black bullocks and other men with laden camels, climbing the same road to pass heedlessly between marble monuments of sacred associations, and to descend again to the little village of Eski-hissar on the other side. Near the smaller theatre of Laodicea, two shepherds were pasturing sheep of a breed of big tails and black faces, which were guarded effectually by huge, hungry-looking dogs. These men were doubtless as unconscious as their dumb beasts of the sacred earth on which they trod. Parts of the hills were covered with cropped, bunchy grass ; parts were ploughed and sown with grain ; all was strewn with bits of chiselled stone, presenting a scene of utter desolation. Yet traces of grandeur linger in the forsaken ruins. In the evening of this day of our first visit they were serenely imposing as the setting sun drove their lengthening shadows over the broken ground, and touched their tops and the encircling mountains with tints of golden red. I watched them until their colour turned again to grey, then climbed among the highest seats of the smaller theatre,

whence I could see, over the roofs of the low houses of Gonjeli, the fires of Yuruks glowing in the valley of the Lycus, and beyond it the crystal cascades of Hierapolis reflecting the fading light.

On the site of an earlier city called Diospolis, the City of God, Antiochus II, who ruled from 261 to 246 B.C., founded Laodicea, and named it after the wife by whom he was afterwards murdered. No remains of the earlier city are visible, though it is not improbable that excavations such as have been made at Pergamus and Priene would reveal them ; but parts of a large number of the public buildings of the later city are still standing. The ancient walls, pierced by three large gateways on the eastern side and one on the western, described an oval with the major axis extending north and south. The acropolis was at the northern and more pointed end, overlooking the valley of the Lycus ; the smaller theatre, which still retains many of the old seats, though the proscenium has been entirely removed, was a short distance from it ; and the larger and much better preserved theatre was farther to the east. The most important structure on the western side was the stadium, which had a length of three hundred yards and is still in an excellent state of preservation. Temples, palaces, an odeum and a large Roman gymnasium once stood within the walled area, as well as shops and the principal homes of the people. The necropolis was on another hill to the north-west, which is separated from the city by a ravine ; and here and

there are fragments of a stone aqueduct and an inverted siphon, which were built to bring water to the city from the mountains to the south, because during summer the brooks passing by the eastern and western walls run dry.

Why was it, we cannot but wonder as we pass among such ruins, so many of the ancient cities of Asia Minor were utterly depopulated? It is true Laodicea was more than once almost destroyed by earthquakes; but, on account of the wealth of the people and the importance of its position on a great highway to the east, it was as often rebuilt, and for some fifteen centuries was one of the most flourishing cities of Asia Minor. Now it is without a single habitation.

Twice I visited the village of Gonjeli. It consists of a single street, faced with low adobe houses, a few gardens of vegetables and fruit trees, a scanty population, and a fair number of storks, which from elevated positions keep their eyes on every movement. Most of the women appeared exceedingly shy, peering out of the partially closed doors of their homes like rats out of their holes when receiving the attentions of a cat. Whenever I turned towards them they at once disappeared, or more completely drew the veils across their faces to escape the dread effect of the evil eye, though the tenderness of a mother for her child was invariably displayed by hiding its face before covering her own. Even the foot-race that I arranged among the small boys for the prize of a few coppers,

and resulted in a tie between a tall lean fellow and a little fat fellow, failed to attract many of them far from shelter. I discovered, however, that by appealing to the humorous side of the Turkish character, I was permitted to see more of the native life than otherwise would have been possible, while at the same time I established friendly relations that may have spared me inconveniences.

A stone about two feet high and equally long and broad stands in the centre of the street near the heart of the village. The carving at its upper edge awakens the suspicion that it has come from the ruins of Laodicea ; but it is now valued more for its utilitarian than its artistic qualities. The upper surface is hollowed like a bowl sixteen inches in diameter and twelve inches deep, which at the time of one of my visits contained wheat that two men were alternately pounding with mallets made with double heads six inches in diameter and thirty inches apart. As the movements of the mallets created sufficient currents of air to blow away the chaff, the wheat was quickly reduced to flour ; yet some particles of chaff invariably remained and gave it a darker colour than the flour ground in Europe. My request for permission to try my skill at threshing the wheat was at once granted. A crowd of men and boys who gathered to see the sport were soon in good spirits over my intentional clumsiness. Turkish women peeped out of the doors of their houses. One, more venturesome than the rest, with the graceful form of youth and

whose handsome face was partly uncovered, approached to see the fun; and, after I had laid down the mallet, so far forgot herself as to show she was no novice in the use of it. Beneath her yashmak flashed the untamed look of barbarian eyes; and on her arm she wore a bracelet of native workmanship, which she removed that I might examine it, after exchanging a few words with a tall Turk who was doubtless her husband. But when I displayed my camera and some coins to signify I would like to take her picture, she fled as from the devil. Evidently some of the old women had been watching and concluded there was evil in my camera if not in my eye, for a chatter that reached a clamour arose from behind every door and window, and the small children fled in confusion. The tall Turk advanced to meet me, and, though smiling, indicated by signs that it would be safer for me to depart.

Early one morning I left Gonjeli on horseback, accompanied by a Turk who was to show me the way to Hierapolis, six miles to the north. He was a tall fellow, in whose face was only the slightest expression of intelligence, but whose movements told of boundless strength and activity. His head was encompassed with the folds of a bright turban; and more than a foot of his waist and chest was swaddled with a dark red sash in which was thrust a knife. Loose trousers, which were voluminous about the loins, descended barely below his knees; coarse, hand-knit woollen stockings covered the

lower part of his legs, and sandals protected the soles of his feet. These simple and unbecoming garments are such as are worn by some of the peasants; while others, more fastidious, wear stockings embroidered with bright flowers, or dark blue leggings of cloth adorned with black braid.

On the southern side of the valley we traversed fields that were irrigated, but lacked the careful cultivation characteristic of Europe. Near its centre we crossed low damp land which contains much alkali and was almost neglected except by some Yuruks, who had pitched their black tents and built small huts of reeds near the bank of the Lycus. And at the northern side, not far from Hierapolis, we passed the few houses of the Turkish hamlet of Edscheli, surrounded by a solitary olive grove, which appears like an oasis in a stretch of almost treeless country. The way led up a hill covered with wild flowers, in sight of a girl who was guarding a flock of goats in front of a hut of dried earth, near a gorge crossed by a natural bridge of lime rock, and along a rocky path that some half-clad men were descending with loaded donkeys. It took us to the eastern end of the city, where water was issuing from a fountain and trickling into a stone trough below. But even these few sights of living things and the sounds of crunching feet and falling waters only accentuated the terrible desolation of a city mostly buried beneath a pall, which the same springs that gave it birth at length spread over it.

On some of the coins of Hierapolis, the Holy City, is represented the goddess Cybele ; on others, Pluto carrying Proserpine to Hades. Strabo stated its waters were used for dyeing ; and the apostle Paul referred to it in his Epistle to the Colossians. In the time of Nero it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, and, though rebuilt, was probably abandoned long before Frederic Barbarossa battled with the Byzantines on the plain below. More than this, almost nothing of its early history is known ; yet when it is considered that it occupied a favourable site on a terrace overlooking the valley, that it was on one of the great highways connecting eastern Asia with the valleys of the Hermus and the Mæander on the west, that it contained a pool of constantly replenished warm water reputed to contain important medicinal properties, as well as a Plutonium which would appeal to the religious superstition of pagan people, there can be little doubt a place so favourably situated and with such attractions must have been one of the very first to tempt a settlement of men. If it were possible to remove the incrustations that cover the terrace for a depth of a dozen or more feet, it is not unlikely there would be discovered foundations of a city of a far more venerable age than what is represented by the few Roman buildings.

On the edge of the terrace, which is over five hundred feet above the valley, the constant precipitation of the lime and alum contained in the

warm spring has formed a long wall of snow-white incrustations. From a distance it appears like an enormous cataract turning to foam ; and this deception seems the more real as the glittering deposits conform to every bend and hollow over which the water pours. Not unlikely the Greeks and Romans changed the course of the spring and confined it to definite channels ; but now it is spreading over a large part of the terrace, burying ancient foundations and forming for itself circular basins of crystal, as well as narrow channels edged with ferns, through which it glides to seek a lower level ; and finally it leaps over the edge of the terrace, or dashes into the gorge near the ruins of the Roman baths.

The city occupied the full breadth of the terrace, which is about a quarter of a mile, and extended along it for more than a mile. Its principal entrance was at the southern end, where the road from the valley passed through a gate in the encircling wall, and becoming a paved avenue fully fifty feet wide continued thence parallel to the face of the terrace to the northern gate. Some of the most important public buildings faced this avenue. A rectangular space that adjoins it, not far from the southern gate, was probably a market place or agora. The pool is about a hundred rods beyond the southern gate, and is midway between the theatre, which is at a slightly higher elevation to the east, and the Roman baths, which are almost on the edge of the terrace. Massive walls near the

DWELLINGS AND CAVES AT SILLEH

northern gate are the remains of a church, the one perhaps that was dedicated to the apostle Philip, who, according to tradition, preached the gospel and died here. Once, no doubt, the city extended over a still larger area, since parts of a theatre and a basilica lie beyond the northern gate. Many of the ruins are extensive and have an aspect of grandeur ; yet about them dwells a spirit of irredeemable decay, which is increased by the presence of the innumerable tombs of necropolises that cover the hills above the terrace.

In the days of the city's greatness the baths were undoubtedly the most extensive and magnificent in Asia Minor. Probably they were not dissimilar to the more famous Thermæ of Caracalla and Diocletian, as their ruins still cover a large space occupied by courts, halls, and archways, which were constructed of blocks of stone weighing one and two tons, and originally were faced with marble. The church near the northern gate is similarly constructed of huge rectangular blocks of stone, which in places have been displaced by earthquakes so as to show large irregular cracks. Parts of the walls have fallen ; the roof has entirely disappeared ; but what remains is a silent witness of the importance of the early Christian sect in Hierapolis. While the church at Sardis is exceedingly simple, small, and crudely made, this church is imposing in its much larger size and in the monumental character of its architecture.

Few other theatres of classic time are in a more

complete state of preservation than the one at Hierapolis. It is true that it has been sadly racked and rent, and the orchestra is filled with the debris of broken marble, and of soil washed from the mountain; but most of the seats are still intact, and part of the proscenium, as well as the massive wings with their large domed entrances at each corner, are still in place. Though the architects of the early theatres built them where the slope of a hill would furnish a convenient support for the tiers of seats, it is also probable they intentionally placed them where they would command extensive and beautiful views. As this theatre faces the terrace, it overlooked the temples, the homes, and whatever might quicken the pulse of the people. From the upper seats they could gaze over the whole valley of the Lycus, where they sowed and gathered their harvests; they could catch a glimpse of one of the theatres and the acropolis of the rival city of Laodicea to the south, with the snow-covered peak of lofty Baba Dagh towering behind it; and directly to the west they could see where the Lycus joined the Mæander and flowed, a silver stream, through fields of green in spring, and of golden brown in the long, hot days of summer.

After reaching the heart of the city, I motioned to the Turk that he might rest while I wandered alone. He went to an open court of the baths, and there, stretching himself at full length on the ground, was soon fast asleep. I entered the theatre

by the half-closed vomitory in the wing, and sat on one of the best seats in utter silence. And yet I seemed almost conscious of suppressed voices like the drowsy hum of insects hovering in the white sunshine over flowers—voices, as it were, that had echoed and re-echoed through the ages. And as I looked on a heap of stone blocks covering the place where masked actors had stood, and at a lily growing where light feet had danced, the spell of the place crept over me until it almost seemed time might turn back, and from the tombs of the necropolis on the hill above a departed race might come to life and enact again a drama on the proscenium below.

The pool, which is almost midway between the theatre and the baths, is about forty feet in diameter and several feet deep. The water remains throughout the year at a temperature of about 90° Fahrenheit, and is so clear that the bottom is distinctly seen. I was about to swim in it, when I noticed on the bank a fragment of a garment suggesting that perhaps undesirable bathers often went there; so undressing but partly, I walked about on fluted columns and delicately carved slabs of marble which lay beneath the surface where they had fallen centuries before. Though warm, the water was exceedingly refreshing, so that I reluctantly left it. For some time I sat on the bank by the side of wild oleanders and among dandelions and maidenhair, watching the bubbles that rose from the bottom and the reflection from

the surface of exquisite shades of green and blue, gazing at the fir-covered mountains to the north, counting the Yuruk camels that wandered by, listening to the faint tinkling of their bells and the occasional bleating of big-tail sheep, and perhaps dreaming, just as the natives dream in that far-off land. It was one of the most delightful spots I found in all the Levant ; so that often, as I wandered farther through Asia Minor and down into hot and sandy Persia, I thought of that limpid, sparkling pool.

On one of the high arches of the baths, where some seeds had taken root between the rocks and, germinating, had developed leaves and flowers, I ate my lunch. Almost beneath me, a little rivulet from the pool flowed in an aqueduct of its own making, by deposition of the minerals held in solution, and at the edge of the terrace fell into circular basins, beautiful as alabaster. They ranged tier above tier, and from their lips dazzling stalactites hung like jewels ; while, farther along the terrace, fields of the deposited minerals looked like sheets of ice.

The part of the terrace near the hill is slightly more elevated and covered with grass. As I sauntered along it, nomads were lying in the shade of a temple watching their sheep ; and about a quarter of a mile from the theatre I passed a woman leading a very light-coloured camel followed by a white baby camel. She had evidently come from some black tents standing beneath the ruins of the

church near the northern gate. For a moment I paused in front of them, struck by the incongruity of these mean abodes beside the massive structure of a classic age, when unexpectedly a huge shaggy-haired dog, which was no exception to the rule that the dogs of the nomads are almost as savage as wolves, sprang towards me. Repeatedly I had been warned not to kill one of these dogs if I valued my life. Fortunately a girl quickly followed and shouted to him. He dropped as if shot. Then she put her foot on his throat, crushing him to the ground, and stood erect like the statue of a fearless barbarian Amazon, smiling grimly.

As I returned to the other end of the terrace, leisurely examining the crumbling remains of former grandeur, I passed from behind some monuments into view of the pool, and quite innocently disturbed the pleasure of three young Yuruk women who had been enjoying a swim in its clear waters. They were revelling in its warmth, splashing it over their bare bodies, wading as I had waded on the sides of the sunken columns, and leaning against the bank among the bunches of maidenhair and the wild oleanders. Their astonishment at seeing me was as great as mine at seeing them; their pleasant chattering changed to screams as they scampered out and seized their clothes. Turning, I walked past the grim walls of the old theatre, which has witnessed far stranger sights in the course of sixty generations of men. Not far away the nomad dogs were fiercely barking.

Cumulus clouds began to gather over Baba Dagh ; to the west the slanting rays of the sun seemed to quiver in a haze of impalpable dust ; and down below men were leading their camels to the black tents by the bank of the Lycus. I called to the Turk, who was still dreaming beneath the walls of the Roman baths. He rose reluctantly ; then together we went down the narrow path leading to Gonjeli.

CHAPTER IX

FROM ALA-SHEHR TO KONIA: OUSHAK, AFIUM KARA-HISSAR, SILLEH

AT Ala-shehr the railway from Smyrna to Afium Kara-hissar crosses to the northern side of the valley of the Hermus, and climbs the foothills of the irregular chain of mountains bounding the central basin of Asia Minor on the west. In a distance of sixty miles it ascends from an altitude of six hundred and thirty feet at Ala-shehr to three thousand one hundred and sixty feet at Oushak. As it mounts higher, it winds now along the sides of projecting ridges overlooking the blue valley it is leaving, now into wooded ravines that restrict the view. It passes among limestone hills covered with oaks from which valonia is obtained, and enters deep cuts in strata of schists seamed with glassy quartz. At length, when it reaches the uplands, it traverses reddish soil, half ploughed with crooked sticks and sown with grain, as well as other land utterly unfit for cultivation. Indeed, the vilayet of Smyrna consists largely of comparatively unproductive ranges separated by valleys that are very fertile, except where covered with

alluvial gravel or an alkaline soil. This difference in the character of the land is denoted by the habitations : in the valleys, the houses of the peasants are mostly of adobe with slanting tile roofs ; but on the mountains they have rough walls of broken rock gathered from exposed ledges, and bare flat roofs of earth in which grass and weeds take root. Many of these primitive dwellings belong to Yuruks, who are comparatively rich in flocks of sheep and bands of camels.

When I passed over the road in the middle of spring the grass was short, for the rainfall is but slight in these higher lands. In places the ground was black with young locusts ; in other places appeared flocks of large and half-tame quail. At one of the stations I noticed a woman tie a baby to the back of a little girl only eight or ten years old, who cheerfully placed her left hand behind her back to support it, and with her right hand picked up a clay vessel sixteen or eighteen inches high and marched away. Even at this early age the girls become beasts of burden. At another station men with large glass bottles were selling lemonade ; and boys with earthen pitchers were offering sweet milk, as well as thick creamy yahourt, which is made of curdled milk, and is one of the most popular dishes of the country. A man approached the train with a stick thrust through the hollow centres of a couple of dozen simites, circular pieces of bread an inch thick and six inches in diameter, light and crisp, and spiced

A STREET IN KONIA. THE AZIZIEH MOSQUE ON THE LEFT

with seed; he exchanged them for small coins, which he dropped into a purse that he drew from the numerous folds of a large sash encircling his waist. Physically he was a fine specimen of manhood, worthy of a better occupation. In other parts of the country boys hawk loaves of bread resting in circular depressions chiselled in a row on one side of a long thick board, which they carry on their shoulders.

All the stations are provided with stone-cased wells, though it is prudent to boil the water before drinking. Whenever the train stops, doors fly open, and Turks hurry forth to fill their earthen vessels. Other Turks, in obedience to the instructions of the Prophet, more calmly wash their hands and feet before offering their prayers to Allah. For a moment they face Mecca with upturned hands as if with the spirit of complete resignation; they then kneel on the ground and pour forth their praise and supplication as they bend their foreheads for a number of times and touch the earth with the appearance of utmost humility. Their minds appear absorbed in complete abstraction; nor do they seem to heed the whistle of the train, though at the last moment they jump up hastily as with sudden recollection, and grabbing their shoes dash tumultuously for it.

The absence of scenery of startling interest when climbing the mountains left abundant opportunity for observing our fellow passengers. Almost all were Turks. Some looked like Bashi-Bazouks;

others were regular soldiers on their way to the interior. One in the adjoining car spent hour after hour playing a reed instrument that gave forth low, mournful sounds more like the plaint of wind at the approach of a storm than harmonious melody ; even when the train started long before daybreak, on the following morning, he was still piping the same weird, barbaric strains. Like most of the private soldiers, he was wretchedly clad, while the officers were handsomely clothed. The distinction, I was told, is because the garments of the soldiers are furnished by the Government, while the officers provide their own, and are subject to severe discipline if not well dressed. As a whole the officers are fine-looking men, and are as dignified as one can be who sits with his feet doubled beneath him on cushioned seats, or carries a big loaf of unwrapped bread beneath his arm to place it as he would an umbrella on the rack. Some of them carry strings of beads with which they play merely to satisfy a nervous habit ; some are more inquisitive than communicative ; but, whatever their faults, they are always agreeable travelling companions.

One of the passengers in the same coach with me was a gentleman of English parentage, who was on his way to the mountains to buy timber. As he was born in the Levant, he had a knowledge of seven Eastern languages, which made him an excellent interpreter, while he possessed a fund of interesting information he was ever ready to im-

part. As we passed a string of camels labouring under heavy loads, he explained that since the camels of Asia Minor are larger and more awkward than those of Syria and Egypt they are rarely ridden, but used solely as beasts of burden; and that, for wagers of sheep, the natives occasionally arrange fights between muzzled male camels, which with the shrewdness of professional boxers make sudden rushes to strike each other with their shoulders; and, when one falls, the victor kneels on the neck of the fallen one to strangle him. He also said that much of the land, including some that is farmed, belongs to the Government, which collects a rental of twenty or twenty-five per cent of the crops; and that not only is the system of tax-collecting exceedingly unjust, but sometimes the tax-collectors refuse to give receipts for taxes paid, then returning, collect again, so that there is danger of the property of a successful man being confiscated ultimately.

The city of Oushak is on the high plains about eighty miles to the north-east of Ala-shehr. Part of it is modern; and even the part that is old boasts no ancient history. It now contains about twenty-five thousand people, and spreads over a larger area than most Turkish cities of similar population. It has also more looms than any other city in Asia Minor; yet the modern products bear slight resemblance to the famous Oushak carpets of three centuries ago. All the looms we saw were large, and occupied so cramped a space

that it is surprising the weavers, who are girls, can accomplish such satisfactory results as they do. In one of the public streets we saw also a mill consisting of two large stone rollers revolved by horse-power on the surface of a horizontal disc ; though crude, it showed an interesting advance over the hollow stone of Gonjeli, just as the latter did over the primitive mortar and pestle.

The Englishman invited me to call with him on a Greek family with whom he was acquainted ; and, as the principal part of the city in which they lived is at a considerable distance from the station, we hired a covered carriage. It was drawn by two horses, and, though of venerable age, rode far more comfortably than the araba, or native covered waggon, which is the most important vehicle in all but the principal places of Asia Minor. The Greeks had recently lost by death a member of their family, but were none the less hospitable. Their neat, clean little house, modestly but carefully furnished and with an atmosphere of cosiness, and the delicious liqueurs they offered, stand out in the memory in strong contrast to our most wretched hotel, where the food was so disgusting that even the recollection is almost nauseating, and where as a matter of discretion we did not even undress at night, but, covered with our overcoats, rested the best we could on the outside of the beds.

The country which the railway traverses from Oushak to Afium Kara-hissar is over three thou-

sand feet above the sea. Part of it consists of fields almost level, part of rolling hills, beyond which to the north the long range of Murad Dagh, the classic Dindymus once sacred to Cybele, rises eight thousand feet above the sea. Throughout this district fruit trees are scarce. The low open land is sown with wheat and barley ; the surrounding hills bear oaks that furnish valonia, as well as bushes of madder from whose roots the red dye of commerce is obtained, and the distant mountains are covered with a heavy growth of pines. For long stretches of country the only habitations are squat huts of dull earth widely scattered from one another. Midway between the two cities we passed several villages of flat-roofed houses of adobe and limestone, looking doubtless much as the villages of Asia looked three or four thousand years ago. As our train approached one of them, some of the inhabitants climbed to the roofs of their squalid homes, and standing motionless gazed in seeming awe and wonder as they probably have gazed at the same sight hundreds of times before. None of these houses are surrounded by gardens or trees, or even an enclosed bit of land to indicate ownership ; but occasionally we saw near them a crooked stick with which the natives had ploughed the ground, and an ox-cart of two wheels made of solid discs of wood bound by a tire of steel or iron.

Almost the only occupants of large tracts of the uncultivated land are solitary shepherds, who

wander from plain to hill with small flocks of sheep, or a few poorly-bred goats, which are mostly brown or black. The shepherds are invariably attended by keen-eyed dogs; but they themselves are sluggish as shadows, and seem almost as inanimate as the ground on which they stand. Probably this is because they have little intercourse with their fellow creatures. I was told that they live constantly with their flocks, drinking their milk, eating a little coarse bread, some herbs, or occasionally the flesh of a sheep if perchance one is injured, that they sleep in crudely-constructed brush huts or on the lee of a few rocks piled one above the other. Their covering both day and night is a coat of wool, which reaches to their ankles and is impervious to rain as well as to cold, for it is an inch thick and made like felt. As a rule these coats are very much wider than the shoulders, beyond which they extend so as often to suggest a buzzard spreading his wings to dry; they also have hoods that can be drawn completely over the head like the cowl of a monk. Some are entirely without ornaments; but others are marked with familiar figures, such as the sun, the moon, a star, or mysterious symbols of circles and irregular curves, which at a distance remind one of the brand on the flank of a mustang.

From a long distance, an isolated and precipitous peak of ragged trachyte, rising more than six hundred feet above the plain, points out the junction of the railway from Smyrna with the

railway from Constantinople that is ultimately to reach Bagdad. Part of its summit is occupied by a citadel built by Ala-ed-din, which is connected by a steep, winding road with the city of Afium Kara-hissar at its base. For centuries this place has been one of great importance. In olden times it was near the Royal Road of the Hittites that passed through the valley of the Hermus and across Phrygia to their capital at Boghaz Keui in Cappadocia; and the cities of the Midian kings among the Phrygian mountains were only thirty or forty miles to the north. Before the completion of the railway it was one of the principal stations for caravans passing between the central plains and the western valleys, whose leaders stopped there to rest or replenish their supplies; and even now many of its thirty thousand people, who are largely engaged in making and selling shoes, harness, and such other articles as are required by the rural or nomadic population of a large surrounding area, breathe the fierce spirit of the desert wilderness. As its name indicates, it has been for generations the centre of an important opium industry. Most of its population are Turks; but, as is frequently the case in the interior of Asia Minor, those engaged in mercantile business are largely Armenians, who live in a district of the city readily distinguished from the rest by its cleanliness.

Many parts of the extensive plain about Afium Kara-hissar are covered with pools and fens, the

homes of ducks and smaller water-fowl, and the resorts of the heavy-horned buffalo. There are also watercourses spanned with arched stone bridges that are moss-covered and stained with age. But the foot-hills of the mountains, and the part of the plain that has been elevated by receiving the soil washed from them are cultivated and have little cypress-shaded villages, which increase in size and importance as the road extends eastward.

About thirty miles from Afium Kara-hissar the surface of the plain is conspicuously marked by a number of tumuli of unknown origin, though it has been suggested that they mark the site of the battle of Ipsus, where Lysimachus defeated Antigonus, in 301 B.C., in their final struggle for the dominion of Asia. It was near here that the army of Cyrus the Younger, accompanied by Xenophon, entered the central plateau after crossing from the valley of the Hermus to the head of the valley of the Mæander and turning to the north of the large lakes that rest among the hills at the western end of the Taurus range. And from here, his army and those of other conquerors followed very much the same direction as the present road, which passes by Konia to Cilicia, and thence through the Cilician gates to the burning plain of the Euphrates.

To the east of Ipsus the road follows the base of the lofty Sultan Dagh. In the spring of the year it traverses fields green with grain; wherever

THE THRONE OF ALA-ED-DIN AND THE KARADAYI MOSQUE AT KONIA

THE COURTYARD OF A MEDRISSA AT KONIA

brooks issue from ravines in the mountains, it passes numerous orchards in bloom. Farther east it skirts Lake Ak-shehr, which has a length of about seventeen miles ; and a little beyond, on the site of the earlier Philomelium, the place of nightingales, it enters the picturesque though dirty town of Ak-shehr, which is surrounded by gardens, and holds the ruins of a faience-ornamented mosque, built by the Seljuks in the thirteenth century. To the east of this town the road passes along marshy land of rich black soil and among rolling hills of limestone, which here and there show traces of ancient fortifications. Near one of them was found an inscription of the Hittites. Even without being deciphered, it marks as definitely as a milestone the direction of their southern road between the East and West.

As we travelled over the road, new scenes constantly opened before us. Here we saw meadows where magpies and storks reigned undisputed ; here, rolling ground in which buffalo and black cattle were pasturing. At the border of a lake teeming with wild fowl, Yuruks were cutting bulrushes, and beginning to build their summer homes ; in little villages, Turkish peasants were living in low, flat-roofed houses made of mud ; while in the towns, more prosperous natives had two-story dwellings with tiled roofs. There was also diversity in the clothes of the men, though the women generally wore red or black. A man with light blue shirt, broad red sash, and dark blue

trousers, which bulged enormously at his loins and were gathered about his waist by a stout piece of cord, was ploughing a green field, and turning up the brownish red soil. Another, adhering to a more conservative style, was wearing a golden yellow shirt, and a pair of blue trousers richly ornamented with dark braid.

About thirty miles to the north-west of Konia the railway winds along the sides of a chain of hills at a sufficient elevation to obtain an extended view over the central plateau, known as the Axylon Plains or the Salt Desert. Some of the cuts made for the road-bed display fine gravel, the relics of that great inland lake which ages ago occupied this desert ; and further to the south, between Konia and Karaman, the road passes over what appears to be an old beach on its southern shore. Near the centre of this desert, Lake Tuz Geul spreads its salt water over an area sixty miles in length and nearly half that width ; while, almost hidden in the blue haze of the distance, a line of cones trends from south-west to north-east, pointing to the volcanic pile of Mt. Argæus, which rises thirteen thousand one hundred feet above the sea. Only a few villages are scattered over this great stretch of almost barren land, only a few patches of green. Surrounding them are vast areas of emptiness, where blinding radiance fades into mirage. Yet now and then may be seen a shepherd following his flock over the wrinkled surface of the ground, or the dust rising from the hoofs of passing camels.

No one can look long at this space without becoming conscious of its subtle power. Unlike mountains that are rugged, or meadows that are radiant with flowers, the desert of Asia Minor has a charm which is the greater because it is not at once perceived, but being largely intellectual grows with intimacy. It is due partly to the fact that the observer is inclined to ignore details and to regard aggregates. It is felt in the vastness, which suggests the infinite ; in the silence and solitude, which invite communion with what is spiritual. The charm appears in the mystery of phenomena, as when the trembling air rising from the heated earth creates weird pictures like the fancies of a child. And yet the attractive qualities of the desert are not all intangible ; it has a beauty that is real. No fiercely flowing waters have gashed its surface, but time has moulded it with more tender agencies into reposeful forms. No trees shade it ; but its low hummocks, narrow watercourses, and great flat areas are covered with a simple vegetation of green and brown and purple that everywhere blend in perfect harmony, and in the far-off horizon softly fade away. The air that hovers over it has the power, like the brush of an artist, of painting distant stretches and encircling mountains with colours created by the reflection and refraction of light, of changing their dull tones to deep lilac and violet, to soft yellow and rose. And it has a grandeur that is felt in the clash of thunderstorms, and also in the peaceful blue darkness of

night, when through a dry atmosphere untainted by the smoke of cities the fires of countless stars burn with startling brilliancy.

A few miles from the railway, among the hills to the south-western side of the great desert, the old highway passes through the town of Yorgan Ladik. The ground about it contains fragments of columns, friezes, and architraves, which mark the site of the earlier Laodicea Combusta, once an influential city on the highway between the western coast and the Mesopotamian valley. Perhaps some great conflagration destroyed its ancient buildings, as this would account for the epithet *Combusta*, although the derivation is still in doubt. For centuries it was almost forgotten, and it is no longer a place of political importance ; yet it has given its name to some of the most interesting rugs that have been woven in Asia Minor, in which mystic symbols are displayed against a background of rich blues and reds and golden browns.

About thirty miles farther to the south the ancient highway reaches Silleh, a large town resembling some picturesque fastness built by the Kurds among the head-waters of the Euphrates. It occupies both sides of a deep ravine enclosed by sandstone hills. To the east, the hills overlook irregular patches of barren land which rise and fall in folds like the long swell of the ocean, as well as cultivated fields, orchards of apples, peaches, and pears, and a white road stretching ten miles to the south-east, where the ashy minarets and dull

walls of Konia rise above the plain. To the west, the hills are confronted by the most northern of conspicuous twin peaks, an outrider of the Taurus range, called St. Thekla after the earliest Christian saint of the district, who, it is said, was miraculously received into it at her death. After every storm the ravine is swept by a torrent from the mountains, though in summer it becomes dry and is property in common for chickens, dogs, and donkeys. Several stone bridges cross it and bind together two shapeless streets, which are formed by terracing the embankments, and are barely wide enough for the passage of an araba, though they are the principal business thoroughfares of the city. From these streets crooked lanes ascend the steep acclivities between closely clustered houses that reach almost to the top of the hills. Most of the houses have flat roofs and are built of stone; the second stories of some have crudely made verandas; and almost all are conspicuous for their large number of windows, which command a view of the houses rising tier above tier on the opposite side. A number of caves, which may have been habitations in the past, pierce the hills close by the houses; while the austere appearance of the town is further increased by the almost total absence of trees and graceful minarets, which in so many places soften the harsh lines of Oriental homes.

The curious crowds that gathered about me when I entered the town betrayed the fact that the

gates were not often thrown wide for Occidental guests; but in their attentions was no rudeness. A youthful Turk showed me the way from the ravine to the business house of two Greek gentlemen, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Together we crossed the high humped bridge, beneath which the water swirled, and climbed a crooked street, now pausing to take breath, now mounting higher, now turning hither and thither through open spots and narrow lanes, till I began to doubt the wisdom of following farther. But beckoning with consoling assurance, he at last approached and knocked at the door of a large house near the farther end of the ravine.

The gentlemen, who are carpet merchants, received me with a most engaging cordiality; and one of them, who spoke most excellent English, at once becoming host and guide, took me to visit the different parts of the town. The population is about half Turk, half Greek; and, as is usual throughout Asia Minor, the Greeks occupy the cleanest part. We entered one of their dwellings on the western side of the ravine to get a view from its balcony of the houses on the opposite side, as well as the many curious caves in the precipitous cliffs above them. Not one round dome, and only a single minaret, lay before us; but flat-roofed houses rose from the bank of the river to the summit of the opposite acclivity, mingling in picturesque disarray, and packed so densely that there appeared barely room for the narrow lanes

that approached them. They were clustered like the nests of swallows attached to a cliff, and suggested a mediæval city such as the Crusaders must have witnessed when they passed through Anatolia. But however plain the exterior of the rectangular-shaped houses opposite, however untidy the interior of some of them doubtless were, the rooms of this Greek home were scrupulously clean, and their uncarpeted wooden floors were spotless.

Since rug weaving is one of the principal industries of Silleh, we visited a number of the weavers. All of them were working in small houses, seated on a board placed across boxes before a long, low loom, tying knots with wonderful facility as they followed a printed pattern just above their heads. Some of these patterns were so intricate as to call for workmanship of a high order; but after an instantaneous glance, as a virtuoso at a few bars of music, they would seize a short piece of yarn from one of the innumerable coloured balls suspended above them, and with nimble fingers twist it deftly about two adjacent threads of warp. All were girls, and some so young it seemed strange they could work with such rapidity; yet it had become almost a second nature, since a twinkle in their eyes or a glance from side to side would sometimes betray truant thoughts, but all the time their fingers were ceaselessly tying. Perhaps they learn to love this work of making woven coloured pictures, of interweaving designs associated with

Oriental splendour, and symbols of deep meaning unknown to the Western world.

We then visited a small Greek church, which looked, in the dim light that struggled through the windows, as if it might have stood long before the fall of the Byzantine power. And to this dignity of age was added the impressive solemnity of burning tapers, of carved woodwork darkened by the hand of time, of three or four silent worshippers kneeling before the chancel, and of the venerable priests who were noiselessly officiating at the altar. Both worshippers and priests were so absorbed in their devotions that they seemed oblivious of our presence, as well as heedless of the clang and rattle with which a custodian unlocked and opened a closet, from which he pulled out a heavy iron chest, with lock and hinges rusty with age, to draw forth for our inspection a piece of embroidery. He said it was three hundred years old, and had come from the island of Chios eighty years before. It was made of the finest web, and of needlework coloured with delicate tones that blended in harmony, as was also the case of an altar piece, on which dainty flowers were profusely embroidered beneath a prayer arch. But of still greater age and more beautiful than either the others was a piece of exquisite embroidery, representing with the artistic feeling and symbolism of the East two birds hovering about an opening lotus flower. There was no record of either age or origin, yet without a doubt it was

THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ALA-ED-DIN AT KONIA

some priceless relic of a remote past. So it is that some of the old churches and mosques of Asia still tenderly preserve a few of the mementoes of their former magnificence.

CHAPTER X

KONIA

NONE of the inhabited cities of Asia Minor are more attractive than Konia. It is at an altitude of about thirty-four hundred feet above the sea, and near the base of the Taurus mountains, where they swing in a south-easterly direction along the great circumference of the Axylon Plains. On the north-east it faces the low range of Boz Dagh, which rises like an embattlement in a desert so vast that an observer is conscious at first of little but its immensity, its fading colour, its solitude, and its mystery. During parts of winter the mountains and desert glitter with snow; in spring they are covered with grass and wild flowers; in summer the green of vegetation turns to varying shades of brown; and in autumn, when the grass dies, the lower flanks of the mountains seem parched, and the uncovered sands of the desert gleam with the lustre of gold, with the fire of glowing bronze. Yet it is not the natural beauty of these surroundings, but its historic associations and its ruins that make Konia so absorbingly attractive.

It is a very old city, once known as Iconium. In some ancient lore it shares with Mt. Ararat the distinction of being the first spot to appear after the subsidence of the Deluge ; Xenophon mentions it in his *Anabasis,* and Cicero refers to it as the capital of Lycaonia. Barnabas and the apostle Paul visited it to present Christianity to its people, but were compelled to flee to a neighbouring village ; nevertheless Paul subsequently returned, and in the third century a Christian synod convened there. At the end of the eleventh century it was captured by the Seljuks, who made it the capital of their kingdom of Roum, from which they ruled a large part of Asia Minor for two hundred years ; although for short periods their sultans were deposed by the Mongols, and in 1190 A.D. Frederic Barbarossa captured the outer walls, but was unable to seize the castle.

Of the earliest city almost nothing now exists but a few stones, which the Seljuks placed in walls of defence in such a way that many of their Greek inscriptions may still be seen. Nor is much of these walls left, though they were two miles in circumference and were flanked with lofty square towers. The oldest objects of consequence are the medrissas and mosques, which contain some of the finest Suljukian ornamentation that now remains in Asia Minor.

The modern city of Konia has about sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom a small fraction are Armenians and Greeks, and the remainder Turks.

It is accordingly one of the most important cities of Asia Minor, destined to become a large metropolis that will control the trade of a vast territory. The mountains to the south and west are covered with forests of valuable timber; on their flanks are raised large flocks of sheep; the rich soil at the base of the foothills sustains orchards that bear delicious fruit, and parts of the plain, now irrigated, produce bountiful harvests of grain. It was doubtless a realization of the possibilities of the future that prompted the owners of the railway to erect at the station one of the best hotels in Asia Minor, though it lacks many of the comforts of the large European hotels. Two or three smaller hotels and places of refreshment, where the natives of small fortune and hardened to Asiatic travel stay, have also been built on a broad street facing the railway. But the city proper, where houses of one story, and some of two and even three stories are thickly clustered, is nearly a mile distant.

The main road between the station and the heart of the city passes between a few scattered houses surrounded by orchards. At all hours of the day and part of the night it is occupied by a stream of travel: creaking ox-carts and grunting camels; veiled women and bronzed men, afoot; other men on donkeys and horses; prosperous merchants and well-dressed officers in carriages drawn by two horses; and at frequent intervals a small one-horse tram, so arranged as to discriminate between first- and second-class passengers by moving two

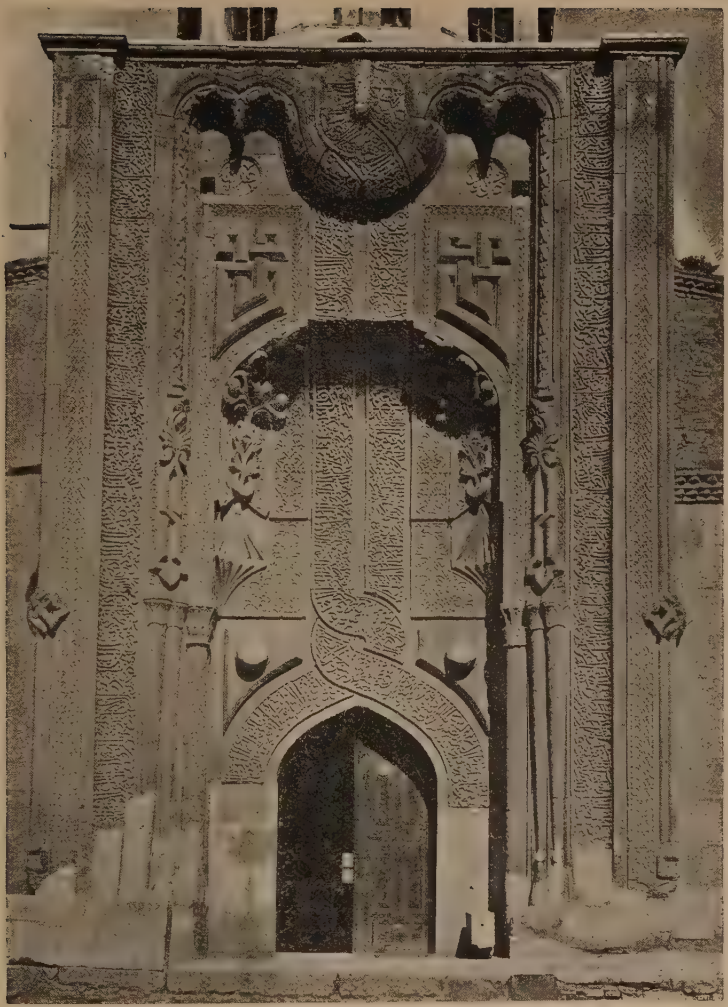
cushions from one end of the tram to the other at each reversal of direction of the journey, and also to afford a semblance of exclusion to Moslem women by stretching a thin curtain between them and the men.

The tramway ends in front of a large stone building of modern architecture, the home of a branch of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, which is usually managed by a Greek, for the Turks themselves acknowledge that the Greeks have superior business sagacity. Most of the business of the city centres about a square only a few rods distant. A massive Konak, built in 1887 of stone, and regarded as one of the finest Government buildings in Turkey, occupies the whole of one side. A large Turkish khan is on one corner, *vis-à-vis* of the Konak ; near it is the post office ; and on another side of the square is a small restaurant, where I was surprised at the excellence of the meal that was served, until I discovered that the *chef* was a foreigner. These and the other buildings about the square are like a whirlpool drawing to it the people from the surrounding parts of Konia, which are old and exhale the odour and the incense of the Orient.

It is only a hundred yards from the square to the bazaar, which contains innumerable small booths, facing narrow intersecting lanes. Since the whole of it is covered so as to exclude both sun and rain, the interior is at all times in shadow, as if in the dimness of twilight, though here and there

the ground is diapered with threads and splashes of sunshine. This dusky gloom has the advantage of precluding a too careful scrutiny of the quality of the innumerable articles that are for sale in the musty booths by men who have all the cunning of the Oriental. If a stranger cast an inquiring look at any of the wares, an eager gleam comes into the shrewd little eyes of the vendors; in a trice they rise from their crossed legs and spring forward to prove to their possible victim his utter folly in not accepting what with the love of a brother they will part with for less than cost. But, if the stranger decline their offer, they turn away with a look of perfectly feigned indifference.

In summer, untempered breaths of air from the burning plain drive the people of Konia to the cool shade of the bazaar. They often wander among the booths, or linger near the meeting of its principal ways, and drink at a stone fountain whose graceful columns and light canopy are in pleasing contrast with the sheds and wretched buildings that surround it. The Mussulman law requiring the cleansing of face, hands, and feet before the act of prayer is also in a measure responsible for the many other fountains throughout the city. One is built near every mosque; one is in the public square; two, with canopies above eight slender columns resting on bases of carefully chiselled stone, are in the market place; and others are placed in the district frequented by the camels and the strangers from the desert.



THE PORTAL OF THE INJEH MINARET MOSQUE AT KONIA

Though the bazaar is essentially the place for vendors, it enjoys no monopoly. Every day in the week, but more particularly on fixed market days, men and women who have not yet risen to the dignity of petty merchants bring their wares and produce to an open space adjoining the bazaar, and spread them over the ground and on improvised and easily removed tables. From morn till night, as patiently as spiders beside their webs, they squat behind piles of fruit and vegetables, loaves of bread, bits of hardware, bundles of charcoal, and half-worn clothes and rags so squalid that it is a wonder anyone should be willing to carry them away. A street on the side of the bazaar opposite the market place is also occupied by mechanics of various callings: blacksmiths, harness-makers, carpenters, and, by far the largest number of all, shoemakers, who make so many shoes—some all leather and some nearly all wood—that it seems almost incredible that the demand can equal the supply.

A little beyond this quarter, but still in the centre of the city, is the place of the camels and the camel drivers. Even from a distance, the rasping brays of donkeys, the grunting of camels, and the harsh cries of men betray its character. In the morning long strings of camels decked with gaudy trappings, with beads or cowrie shells, designed both for ornament and to counteract the spell of the evil eye, start on their day's journey to some pass in the Taurus mountains or into the

trembling, blazing light of burning wastes ; and at evening they come grey with dust and weary. Linked together by ropes, they form a chain whose right of way must be respected, as I learned one day when I ran afoul of a number who were divided in their opinion as to which side of the street they should follow. Striding majestically, they are an imposing spectacle. There is also a strange fascination in the gaunt, wiry forms and in the leathery faces of their drivers, for they seem the incarnation of alkaline plains, or sandy deserts. Before the start, their voices rise loud and clear above the brays and grunts and barks ; but when the march begins they stalk like spectres, mute with the reticence born of constant association with great silence and still greater solitude.

The bazaar, market place, and district of the camel drivers are centres of life fascinatingly Oriental. Grim, inscrutable tribesmen from the desert, directly descended from the earliest inhabitants of the land, unkempt-looking shepherds from the Taurus mountains, wrapped in huge goatskin coats with the shaggy hair next to their bodies and the tanned sides exposed to the air, and tall men of the caravans wearing turbans, short jackets, bulging trousers and coarse boots and leggings, mingle together like strangers as they walk with seeming aimlessness hither and thither. A man with a pock-marked face of distinctly Mongol type passes another whose heavy features bear a striking resemblance to carvings

on old Hittite monuments. Women with heads and faces covered with white mantles glide silently by ; while a hadji wearing a green turban and with the calm dignity of a sheikh, a grave mollah dressed in long flowing robes, and a gaunt figure with blanched face and the aspect of a seer wander slowly through the crowd. Some are dark-faced men in whose veins burn the fierce fires of the desert, in whose memories linger the recollections of thirst and hunger and savage strife ; some are women whose dark eyes flame with the emotions of barbaric maidenhood, or whose hearts beat with the tender love of motherhood.

There are dogs, too, in Konia ; not the pampered thoroughbreds of London or Paris, but such as lived in Constantinople before they were banished to an island of the Sea of Marmora to die of home sickness. No doubt they are of the same breed, for each dog knows his own district as well as the particular clan to which he belongs ; and, whenever a signal bark is heard, the whole yelping pack loyally appears with glittering fangs and bristling manes. There are also pariah puppies at every corner, too serious to be playful, and wearing sad, dejected looks as if conscious of life's struggles awaiting them.

One of my pleasantest recollections of Konia is associated with a visit to the hospital of the American Medical Missionaries, situated a short distance from the Konak on a street through which the tramway passes. I remember well noticing for the

first time the words "American Pharmacy" in large letters above the door of a modern building with glass front, for it impressed me strangely to meet something claiming to be distinctly American in the heart of Asia Minor, and to be told that in the building, separated from it by a large gateway, I would meet resident surgeons who had been born beneath the Stars and Stripes, but for humanity were passing their lives in almost a wilderness. The reception they accorded me was most kind. They aided me in obtaining the services of an English-speaking native who acted as an interpreter, and showed me many objects of interest in the city. They also furnished me with an official pass which opened the doors of the Seljukian mosques, and offered any further assistance I might require.

Konia is said to contain over one hundred mosques. Those built by the Seljuks can be seen only by special permission, as they are no longer in use; and a very large number of the remainder are insignificant. One with the unusual feature of an arcade extending along the whole length of one of its faces is near the bazaar; and on account of its convenient location is frequented by many of the Turks at the hour of prayer. Once, just after a large exodus of Moslems, I entered by pushing aside the heavy leather curtain that covered the doorway, and noticed in one corner a mollah seated on threadbare kilims murmuring to a number of disciples, and in different parts of the

hall a few mute worshippers, still at prayer. The faces of all had the calm, abstract look of fasters during the month of Ramadan. At first I felt almost painfully the meanness of the interior, the total absence of the Oriental splendour produced by the glimmer of crystal chandeliers, the changing shades of marble, the delicate carvings of arabesques, and the exquisite colour of velvety weavings ; but at length I began to understand, though vaguely, how the followers of Mohammed found in the grim silence, in the dull light like the first radiance of dawn, the inexplicable spell of that mystery that not only soothes but awakens yearnings for communion with the Invisible.

A solitary hill, half a mile from the depot, and rising to a height of seventy feet with a circumference of about a thousand yards, is the only part of the city that is not level. One of the conspicuous objects on its summit is a Byzantine church which, despite its ancient appearance, has been considerably transformed from the original structure, dedicated to Bishop Amphilochius in the fourth century A.D. It now supports a clock tower, from which a magnificent view may be obtained over all the city. In the direction of the station and to the north-west, gardens enclosed by high walls of mud and stone occupy more space than houses ; but the more populous parts of the city present a vast panorama of roofs broken by huge domes and tall minarets. To the south and west appear fruit trees, hedges, and bits of dark green

foliage; but there are comparatively few of the plane-trees, the poplars and the cypresses that are so conspicuous in western Asia Minor.

It is not improbable that the earliest inhabitants of Iconium took possession of this hill in accordance with the invariable custom of selecting elevated ground. When the Seljuks made Konia their capital, they at once recognized its importance. The famous Ala-ed-din, who surrounded himself with men versed in law, literature, art, and mysticism from the cultured cities of Turkestan, Persia, and Syria, and who promoted commercial intercourse with the maritime cities of Europe, built his palace on its northern side not far from the Byzantine church. It was decorated with blue and green faience, and with carvings; but now almost nothing of it remains but a shapeless mass, which still retains the name of the "Throne of Sultan Ala-ed-din." About 1220 A.D. he also built near it a mosque that is larger than any other in Konia and unlike any other in Asia Minor. What was formerly the principal doorway, a recessed entrance with beautiful marble carving designed by a Syrian, is now sealed; the flat roof is relieved only by a single minaret and a low pyramidal-shaped tower rising above the place of the tombs; and the exterior as a whole lacks that beauty of outline peculiar to most of the mosques built by the sultans to perpetuate their memory. The large hall of the interior contains rows of over fifty columns, supporting pointed arches, on which the

roof rests. They differ from one another in the carving of their shafts and capitals, some perhaps being the *disjecta membra* of more ancient buildings; yet they present little seeming incongruity viewed in the soft yellowish light of the long vistas. Once the floor between them was covered with some old and very valuable carpets; but these have recently been removed and replaced by innumerable small modern pieces and kilims, poorly woven and of wretched colours. Once tiles of Persian inspiration decorated the mihrab in one of the walls to the left of the entrance; but the original decoration was removed to Constantinople, and the place it occupied is now painted in imitation. No doubt in other ways, also, the original ornamentation of the main body of the mosque and its former splendour have been impaired. Yet on the opposite side, in a room beneath the tower, which holds the tombs of Seljukian sultans and their kinspeople, has been preserved some of the dark blue faience characteristic of the ornamentation of this dynasty, reflecting beams of melancholy beauty as in approaching twilight; and so, too, in other parts of the mosque appear, though in a less degree, traces of that mysterious enchantment which seems inseparably associated with every religious structure in Asia.

One of the most interesting mosques of Konia, which was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, or shortly after the death of Ala-ed-din, is at the base of the hill, on its north-west side.

It is called the Injeh Minaret Mosque, meaning the Mosque of the Needle-shaped Minaret, on account of the graceful shaft that rose from the courtyard two and a half times the height of the dome. The shaft was fluted, and was covered with faience, which was broken only by two balconies of delicately carved stone supported by mouldings of stalactite ornamentation. In its entirety, this was the most elegant minaret in Konia ; but unfortunately, about thirty years ago, a bolt of lightning shattered it a little above the lower balcony ; yet even what remains has a certain dignity and fascination as in the broken trunk of some aged oak. In every respect it must have been in keeping with the imposing sandstone portal whose carving represents Arabic inscriptions, intricate arabesques and foliate motives that are singularly beautiful. The interior of the mosque contains a stone fountain, and its walls are still covered with sufficient of the original mosaic work and faience to suggest the solemn religious effect their soft colours must have had on the minds of the assembled Mohammedans as they reflected the light of Oriental lamps.

A medrissa of equal interest stands near the foot of the hill on the north side. It also was built in the middle of the thirteenth century, and was named the Karadayi medrissa after its founder. Its most beautiful feature is the marble portal leading into a court that is surrounded on three sides by the rooms of the preceptors and students

THE PORTAL OF THE SIRTCHALI MEDRISSA AT KONIA

and on the fourth side by a small mosque. It is about thirty feet square and several feet thick. The recessed panelled door is encased by fluted stone jambs and lintel surrounded by delicate carvings; above it are seven rows of stalactite ornamentation with changing patterns in each row; and above these is a large pointed arch with a pattern of small interlacing arches. The decoration of other parts of the surrounding façade is also carefully carved, so that the portal as a whole is one of the finest pieces of Seljukian ornamentation remaining in Konia. Once the French were so impressed with its beauty that they made several efforts to buy and remove it to France; but all their offers were rejected. The mosque is not without interest. It is surmounted by a dome, with some beautiful tiles still in place, and contains a depressed basin to which the water was conducted along the stone floor in a groove, with an intricately carved Oriental design in the middle of its course. The inner prayer room, which is dimly lighted, has a border of blue faience, representing a pattern so similar to a well-known pattern of old Khorasan rugs as to suggest that each had a common origin.

There is something alluring in the simplicity of the court of this medrissa, despite its startling contrast with the refined and exquisite carving of the portal. Like all others, it is surrounded by a number of rooms with little windows, and with stumpy chimneys rising above the flat roof. On

two of its sides a covered colonnade of simplest workmanship extends between the rooms and the open centre, where some young apricot-trees are beginning to shoot out their branches, and a wooden casement rising a short distance above the ground denotes the existence of a well. In the Seljukian days it was doubtless paved with tiles and was in keeping with its important surroundings; now everywhere appear the footprints of decay.

A medrissa which is almost as interesting as the Karadayi, and was built about the same time, is the Sirtchali. It is situated nearer the centre of the city, a short distance to the north-west of the Konak. Some of the carving of the stone façade has patterns as delicate as lacework. The doorway is arched with parti-coloured voussoirs that interlock, as is so often the case in Saracenic architecture; and above it rises a slightly pointed great outer arch, which carries a repetitive reciprocal design such as may be found over and over again in antique rugs. Each of the adjacent sides of the recess of the portal has a small niche with an apex of stalactite ornamentation. At the time the medrissa was built, the elaborate condition of the inner court corresponded with the majestic appearance of the portal: part of it was paved with mosaic work; the walls at each side of the large chapel, which faced the entrance, were richly ornamented with Arabic letters and dainty patterns; and the arch of the chapel, which contains a prayer niche at the enclosed end, was tiled with blue

faience. It is not difficult to imagine a mollah of former days teaching the Koran to young Mohammedans in the silence of its recesses, and the untamed, simple-minded people of the desert gazing in wonderment at its beauty as if enthralled by the enchantment of some fetish. But now it is a scene of decaying splendour: the covered colonnade surrounding the court is sadly dilapidated; its centre is overgrown with weeds; its three small apricot-trees droop as if in sadness; and the fountain is replaced by a well over which stands a rickety windlass made of the undressed, crooked trunks of slender trees.

Almost a mile to the east of the bazaar, and not far from a gateway in the old walls, another Seljukian mosque, known as the Sahib Ata, reposes in decaying splendour. Its principal interest lies in the portal, which is surmounted at one corner by a fluted minaret that still shows the pattern of the tiling. The doorway is a four-centred arch with parti-coloured voussoirs, above which the usual stalactite ornamentation is arranged in fourteen carved tiers rising in pyramidal shape. Each side of the façade has two niches ranging one above the other and carved to represent smaller portals. Between these niches and the doorway the stonework contains a large amount of incised lettering, so that the façade shows not alone diversity of colour, but a pleasing play of light and shadow constantly shifting with the movement of the sun. A court fifty feet square, now forsaken and over-

grown with weeds, separates this portal from the mosque and its adjoining turbeh. Tiling of blue and green still clings to parts of the walls of the old mosque; and on one of the floors I saw two halves of a large Persian carpet probably three hundred years old, but so worn that the colours and patterns were hardly discernible. It had evidently been considered unfit to be preserved, and its presence only emphasized the passing glory of these once splendid examples of Turkish architecture.

Not far from this mosque are some old tekkes. They were once the resorts of dervishes, but long since have been abandoned. Even in their decay, the tiling of their walls and domes, and the graceful carving of their hardwood doors are fascinatingly interesting. But whatever they have of inherent beauty, or of value as a record of the past, is as nothing to most of the inhabitants of the city, who seemed to wonder what my object could be in stopping to examine them. Frequently as they stood at the opened wooden gates that separated the little courts of their dwellings from the narrow streets, it was possible, without intrusion, to catch a glimpse of the way in which they lived—an existence so primitive and simple that, no doubt, it is impossible for them to rise to any just appreciation of the accomplishments of their ancestors.

Each of these medrissas and mosques of the Seljukian days has a fascination that never wanes, yet a fascination sometimes tinged with gloom, for

with their dingy courts and dusty rooms, their broken tiles and crumbling walls, they seem like mausoleums even when they contain no tombs. There is something about them almost depressing, as if in their presence one were confronted with the sepulchre of past greatness as irrevocably dead as mouldering bones. Yet there is one exception in the Tekke of the Mevlevi Dervishes, or the Cloister of the Whirling Dervishes, an order founded by the great Persian mystic Jelal-ed-din, whom Ala-ed-din invited to his court in the year 1233. It, too, has sarcophagi and numerous tombs, but there is about it the feeling of a living force still animating and influencing men.

Again and again I visited it, always walking along the street that leads from the bazaar in a north-westerly direction, past the market place and innumerable small shops. I entered, by a low archway, the courtyard—the most beautiful I have seen in Asia Minor, and the more beautiful in contrast with the quarter I had left behind me. Here all is fresh and bright. I remember well the little beds of plants and bushes, surrounded by stone pavement. In some, daisies were growing, and yellow-faced pansies; in others roses, a little pine-tree only four feet high, and the never-absent apricot-tree, so much beloved by the Turks because of its dainty pink blossoms. A marble fountain with numerous faucets near its base stands in the centre of the court, beneath a beautiful canopy supported by slender columns. The sanctuary where the der-

vishes whirl in transports of ecstasy is directly opposite the entrance. It has a dome and lofty minaret, while the turbeh by its side is surmounted by a fluted tower terminating in a cone, which was covered with old blue tiles till a few years ago, when the Government removed and replaced them with modern ones of green. To the right of the entrance is a building where many of the brotherhood eat and live; and, close by its side, the reception chamber of the head of the order.

The sarcophagi of Mevlana Jelal-ed-din and his distinguished followers are in the main hall of the turbeh. A stranger is never permitted to enter; but, as I was allowed to stand at the entrance and look within, I could see the long array of black tombs like mysterious catafalques decorated in accordance with Mohammedan custom, and surrounded with candelabra and large brass candlesticks. The floor was completely covered with Oriental rugs, of which a large number had the Ghiordes prayer pattern. One which was removed so that I might examine it was an old and well-woven piece; but I was told that it was poor in comparison with a rug which the dervishes regarded as of great age and priceless.

Being very desirous of seeing this valuable old rug, I went one day with a gentleman who was acquainted with the head of the order. As we arrived during his absence, we visited the apartments of the dervishes while awaiting him. In

AN ANCIENT TEKKE AT KONIA

marked contrast to the disorder and dirt that prevail so generally throughout Asia Minor, everything within them was carefully arranged and spotlessly clean. A long deal table, where the members sat, was at one end of the principal chamber, which served both for kitchen and dining-room; a large fire-place with huge brass cauldrons, spits, and numerous cooking utensils was at the other end; while numerous objects associated with past history were hung on its walls, so that in its entirety it looked like the hall of some mediæval monastery.

At last we were admitted to a small room facing the court, and presented to the chief of the Mevlevi dervishes. Innumerable objects of inestimable value, the gifts to the order from wealthy potentates for several centuries, adorned the hall across the court; yet the man whose word was a power throughout the Moslem world was occupying as a place of formal reception a small room with the floor covered with a few wretched-looking modern rugs, with the walls hung with cheap European printed cotton fabrics, and was squatting on a black goatskin which only partly covered a low wooden platform. He is a big, fine-looking man, with geniality appearing in every expression of his face, yet with the dignity born of the consciousness of his position at the head of his order, and of his inherited right at the coronation of a new sultan to buckle about him the sword of state. He is referred to as the Chelebi Effendi, or the

"debonair," a term that seemed justified by the courteous reception accorded us. Noting my awkward attempts to sit like an Oriental on a low divan that took the place of chairs, he requested with a pleasant smile that I should dispose myself in whatever way would be the most comfortable, and instructed an attendant to serve us with coffee and cigarettes.

At length, after inquiring about Europe and America, the Chelebi Effendi directed that the rug should be removed from the vault where it is kept and brought to the doorway of the turbeh, since we were not permitted to enter. It is only about six feet long, with a breadth of four and a half; but the workmanship is of the highest order. The texture is remarkably fine, as there are probably eight hundred knots to the square inch; the warp and weft are of silk, and the pile is mostly silk, but in a few places is of wool. The field is a golden brown, modified by delicate shades of pink, blue, and yellow, as well as threads of silver, which display a glorious wealth of sensitive and voluptuous colour. The pattern represents a well-balanced border of escutcheons surrounding a field of lotus designs and Chinese cloud bands, which are dominated by a prayer arch, with a woven picture of the Kaaba beneath the niche. The rug in a measure is the expression of the imagination and feeling of the individual who wove it; but it is also the manifestation of a great artistic spirit that for centuries pervaded the Orient. No

date is woven in it; but many of its characteristics would suggest a probable age of three or four centuries, though the dervishes declared it had been in their possession since the founding of the order.

The ceremonies of the Whirling Dervishes have been observed in Konia since the thirteenth century, when, it is said, Mevlana Jelal-ed-din whirled to the accompaniment of a flute for four days without eating, so that here they are probably more in accordance with the early rites than in any other part of the Mohammedan countries; and here, too, they have an unequalled setting. From the domed roof above the principal hall of the tekke hangs a large and magnificent chandelier of crystals surrounded by a circle of thirty-two transparent semi-globes, which in turn are surrounded by a larger circle of eighty-two of the same kind. These semi-globes look as though at times they might be employed as shades for candles, which collectively would be capable of imparting a magical refulgence; but the hall is now used only in the afternoon, and receives merely the dim light from the windows, that but poorly illumines it. A wide opening at one side is hung with a row of elegantly-wrought brass lamps, large globes that reflect like mirrors, and several links of beautiful alabaster, cut from a single piece. It leads to the chamber of the tombs, which contains another exquisite chandelier, and burnished brass that seems to gleam with golden fires. Over some of the treasured objects dark velvety

shadows fall, and clothe them with the charm of mystery ; about all hangs a spell that kindles the imagination with suggestions of the voluptuous splendours of the Orient ; and yet there prevails the tranquillizing spirit of silence, serenity, and great age.

On the day we went to see the dervishes, a large number of Moslems gathered before the tekke, and for an hour stood eagerly expectant in the rain ; but finally, when the doors were opened, the gendarmes separated the crowd to permit us, who were strangers, to enter first. We were obliged to remove our shoes at the outer door, and stand in stockinged feet on the cold floor. For a short time it seemed as if a feeling of awe suppressed every whisper and restrained every shuffling foot ; but soon ten musicians appeared, and, mounting a stage within a small enclosure at one end of the hall, broke the silence with the music of small drums, a fife, and a tambourine, uniting in a weird Eastern rhythm ; while the voices of two or three singers, one of whom was a good tenor, rose in clear liquid notes of pathos. The Chelebi Effendi, with the august movement of a prince of Asia, entered at the head of a solemn procession of twenty-five dervishes, and took up a position in front of the musicians ; while five elders ranged themselves by his side.

After the beating of drums and a barbaric chant that had all the plaintiveness of a dirge, nineteen dervishes, some still with the flush of

youth, others with wan, ascetic faces, marched with funereal tread several times about the room, paying homage, as they had done at Smyrna, before the tombs of their departed chiefs, before the Chelebi and before each elder. Then separating they turned, at first slowly, with a look of vacancy in their eyes, as if their minds were sunk in profound repose. But soon they turned faster and faster until they whirled like spinning tops, passing and repassing one another in their revolutions but never colliding; while through their midst glided an old past-master, keenly watching every movement, and stamping disapproval, first at one, then another. Each had sombre-looking garments except one with a white fluted skirt, who moved with almost the grace of a woman. Yet even he failed to escape the censure of their preceptor. But soon they appeared to pass beyond the realm of communion into an abstraction leading to complete ecstasy.

The day without was shortened by the heavy clouds that covered the sky; the light within grew dimmer, till at length the dervishes seemed like shadows from some other world flitting across the floor; but the elders and the Chelebi sat motionless and in perfect silence like those in reverie, seemingly only partly conscious of the fading splendour of the hall, the weird music, the phantom forms; and as if their own minds and wills were completely dominated by those forces that were symbolized before them.

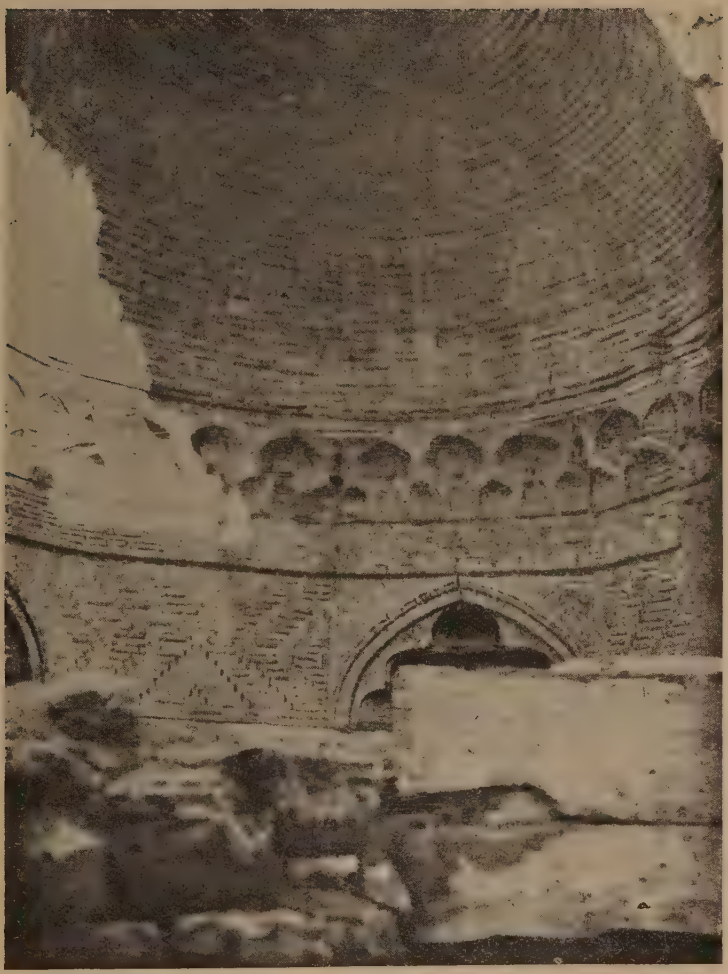
In the days when the kingdom of Roum was at

the height of its greatness, Konia must have presented many scenes of splendour in the ceremonials of its mosques and palaces. It was a city of culture. It was also a seat of power connected by important highways, which radiated to other cities, and which, wherever necessary, were provided with khans for the convenience and protection of travellers and their merchandise. One of these khans, which well illustrates the artistic as well as the progressive spirit of that time, was erected at the present village of Sultan Khan, on the old caravan road leading to Kaisariyeh, and near the southern end of Lake Tuz Geul. It was one of the most beautiful in Asia Minor. Though completed as long ago as the year 1276, as is shown by an inscription on the portal, it still possesses some of the elaborate Seljukian ornamentation of that period. Formerly it covered about an acre and a half of land, and consisted of two parts: the inner, which was probably reserved for storing merchandise; and the outer, where dwelling-rooms were arranged about a court containing at its centre a beautiful little marble mosque. Most of it has been destroyed; but the portal, which rises to a height of forty feet, is almost intact. Some of the façade has coloured marble carved with exquisite delicacy; and the stalactite ornamentation is exceedingly beautiful. But like the palace of Ala-ed-din and the mosques, turbehs, and medrissas which he and his successors built, it is yielding to irredeemable decay.

It is difficult to tell what is the charm of these various ruins of Asia that once throbbed with the pulse of Oriental life : the tread of warlike princes, the voices of fair women, the words of men of wisdom, but now slumber in a desolation only broken by the occasional presence of a stranger. Yet it is a charm that does not fade but grows with more intimate acquaintance. And it is felt not alone in the mystery of the rose-coloured dawn or purple twilight, but even in the clear sunshine of the noon hour, when all appears in the definiteness of palpable reality.

To take a last look at Konia before leaving, I climbed one of the minarets of the large Azizieh mosque, which was built about fifty years ago, and named after the Sultan Abdul Aziz. It is the only mosque of Konia with two minarets ; and they are unlike any others, for above each balcony eight slender columns rise and support a graceful cupola. They are also so high, and their wedge-like steps, which wind like the threads of a screw, so narrow, that in climbing I felt the strain on unused muscles, and more than once paused for breath. A pigeon's nest resting on a projecting stone at the very top contained an egg which suggested the muezzin had neglected this minaret when he called to prayer. Often before, I had pitied him as I thought of his climbing the dark musty stairway regularly five times each day ; but, as I looked out over the city and the great stretches of country beyond, I almost envied him.

Dull noises drifted from the market place just below, where I could clearly distinguish people of different races and classes moving and lounging as they bargained and chatted, and even gazed at one another purely from curiosity. On the side opposite, I could see the covered bazaar, rows of low-roofed houses, and narrow streets that lead to one much broader, along which ungainly camels were slowly marching towards the desert. I could see at the end of one of the avenues that extended from the bazaar the minaret of the tekke of the Mevlevi dervishes, and its cone-like tower with crescent, radiating light of glittering gold. Beyond a low wall of dull earth I noticed a little mosque which seemed to sleep in the shadows of dark cypresses. On the outskirts of the city lay a place of the dead, marked with stones; farther away were fields of grain and orchards, divided here and there by feathery poplars; and, still beyond, encircling mountains, some of which lifted heads that were covered with snow. Across the sky drifted great black April clouds, leaving patches of deep blue, the blue that follows a rain; and through them the sun shone obliquely, dividing the landscape into contrasting areas of light and shadow, and touching the domes of the mosques with a magic splendour that is part of the Orient.



THE INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF AN ANCIENT TEKKE AT KONIA

CHAPTER XI

TO THE EAST OF KONIA: KARAMAN, THE ROAD TO BAGDAD, NIGDEH, KAISARIYEH

FROM Konia to Karaman, a distance of about sixty-five miles, the railway winds along the northern foothills of the Taurus range. At first it passes in a south-easterly direction over loamy land that is almost a level plain; then it crosses land where limestone appears near the surface, though the soil is red; and finally it extends for a short distance to the east between peaks of volcanic trachyte. Some of the country resembles the great cattle ranges that not long ago spread over the south-western part of the United States, except that here are few cattle. Flocks of sheep, guarded by dogs almost white, and a few small bands of poor-looking horses roam over the land. The population is comparatively sparse; most of the stations have only a few houses; at long distances appears a village of one or two hundred flat-roofed huts built of stone or more frequently of sun-dried bricks; and in other places the only sign of habitation are the black tents or wretched hovels of Yuruks.

In this part of Asia Minor civilization is more

primitive than among the rich valleys on the shore of the Ægean Sea. The roads are provided with only a few stone fountains for the caravans and the solitary travellers; instead there are wells, from which the water is drawn in buckets attached to the cross-arms of long poles. Here the dead are not placed in cemeteries, beneath carved marble shafts and under the shade of lofty cypresses; they are buried in small areas that are unprotected by walls, and that are devoid of all ornamentation except crudely-cut headstones, which incline in every direction. Many of the houses are merely rude huts of sun-dried bricks, hardly distinguishable at a distance from the ground. Some of the men are Turks; others are of pure Tartar or Mongolian type, with almond-shaped eyes and the air of the far East. A few are well dressed and have fair complexions; but most of them are unkempt, and have their hair and beards dyed with henna. Camels are more numerous here than near the western coast, for their ability to cross the desert without water makes them superior to other animals as beasts of burden; and their cost —from fifteen to twenty-five pounds—does not greatly exceed that of a good horse. Sometimes a herd of as many as one or two hundred may be seen browsing on the shrivelled grass of countless hummocks.

Most of the soil is poor; to the east and northeast, where the desert stretches, it is alkaline, and during part of the year a large area is like a swamp

encrusted with salt. On the other hand, the soil of the higher land skirting the mountains is fertile, and requires only water and cultivation to make it productive. To compensate for the slight annual precipitation, a German company has been constructing an important irrigation system to bring water from Lake Beyshehr, which lies farther to the west. The main ditch is nearly fifty feet wide, and has carefully constructed locks connecting with laterals that already cover a large area with a network of ditches. Though natives still scratch the land with the wooden ploughs so generally used throughout Asia Minor, modern ploughs, cultivators, and harrows are now for sale in Konia, and are being slowly introduced throughout this irrigated district. Desirable as are these improvements, they seem a little strange when one recollects that it was over this same ground that Xenophon and Cyrus the Younger marched, as well as the army of Frederic Barbarossa in much later centuries. Paul, too, followed the same road, with Barnabas ; they healed the cripple in the city of Lystra, among the hills to the west ; and when driven from Konia they fled to Derbe, which lay a little farther to the south. It was also in one or the other of these cities that Timothy was born.

The city of Karaman is on the site of the ancient Laranda, which existed several centuries before the Christian era, though little is known of its early history but the fact that it was one of the strong-

holds of the Isaurian robbers who inhabited the Taurus mountains. After the overthrow of the Seljukian kingdom of Roum, it was the capital of an independent emir until, in the fifteenth century, it was included in the dominion of the Ottoman Turks. The present city, situated about half a mile from the station, has a population not exceeding six thousand people, who are almost entirely Turks. There is only one important street, which contains a few shops, a bazaar, and a market place. Most of the houses are one story high, and have walls of sun-dried bricks. Their roofs are made by laying poles four or five inches in diameter from wall to wall, crossing the poles transversely with a layer of reeds from several inches to a foot in thickness, and finishing with a covering of several inches of earth. In many instances, stones, weighing from five to ten pounds, are added for weight ; while a pole, with its upper side partly gouged like a trough, is usually attached beneath the earth to carry off the rain.

Before leaving Konia, I unfortunately declined the offer of a Turkish captain of gendarmes of a letter of introduction to the officers of Karaman, believing it was unnecessary and that official attentions might hamper the freedom of my movements ; but, had I taken it, I should have been spared much inconvenience. In this remote corner of Asia Minor, where a European is rarely seen, I found I was at once an object of both curiosity and suspicion. Women fled from me ; while men

gathered in the street to scrutinize me. Evidently they wished to know whence I came and what I wanted ; but when I uttered the words " mosque " and " medrissa," their replies were as unfamiliar to me as ancient Sanskrit. Wandering about, I attempted to make the acquaintance of a dyer with hands stained an indigo, a plasterer covering the walls of a small dwelling with mud, three boys playing knuckle-bones with the coloured vertebræ of sheep, and another practising with a sling-shot ; yet I found no one who could understand a word I uttered.

At last, having aroused the suspicion of a gendarme, I was taken to the police station, passed from one officer to another, and finally escorted to the upper floor, where I was ushered into the room of one who appeared to be the mayor of the city. He inquired about my nationality and occupation, as well as the object of my visit, and seemed incredulous when I assured him my presence was due purely to a desire to see the ruins for which his city was noted. At length, after examining my passport and satisfying himself that however suspicious looking I was harmless, he stated I was at liberty to depart, and summoning the gendarme instructed him to show me the places of historic interest.

Escorted through the city by the officer on one side and by a Turk who had a slight knowledge of French on the other, I attracted as much attention as if handcuffed. The first object visited was

the tekke of the Mevlevi dervishes. The head of the order was sent for, and soon appeared wearing a coat that extended below his knees and a high cone-shaped hat. He carried an enormous iron key as if to offer the freedom of the city. In tens of thousands he would have been conspicuous by his huge girth, exceeding portliness, and great dignity, so I was not surprised when the Turk whispered it was proper I should formally salute him. This I did with due solemnity and received a corresponding salute; we then shook hands; the great iron key was thrust into the lock, and the door of the tekke was opened.

The interior of the tekke, where the ceremonies occur, is now only a gloomy hall almost devoid of ornamentation, and with scarcely an object of interest. Only in its associations could it have any attraction for the members of the order. The adjacent court, on the other hand, which is faced on two sides by the rooms of a medrissa, is much more pleasing. It is one of those places that melt the cold conventionalities of civilization, and in their place foster the frank simplicity of nature. For a short time I sat alone on a bench in one corner, almost forgetful of the fact that Karaman is in a remote part of Asia Minor where not a single European lives, enjoying to the fullest the tranquil beauty of a spot so completely shut in by walls and buildings from the rest of the world. I remember that the ground was almost completely covered with a lawn of clover sprinkled with

THE COURTYARD OF THE SIRTCHALI MEDRISSA AT KONIA

THE COURTYARD OF THE TEKKE OF THE MEVLEVI DERVISHES AT KONIA

dandelions ; that at the centre a fountain rose a short distance above a large rectangular stone basin, which was full of water clear as crystal, though its surface was slightly mottled by the faint shadows cast by the leaves of a large apricot-tree. On the side opposite the entrance, a grape vine, whose russet shoots were nearly hidden by fresh leaves, was climbing over a trellis ; and behind it rose-bushes clustered as in a hedge. Not a leaf or flower moved ; even the air radiating the warm sunshine was hushed as at the quiet hour of a sultry noon. It is no wonder that in the peaceful atmosphere of such medrissas, from which is excluded anything that might jar the senses, the dervishes, heedless of the flight of time, linger in silent contemplation.

The Hatunie medrissa, which is a little to the west of the heart of the city, has been considered one of the most beautiful in Asia Minor. It was built during the latter part of the fourteenth century by the Emir of Karaman, and is now largely in ruins. The entrance of the high portal is arched with parti-coloured interlacing voussoirs and ornamented with Saracenic carving. Above the arch rise fifteen tiers of marble stalactite work, which in spite of the racking of earthquakes have still an uncommon charm in their beautiful play of light and shadow and their modulations of colour. A small court partly surrounded by dwelling-rooms separates the portal from an arched chapel, whose open front faces the entrance. At

the farther end of the chapel a small niche is cut in the wall so as to be orientated towards Mecca. Though it is the object towards which the eyes of all worshippers were directed, it is without ornament or grace ; it was merely a symbol for what was most sacred to their minds.

Half a mile to the west of the city, a castle, with well-preserved walls, rises above a dome-like hill covering about ten acres of land. It probably was built by the Emirs, though part of it looks as if it belonged to a still more remote period. On all sides it is surrounded by low, flat houses with roofs covered with earth, and with walls partly of stone, partly of sun-dried bricks, whose monotony is broken only by a few windows, which contain small panes of glass or are covered with lattice work. Most of the houses are clustered closely together, while the intervening spaces are enclosed by high walls, so that at first I had difficulty in finding my way among them. Near one of the doors I saw a most primitive cart consisting principally of a V-shaped rack supported by two wooden wheels ; in an open space before the castle I found a stone mortar for crushing wheat, like the one at Gonjeli. The men were undoubtedly at work in the field below, from which drifted the smell of new-mown hay ; as I climbed a road filthy with refuse, the women fled and peeked through the lattice of the windows or the cracks of the almost closed doors. In my efforts to discover the way to the top of the hill, I trespassed

on ground covered with dried bones that several big dogs regarded as their sacred preserve, and was compelled to retreat. Not knowing which way to turn, I called to a woman, but she fled precipitately.

Turkish women grow more bashful, if not more modest, in the ratio of their distance from civilization. In Constantinople, some of the women of the higher class now walk the streets unveiled; and I was told this innovation is beginning to meet with the favour of many of the men, partly because when veiled, a woman, if so inclined, can meet a lover in the street or at a bazaar and remain unknown to all others, even her own husband. In small cities near the western coast of Asia Minor, they cover all of their head but a small space, through which peers one eye, which is often beautiful, dark, lustrous and full of fire. In remote parts of Asia Minor some of them turn their heads at the sight of a man, and hurry away. At times I was somewhat perplexed to know what course to pursue because of this peculiar attitude of the women. Once, while descending a steep street on the side of Mt. Pagus in Smyrna, I passed a Turkish woman who slipped and, as she fell, dropped a small clay pitcher. I hastened to lend assistance, when realizing she would probably fear my touch as the forerunner of a plague and might have me imprisoned for my trouble, I limited my chivalrous impulses to picking up the pitcher. Perhaps even this attention was more than she wished, for,

on the other side, a Turk passed within a yard, yet gave her only a careless glance.

When at last I had found the way between the maze of houses and through water-coursed lanes to the old castle on the hill of Karaman, I walked completely around it, looking for some entrance, but could find only a small hole ten or a dozen feet above the ground, just large enough to admit a man. Climbing a path such as a goat might love, I passed into a court covering about an acre of ground, and surrounded by high walls of undressed stones interlarded here and there with fragments of carved marble, which may be the surviving witnesses of the earlier days of Laranda. The dark grey walls looked grim and almost threatening. A narrow stone stairway leading to their summit is so worn that the ascent is hazardous. When I had gained the top and reached a tower that rises at one corner about fifty feet above the ground, I could see over a broad expanse, for the castle is in the centre of a great plain about ten miles wide from north to south and much longer from east to west. Among the huts below, women were beginning to appear in the open air. One, dressed in bright garments, stepped from the door of her house and, climbing a rickety flight of stairs to the flat roof, walked slowly across it, gazing intently in the direction of a cypress-marked cemetery. The fields near the foot of the hill, where the houses are scattered, were yellow with mustard. Farther away there were ruined walls where

numerous storks had built their nests, and throughout all parts of the city were long lines of poplars, here straight as arrows, there quivering like reeds in sudden gusts, but only a few domes and shaft-like minarets. To the south, a lofty range covered with snow spread in a semicircle; while northward, past a low line of mountains, stretched the great silent desert, shrouded in mystery.

Again and again these walls have doubtless echoed the din of battle; the dungeon of the tower has probably been the scene of terrible deeds. Descending, I began to examine some of the dark recesses, mouldy, and exhaling the damp smell that rises from places where the sun never intrudes. But my mind was diverted by the unexpected presence in the court, midway between me and the only place of exit, of a dark-faced, sullen-looking Turk, who with partially closed eyes was furtively watching every movement I made. Possibly he meditated no evil; but remembering repeated warnings, not enjoying the menacing expression of his face, and not knowing what his broad sash might contain, while I was quite unarmed, I withdrew without questioning his motives and surrendered to him the possession of the castle.

At one side, near the base of the hill, I met a number of girls and women dressed in red and yellow, and about a dozen boys. Some of the girls smiled as they hurried away; but one with greater imagination threw up her arms as if she had seen the incarnation of evil, and shouted frantically.

Thereupon the other girls screamed; women who had been watching fled; and the boys began to jeer and throw stones. To divert the boys' attention I tossed them a penny, for which there was a scramble and general fight, lasting until the biggest boy had robbed a smaller boy of the coin he had secured, and giving me the opportunity to get to a safe distance. Turning a corner a dozen rods away, I met three nomad women, who neither retreated nor covered their faces. One of them was carrying beneath her left arm a quantity of coarse white wool, the product of mountain sheep, and in her right hand a spindle consisting of two pieces of carved hardwood of equal length and part of a slender branch of a bush which was thrust through a small round hole at their intersection and perpendicular to them. She was spinning as she approached, and constantly adding to the length of the crudely-spun yarn, which was wound about the spindle. Deciding if possible to buy it, but being unable to ask what she would accept in exchange, I drew from my pocket a number of small silver coins, and indicating with my fingers that I wished her to cut the yarn, I offered as a preliminary bid a Turkish coin, the equivalent of about half a shilling. To my surprise she quickly drew a knife, and cutting the yarn handed me the spindle. It is one of my most interesting souvenirs of Asia Minor, for it is the same simple device that many of the nomad spinners have used for generation after generation; yet hardly had I gone a

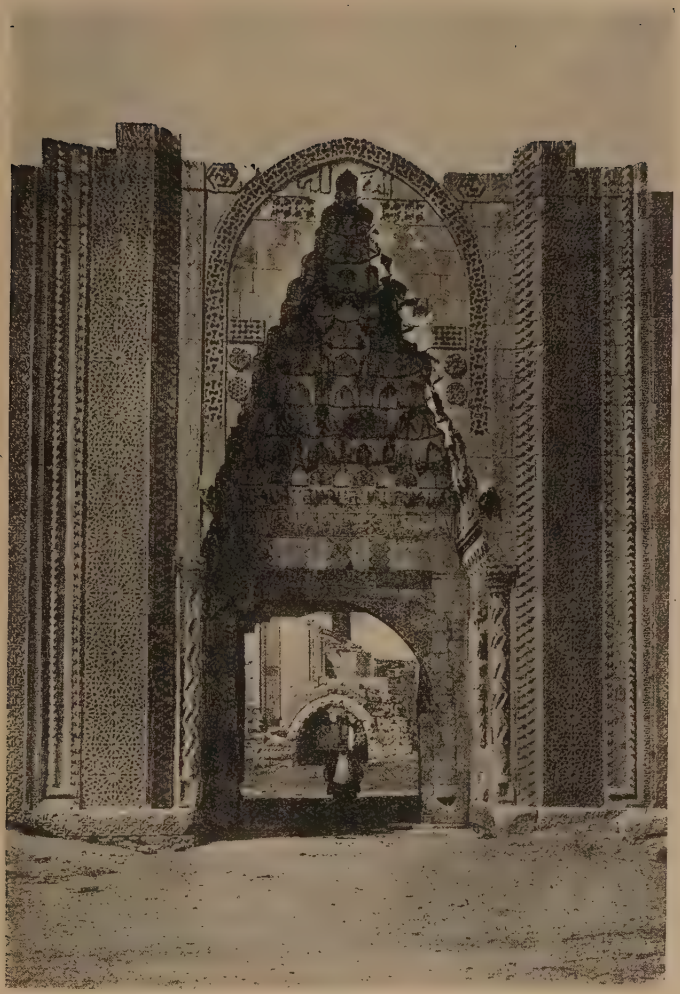
few rods when there arose shrieks of laughter, as the women expressed their idea of the folly of my extravagance.

Some of the contrivances in Asia Minor for lessening the burden of drawing water from deep wells are not only elaborate, but so peculiar that they apparently follow a prototype of some remote past. There is one where the road from the station meets the principal street of Karaman. Heavy, well-braced posts, ten feet high, and standing twenty feet apart, on opposite sides of the well, carry between them a roughly-hewn horizontal beam about ten inches in diameter. Another beam with an iron pivot at each end revolves perpendicularly between this horizontal beam and a stone slab planted in the ground. At its upper end it has a large drum, wound with a rope, which, passing over a pulley, is attached to the bucket; and at its lower end it has a long wooden arm, which affords sufficient leverage for even children to make the drum revolve, and so raise the filled bucket as they walk around the well. Here the young women draw water for their homes; and the camel drivers pause with their beasts as they come and go, and sometimes loiter to glance at the veiled, slender forms, just as they have doubtless done since the patriarchal days.

Beyond Karaman the railway follows along the north-western side of the Taurus range to its present terminus, a short distance beyond Eregli, which is an old but unimportant town. In the

near future it is to be continued through the Taurus range to the River Tigris, and thence by Bagdad to Bassora, on the Persian Gulf. It will go near the Cilician Gates, famed for their grandeur ; pass not far from Taurus, on the banks of the Cyndnus, where the apostle Paul was born ; cross the Euphrates near Carchemish, the most southerly of the ancient capitals of the Hittites ; and enter Mosul, opposite Nineveh, on the bank of the Tigris. In fact, it is to follow to a large extent the great military road along which Xerxes, Cyrus, Alexander the Great, and other rulers of the East once led their armies.

An old araba road from Karaman also extends in a north-easterly direction to Eregli, and thence to Kaisariyeh, along the western flank of the Taurus and the Anti-Taurus mountains. It passes not far from the village of Ivriz, in a beautiful gorge containing a noted rock-carving, which represents two beings, one holding in his hands grain and grapes, the other apparently in the act of receiving them. The features of the men and the shape of the shoes show unmistakably that the sculptures are the work of the Hittites of Carchemish and Boghaz Keui. Another stone with the Hittite carving of the head of a king was discovered by Professor W. M. Ramsay in the village of Bor, a day's journey to the north-east of Eregli. These traces of a primitive people have an interest entirely apart from the interpretation of their meaning, since like beacons they point out the



THE PORTAL OF SULTAN KHAN

Royal Road over which the Hittites travelled in passing from one part of their great empire to another.

Ten miles beyond Bor the road enters Nigdeh, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants. The oldest part contains some beautiful remains of the Seljukian period: a medrissa with an elaborate entrance, leading to the court, a mosque with a fine portal, in which the sculptured heads of two women appear; and a very beautiful tomb decorated with rich carving and stalactite ornamentation. The medrissa and mosque were built by the Sultan Ala-ed-din I; and the tomb, though bearing a later date, is called the tomb of Havanda, which was the name of his wife.

For part of the way this road encounters dreary stretches, for it traverses the south-eastern edge of the Axylon Plains, which to a large extent is a desert containing Lake Tuz Geul, numerous small salt lakes and great alkaline wastes. Lake Tuz Geul has a much larger percentage of salt than the ocean; and the waters of some of the small shallow lakes evaporate after the rainy season, leaving heavy deposits of salt. The precipitation over most of the area is too small to raise crops; the streams of running water are scarce; and only in a few localities do wells furnish water sufficient even to irrigate small patches of land. There are consequently few villages and few fixed habitations. But during part of the year the natives go with their camels to the swamps and lakes to

collect the salt ; and the nomads drive their flocks from place to place, wherever they can find pasture ; then in the autumn, when the springs cease to flow and the grass has withered, most of them gather at such places as Sultan Khan or among the towns of the Taurus foothills.

Sixty miles to the north-east of Nigdeh rises Mt. Argæus, a volcanic pile, whose upper flanks, glittering with snow, can be seen a hundred miles across the plain. On its western and south-western sides it faces a large area of swampy ground, which is covered with water in winter and becomes almost dry in summer ; on its north-eastern side it overlooks Kaisariyeh, a former capital of the Cappadocian kings. The fresh breezes that blow from its lofty snow-covered top, and the cool streams that flow from it, have from all time called to those travelling over the hot, sandy plains. They drew the Hittites away from their direct course from Boghaz Keui to Tyana ; they attracted the early Christians as well as the Mohammedan Seljuks ; and they have been largely the cause of the modern city, one of the most populous in Asia Minor.

From Kaisariyeh, two araba roads extend to Angora. One follows the same highway the Hittites travelled as far as Yuzgat, which is near Boghaz Keui. Yuzgat is also near the centre of the great horseshoe bend of the Kizil Irmak, which encloses a vast and slightly-cultivated area of mountain, hill, and valley. Though it is not a

large town, it has long been noted as one of the places of Asia Minor where every summer people gather to enjoy for a few weeks the excitement of a fair, while exchanging the products of their looms, their horses or cattle, or bartering them for the wares of itinerant vendors. The other road follows a north-westerly course over upland plains, and between rolling hills skirting the great central desert. It passes through the town called Hadji Bektash after the founder of an order of dervishes, who lived and was buried there, and who gave to the European soldiers whom Murad I received into his army the title of "Yeni Cheri," or New Soldiers, which eventually became corrupted into the word Janissaries. Forty miles beyond it reaches the little town of Mudjar, and still farther Kir-shehr, each of which has been long noted for its prayer rugs with high arches and bright colours.

There is also a direct road from Konia to Kaisariyeh that passes through Sultan Khan, and within sight of Lake Tuz Geul, as it traverses the great Axylon Plains. But it is a road that is apt to be tiresome, because of the dreary monotony of alkaline wastes. And yet this desert is the abode of a great silence and a still greater solitude which instead of depressing soothe one just as a soft lullaby soothes a child in its cradle. It holds also the enchantment of the unknown; it awakens visions that for ever elude attainment. It has a fascination when the sky is completely hidden by

the black clouds of tempests, or is entirely unveiled; when the ground lies beneath an endless covering of snow, or when in the burning summer the hot air of noon trembles above the parched, cracked earth, transmuting the little tufts of grass, the scraggy bushes, the ragged rocks, into unreal forms, as it suffuses then with a dazzling silvery light. And it has a majesty all its own, which is felt with the first red shafts of day, with the golden fires of sunset, and in the star-lit darkness of night, a majesty that baffles definition, for it is part of the Infinite.

CHAPTER XII

ESKI-SHEHR

THE city of Eski-shehr lies to the northwest of the great central plain, at an altitude of about twenty-seven hundred feet. It was on the direct highway that followed along the base of Mt. Olympus from Brussa to the interior, when that city was the capital of the Ottoman Turks. It is now at the junction of the Bagdad railway with a branch that runs easterly to Angora, and may be reached from Constantinople by a train which leaves in the morning and arrives at night, or from Smyrna by way of Afium Kara-hissar in two days, spending the night at Oushak. Because of its situation, it is a place of great potential importance.

To the east of Hereke the railway from Constantinople follows close to the northern shore of the Gulf of Ismid, as the long narrow bay forming the eastern part of the Sea of Marmora is called. At its greatest width the gulf is ten miles wide, forming a most beautiful sheet of water, encircled by mountains, and so clear that the pebbles at the bottom many feet below the surface can be distinctly seen. Never more than a few boats of

fishermen, or some larger boat that now and then carries freight, sail over it at one time; but, if it were near some populous district of Europe, it would be covered with numerous pleasure yachts, just as, no doubt, twenty centuries or more ago, it was covered with royal pleasure barges and well-manned triremes; for the city of Ismid, at the head of it, is on the site of Nicomedia, which was founded by Nicomedes I in 264 B.C., and for long periods was the splendid capital of Bithynia. Here, it is said, Hannibal died; and here the Roman emperors, Diocletian and Constantine the Great, had residences.

The railway continues eastward along the southern shore of Lake Sabanja, a large body of fresh water surrounded by rolling and partly-wooded hills, till it reaches the broad valley of the River Sakaria near the great bridge Justinian built. It then turns to the south and follows the windings of that river, now over cultivated valleys, now through ravines shut in by high hills, which are wild and rugged. Again it traverses more open valleys where there are orchards of cherry-trees separating broad fields of grain, where there are stations shaded by locust-trees and surrounded by picturesque villages. It also passes not far from the site of the ancient Nicæa, whose fame rivals that of Nicomedia, for here, on the remains of a settlement older than history, Antigonus, the one-eyed, built a city he named Antigonea; but Lysimachus, his rival, changed the name to

Nicæa as a tribute to his wife. Some of the kings of Bithynia made it their capital; and in the year 325 A.D. Constantine the Great convoked here the Œcumenical Council that prepared the Nicene Creed. Seljuks, Crusaders, Greeks, and finally Ottoman Turks held it in turn; but now all that remains is the little village of Isnik, in the midst of crumbling walls at the head of a lake twenty miles in length with a short outlet to the Sea of Marmora.

To this point the railway from the Bosphorus passes through a district that is pleasing in its simple beauty, as well as interesting for its associations; but farther to the south it penetrates a country of a different character. It no longer follows the main valley of the Sakaria, which so strangely turns in the middle of its course to wander far to the east and then back again; but instead ascends a branch of the river flowing northward to cross a divide to another branch flowing southward. The scenery is grander; the villages are more picturesque. At one place the road passes through a magnificent gorge, with maples and willows growing at the edge of murky waters lashed with foam, and with pines clinging to the side of walls that rise several hundred feet so perpendicularly that it would seem the smallest plant could hardly root there. Here the river flows rapidly, with a fall which readily might be used for the generation of power; and in several locations storage reservoirs could be constructed for irri-

gating the valleys below. Above the gorge the valley widens a little, and the open benches by the river banks are occupied by carefully cultivated orchards.

The railway crosses one of the old highways from Brussa to Eski-shehr at Bilejik, a town of five thousand inhabitants, who for the most part live in large stone houses, perched on the steep left bank of the stream. A little beyond, it enters other towns, with even larger buildings, which are used for spinning and weaving the silk that is cultivated extensively in this district. At length it passes through several tunnels and along the sides of mountains where vineyards and small orchards cover terraces built almost to their tops; while down below the stream rushes rapidly, forming small cascades as it tumbles over half-concealed rocks, then dashes on with an endless roar. Here again it descends probably not less than three hundred feet to the mile, wasting power that during many months of the year could be utilized to turn the wheels of innumerable mills. But soon the country becomes more open, and at a distance of about thirty miles from Eski-shehr the railway reaches the summit, from which it descends southward by a light grade through a grain-producing country cultivated only moderately well by black buffaloes and wooden ploughs.

Almost all of this road from the Bosphorus to Eski-shehr is through scenery that is both interesting and beautiful; but the road from Afium

A FLOUR MILL IN ESKI-SHEHR

A FLOUR MILL IN ESKI-SHEHR

Kara-hissar, on the other hand, has little natural attraction, except where it passes through some small gorge. It also traverses land which is largely neglected, because its cretaceous soil is for the most part poor. In a general way its course lies between the Phrygian mountains that bound the great central plain on their east and the sources of rivers which flow to the west and north-west into the Ægean Sea. But, although the scenery near the railway is not beautiful, the land is historic.

About midway between Afium Kara-hissar and Eski-shehr a short branch of the main railway extends to Kutaya, the ancient Cotyæum, where some say Æsop was born and lived as a slave before Crœsus sent him to Delphi. Later it grew rapidly in population, and, though burned by the merciless Tamerlane, has continued even to the present time to be an important city. But it is the country to the east of the railway, among rolling hills used for pasturing sheep and upland valleys surrounded by the pine forests of the Phrygian mountains, that awakens the greatest interest. For the ancient road of the Hittites crossed it from the valley of the Hermus to Boghaz Keui ; and the kings of Midas built their rock-walled cities among its ridges.

Twenty miles to the north of Afium Kara-hissar the railway approaches some of the ruins of this old Phrygian kingdom. They consist principally of sepulchres and tombs, which are frequently ornamented with lions suggesting a

possible relationship to those on the gateway of Mycenæ. For instance, the pediment above the entrance of a tomb at the village of Bey Keui contains two large rudely carved animals, with the size and attitude of lions, which doubtless represent the workmanship of a very early period. And a sepulchre in a rock within a mile of Liyen, a small village a few miles farther north, has an image of the goddess Cybele cut in relief on an inner wall, with a lion on each side. There are also boldly projecting ledges of rock farther to the south containing other tombs and sepulchres of much the same character, many of which appear to have been used as chapels during the early days of the Christians.

Another group of monuments, probably not so old but none the less interesting, lies a day's journey by araba farther to the north-east, among the head waters of small branches that flow into the Sakaria. They include fortresses as well as tombs. The most noted and interesting fortress is at the north end of a small plateau rising abruptly above the plain, and surrounded by cliffs from one hundred to three hundred feet high. On this plateau the Phrygians built a small city, though some figures chiselled on the walls and a few stone altars are almost all that remain. And at its northern end, in a precipitous rock fifty feet wide and over fifty feet high, they also excavated a sepulchre known as the Tomb of Midas, with a façade that still retains an inscrip-

tion and geometrically exact and almost elaborate carving, in spite of the destroying action of wind and rain for over twenty-five hundred years. The descendants of this early race are mostly extinct. But at the very foot of the fortress, a small body of exiles, some of the Circassians who nearly half a century ago left their homes rather than yield to the Czar, have built a village, and now harvest their crops near the road the Hittites travelled.

About forty miles in an air line to the north-west of the Tomb of Midas, some springs of warm sulphur water issue from the south bank of a branch of the Sakaria. The hills to the rear of them could readily be fortified; the broad valley below has rich soil and an abundance of water. It might be expected that such conditions would have led the earliest inhabitants of the country to found a city there; yet the place was of little importance before the Roman supremacy, when it was known as Dorylæum. In the days of the Byzantines, it became one of the principal cities on the highway to the East, and continued to grow in importance under the Turks, who called it Eski-shehr, signifying the "old town."

This city commands no view of startling grandeur; it contains no ancient monuments of historic value; it is little more than an ordinary Turkish settlement of forty thousand inhabitants, with few attractions for the stranger bent on seeing places of consequence; yet it possesses a number of features unlike those of almost any

other city of Asia Minor. The grouping of its houses naturally divides it into three distinct parts connected by broad causeways : one on the slope of the hills to the south ; one near the railway to the north ; and one which contains the springs of warm water and lies between the other two. The first of these may conveniently be termed the Hill District ; the second, the New District ; and the last, the Central District. No doubt the most ancient inhabitants settled about the warm springs, which are on land separated from the hills by a stretch of low alluvial soil ; and, as their numbers grew, built the more easily defended Hill District, which now, however, appears to be the oldest. The New District, on the other hand, is of comparatively recent growth, due very largely to the stimulating influence of the railway.

The most important buildings of the New District are on a broad avenue extending eastward from the station. They include a post office, a telegraph bureau, a large building connected with the administration of this section of the railway, and a number of hotels, two of which are among the best to be found in Asia Minor. To the rear of these buildings are two or three small khans and a large section of residences, which show by their freshness that they had been recently built. From this district, stone-paved and comparatively clean causeways pass between high stone houses to the Central District, where

there is also evidence of an invasion of Occidental enterprise. Near its centre, a branch of the Imperial Ottoman Bank occupies a well-constructed modern building of stone ; at its western end, the ground was being cleared at the time of my visit for a new mosque ; and over a doorway I noticed the words "Chambre de Commerce." In these two districts the growth and activity are greater than in any other city of Asia Minor, except Samsun on the Black Sea ; but in the Hill District life appears much the same as it probably has for a long period, despite a fire that swept over a large part of it in 1903.

No doubt the prosperity and activity of Eski-shehr are largely due to the fact that it is an important railway centre, at a junction with a branch road ; and yet there are other causes. Large quantities of meerschaum are mined among the hills to the east ; and the adjacent fertile valleys produce an abundance of grain, which is ground in the mills lining the banks of the Pursak Chai, the southern branch of the Sakaria. Furthermore, Eski-shehr has an advantage over most of the cities of Asia Minor in its abundance of water, which is present everywhere, bubbling up in springs, hurrying through ditches, coursing as a river.

The Pursak Chai flows through the midst of the Central District. Here it is spanned by a high bridge, supporting on each side of the way taverns and coffee-houses, where during the

heat of summer the Turks can enjoy the current of air set in motion and cooled by the swirling muddy waters below. Sometimes as I crossed it, I stopped to watch them playing dominoes, seemingly as free from care as children, or smoking their narghilehs while looking dreamily at the branches of the willows trembling with the movement of the rushing stream. The end of the bridge towards the station connects with an open space where more industrious men assemble from the country, with products laden in ox-carts yoked to bullocks ; while the other end leads to a street with small shops partly occupied by money-changers, and by vendors of meerschaum pipes, beads and jewellery, who offered to be at my service each time I passed. Other shops, containing shoes, clothes, fresh red fezes on which a Turk is perpetually putting the final touch, and innumerable other articles regarded as necessary for Oriental comfort, face the same street and continue along it as far as the bazaar, which, unlike most others in Asia Minor, seems to have fallen in disrepute ; for most of its stalls are closed, and the others are occupied by hungry-looking men.

At a short distance from the bridge the springs of warm water issue from several places in an area covering about an acre. Some of the water is conducted into small bathing houses, which have recently been renovated, and contain not only a place for ablutions, but rooms of different degrees of temperature, so that the body may

gradually cool after an intense perspiration; but the furnishings are of the simplest kind, and the air is repellent with heavy fumes. The warm water is also conducted in an iron pipe beneath the ground to the centre of a small square where the grocers, butchers, and others who occupy the surrounding shops, as well as the casual passer-by, habitually wash their hands and faces in public view. And in an open space at the rear end of the bath house, where some of the water escapes, a huddled mass of girls and women are daily scrubbing family clothes from morn till night.

Some of the streets close by are used for an open market, which on fixed days brings a motley concourse. Men from the country, wearing turbans and, during winter and spring, dressed in long coats trimmed with fur, come with their ox-carts to bargain with men wearing fezes and baggy trousers. Hundreds of women, dressed in red and yellow as well as black, cross the causeways from the Hill District, and sitting in rows on the ground of the market place display embroidered garments of home-made stuff, bowls of curdled milk, eggs which often have an unsavoury flavour, bunches of fowls with tied feet, vegetables, heaps of raisins and dried fruits, all exposed to the dust and dirt driven by every wind. Slightly apart from the others, shrewd-looking men squat beside innumerable old suits of clothes of every size, shape, and condition, and gaze alluringly out of their little eyes. From morn till eve a crowd

of Jews, Turks, and Tartars, as well as Greeks and Armenians, when unmolested, wander about or sit in groups, chatting far more than buying, and evidently enjoying, as do the women, this opportunity to satisfy gregarious instincts as at a country fair.

A swift body of water, passing from the main river through a large ditch, is utilized to turn the wheels of a number of mills, with machinery similar to what is used in many parts of Europe; although in other parts of the city some of the people have their own primitive mortars such as I saw in the village at Gonjeli. No sooner had I entered one of the mills than the good-natured miller invited me by signs to inspect his plant, and led me to the top of the building so that I could see each step of the process. He pointed out the golden brown kernels disappearing as a steadily moving stream into the hungry jaws, and finally the white flour separating from the chaff and flowing into sacks on the lower floor; while, above the human voices and the tumult of the falling water, rose the clanking, grinding, groaning sound of the slowly moving wheels, a sound which with all its monotony has a certain sweetness, just as the roar of a mill crushing quartz containing gold.

In an open space at the west end of the city, I saw three or four dozen small wooden houses about seven feet by ten, which were occupied by Mouhajirs, as the Moslem refugees are called, who

THE WATCH TOWER OF ANGORA

left their homes in Macedonia after it was lost to Turkey. Two hundred thousand of them, it is said, placed all their goods and a little food on their ox-carts, and crossed to Asia to seek new homes. Thirty-five thousand settled in Brussa; others travelled as far as Konia, Karaman, and Nigdeh. Many would have suffered severely but for the help of the Society of the Red Cross, which attended them in their illness, and provided them with clothing. Those in Eski-shehr seemed still to be homeless, for their houses were little more than boxes into which a whole family was crowded at night, while their simple meals were cooked over a few coals without. Few if any of them had sufficient means to stay at one of the locandas, which are native inns with rooms for separate guests, or even at a khan where many occupy in common a large divan.

The proprietor of one of these khans showed it to me with unconcealed feelings of pride, for it is one of the largest and best in the city, and includes a court covering about an acre of ground. At night the travellers leave their carts and stable their oxen in the court, place their wares and harness for safety in the low windowless cabins adjoining it, and sleep in them if they are not too particular. But as a rule they sleep in the guest house, which consists of only one room, with a divan extending the full width of the building at each end, and with a high ceiling supported by slender columns. At the time I entered, not long

after midday, an old-fashioned European clock was loudly ticking on one of the columns ; a few small tables, on which are served tea and coffee, were standing in the space between the divans ; and on one of the divans, which was covered with matting, a man lay sleeping, dressed as when at work, and without indulging in the luxury of a blanket, though large numbers of them were piled in each corner and are rented for a trifling sum. In summer, when the air is hot and becomes charged with the breath of several dozen men packed closely together, it is almost stifling ; yet such is the way they live when travelling through most of Asia.

At the rear of the upper floor of the hotel at which I remained while at Eski-shehr, a veranda faces a pretty court shaded with trees, where some of the guests sit before little tables during warm evenings and refresh their parched throats. It also looks over the high walls that surround the court towards the paved causeways leading to the Central District, and still beyond towards the ever fascinating picture of an Oriental city climbing from the base half-way up the slope of a range of hills, a city where grey walls and dull red roofs blend with the green of poplars and plane-trees, where needle-like minarets rise above round domes. This is the district I enjoyed visiting more than the others, for it is the one that has yielded least to modern Occidental tendencies.

The field separating the Central District from

the Hill District is half a mile wide and without a habitation except a few buildings near the ends of the unshaded causeways, so that the two districts appear like distinct towns in close proximity. It is of rich, dark loam covered with vegetable gardens and patches of clover; it is watered by tiny rivulets, and shaded here and there with orchards, and with poplars grouped about shallow wells. Whenever I passed, bent women, dressed in bright red or yellow gowns and duly guarded by a turbaned man, were energetically hoeing. But once, at one end of the field, I saw a man lazily leading two white oxen, which were dragging a wooden plough another man was holding. Everywhere the women seemed more energetic and industrious than the men.

The Hill District has a large paved public square or market place, which is partly surrounded by a mosque, large warehouses, and prominent buildings occupied by merchants. It is the assembling place of black bullocks and even cows attached by crudely-made yokes to waggons and carts. Near it a broad ditch conducts a stream of water from the river to the wheels of noisy flour mills. On the banks of the stream, beneath the shade of poplars, women are perpetually washing. They wash before public fountains in different parts of the city, where long hollow trunks of trees take the place of tubs. And they wash by little pools, where there are

stone slabs on which they place their wet clothes and pound them with broad wooden blades until it seems as if warp and woof could bear no more.

The dogs in this part of the city have so little respect for a giaour, and are so relentless, that I was obliged on one occasion to find a retreat within the high walls of an old mosque partly surrounded by a medrissa. The Moslem in charge, a patriarchal-looking man with long grey beard, seemed to share none of the fanatic intolerance of the dogs, for in exchange for a silver coin he unlocked the door and permitted me to take a photograph of the interior, where the floor was covered with innumerable rugs and kilims, and where the high niche in the wall facing Mecca was adorned with inscribed banners and surrounded by large brass candlesticks. Afterwards, for protection, I bought a stout staff from a shepherd, whose almost immobile face at once expressed his incredulity of my ability to guard a flock of sheep properly.

Near some barracks on the hill adjoining the city on the west, I came to a large cemetery containing a few fine tombs, though it is unprotected by walls. In two or three places, among slabs of marble, black shrouded forms were standing motionless and in silence. A little girl was seated on the ground, resting her back against a headstone as she watched her calves nibble the grass that grew above the graves. At the sound of my footsteps she lifted her eyes

slowly, almost protestingly at being disturbed, then turned them away with a look of indifference as I passed by. On another part of the hill a ragged boy with a flute was dreamily piping the soft notes of an Anatolian lay while he followed his browsing sheep, as in the days of old. Down below, the mingling people displayed something of the bustle of an Oriental city; but here all were affected with a listless inertness, save a few Turks who were leisurely quarrying limestone in a small ravine.

A road built on one side of the ravine ascends the hill. I climbed it, passing neglected pieces of carved marble that are probably relics of the ancient Dorylæum. From the top I could look over the city and the broad valley to the enclosing mountains, serenely calm in the purple light. I could see to the east a little lake surrounded by swampy land, and the grey bending line of a highway leading beyond it to two villages half hidden in the dull haze of the distance. It required an effort of the imagination to realize that this placid scene had ever witnessed a clash of arms, had ever played a part of any importance in bygone days. Yet it was somewhere below, perhaps by the mill with enormous wheel on the river's bank two miles away, or in the broad field where bullocks were ploughing the damp dark earth, that the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon met and defeated the Seljukian Turks. It was among the hills to the north-west, on a

little stream flowing into the Sakaria, that the Ottoman Empire had its birth, for there Orthogrul, their first leader, ruled. There, too, lie his remains in a tomb, in the town of Sugut. Other cities of Asia Minor have a greater historic interest than Eski-shehr ; about others hang a deeper mystery and fascination ; but some of the leaders of the Turks, in whom instincts inherited from a remote past are not yet dead, have wished that here on their native soil, remote from Europe, they might build a new capital, near the valley where their fathers once followed their flocks and their race grew to be a sovereign power.

CHAPTER XIII

TO THE EAST OF ESKI-SHEHR: ANGORA AND THE HITTITE RUINS

THE military highway of the Byzantines from Eski-shehr to Angora ran in a south-easterly direction across the northern end of the Phrygian mountains till it met the ancient Royal Road at the village of Bala-hissar, then turned and followed that road to the north-east. But the railway takes a much easier grade down the valley of the Pursak Chai, which is from ten to fifteen miles wide for a distance of about thirty-five miles. Part of the valley is planted with grain, but there are also great stretches of land only poorly cultivated, or given over to the grazing of small bands of cattle and flocks of sheep. About fifty miles from Eski-shehr, the level land is confined to a narrow strip which is surrounded by hills slightly wooded, and these in turn are enclosed by mountains covered with forests of pine. A little beyond, the valley widens again, but here the harvests are poor, for the soil has little depth, and in many places the underlying limestone appears. There is also swampy ground, the resort of ducks and other wild fowl;

and farther to the east, along the northern border of the Axylon Plains, there are rolling uplands over which shepherds drive their sheep, and also goats with long, fleecy white wool. These goats may be seen in all directions, climbing the ragged volcanic cliffs, jumping from rock to rock, or mingling in the plains with the sheep, which, in contrast, appear most clumsy with their big broad tails flapping with every movement.

As the road approaches Angora, it passes through a more cultivated, rolling plain with scattered villages of mud-walled houses, covered mostly with flat roofs ; but from a distance it is difficult to distinguish them, for they are almost colourless, and blend with the dull brown earth of the plain and the grey rocks of the hills on which they are located. In all probability the houses are of the same character as those that have been built there since the earliest days, as the people show slight evidence of progress, and many of them are lineally descended from the Hittites and Phrygians, as well as the later Gallic invaders.

No one knows how old Angora is. Its site may have been occupied even before the days of the Hittites, since its physical conditions would meet the requirements of primitive people better than those of almost any other locality in Asia Minor. It is on a volcanic hill that rises five hundred feet from a small but rich valley, and has two almost precipitous sides. It is, moreover, almost com-

ON THE BOSPHORUS

THE BOSPHORUS

pletely surrounded with streams of water, which form the most easterly branches of the Sakaria. When first it appears in history, it was an important Phrygian town, on the ancient road to Boghaz Keui, with the name of Ancyra, a Greek word for an anchor. Since then it has passed through as many changes of fortune as any of the cities on the western coast ; it fell into the hands of Alexander the Great ; it was one of the capitals of the Gauls, and finally became part of the Roman Empire. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, Chosroes, the Persian, and Haroun al-Raschid, of Bagdad, as well as Crusaders and Seljuks, dominated it for short periods. At length the Ottoman Turks captured it, and have held it ever since ; though Tamerlane entered the city after defeating Bajazet on the plains below, where long before Pompey had vanquished Mithridates.

Only a few of these different peoples left monuments of which any part remains. A high column, generally attributed to Augustus, is near the southern side of a small plaza overlooking the valley at the northern end of the city. Parts of the famous Temple of Augustus and Rome are also standing a little higher up the hill. It is the one in which copies of the bronze tablets made at Rome to commemorate important events in the life of Augustus were placed ; and where, when it had been injured by an earthquake and partly despoiled to adorn inferior works, the Christians met to worship. Near its south-west corner is a

mosque with turbeh, built during the reign of Soliman I (1520–1566) and named after Hadji Bairam, the distinguished founder of an order of dervishes. The highest part of the hill is crowned by a citadel, which is partly surrounded by triple walls that have been restored again and again, and contain inscribed fragments of still older walls. They enclose some marble lions and the remains of a mosque of Ala-ed-din; but the interest in these time-worn relics of the past is dulled by the magnificent view dominating every part of the city, unfolding the adjacent valleys, reaching across the rolling hills to the blue mountains at the north, to the long crest of Elma Dagh, the Apple Mountain, which hides the desert on the south, and extending to the peaks, tinted cream and light red, half a mile's journey by araba to the west.

Two branches of the Sakaria have to a large extent defined the city, which contains within an area not exceeding a square mile a population of forty thousand people. One flows past its north-eastern side, at the base of a steep acclivity, and at the northern end, turning at right angles through a narrow gorge with precipitous walls, joins a second stream that winds along its south-western side through low marshy ground half a mile wide. The city is located almost entirely on the hill between these two streams, so that many of the streets are very steep. They are neither shaded with trees nor provided with pave

ment, but are paved with stones inclined from each side to the centre. Some of them are only a few feet wide, and wind irregularly between balconied houses in such proximity that it would be possible, by jumping from one to another through opened windows on the upper stories, to call without the formality of entering by the front door; other houses are so closely crowded that the daylight is almost completely excluded from the alleys below.

One afternoon I left the hotel at the station, which is separated from the city by the wide strip of marshy ground, to climb to the citadel. On the causeway I passed lumbering, creaking ox-carts loaded with faggots for the city, and men and women travelling afoot, as well as men on horseback and in covered carriages. In the principal business quarters, prosperous Greeks wearing high collars and frock-coats were mingling with one another, but were almost ignoring the much larger numbers of Moslems poorly clad in the picturesque costume of the Orient. The narrow streets of the city were more crowded than usual in Asiatic Turkey, and the little shops presented a scene of industrious activity. In one section men were making shoes; in another they were repairing harness; and in still another they were casting and energetically hammering large bells, which resounded like others that in Catholic lands had chimed the Angelus.

I climbed the hill not far from some very old

Greek and Armenian churches and entered the bazaar, which is so far above most of the dwellings that the business of the city is largely transacted in the shops below. Then turning to the north between mud-walled, flat-roofed houses, I passed through a narrow, dirty street where the carved marble capital of an ancient column lay, and approached the citadel beneath fortifications in which other pieces of sculptured marble are promiscuously inserted between roughly hewn igneous rocks. As I stood by its walls, with an octagonal tower called the Watch Tower on my right, I could look down on the flat roofs of numerous small stone and adobe houses, on one of which I noticed some women chatting, and spinning with primitive spindles. Doubtless they had followed an ancient custom in mounting there to enjoy the cool air of the approaching evening, since to the south and west, where the city is extending, many of the modern houses, which have gable roofs, are provided with spacious verandas on the upper floor. On the side of the hill I had ascended, the houses facing the narrow tortuous streets are so crowded that I could not see any of the thousands of inhabitants, excepting the women on the roofs and a few boys who had followed me from curiosity; but on the eastern side the acclivity is too steep for habitations, though they occupy the lower ground to the east of the hill, and even follow the banks of the stream a couple of miles beyond, where I could see the

villas of the wealthier class surrounded by gardens and orchards.

The principal beasts of burden at Angora are the black bullocks, or "water buffaloes" as they are called. There are also many donkeys, which however unkempt and dirty wear trappings decorated with beads or cowrie shells, not alone because of any æsthetic sense but to avert the evil eye. There are comparatively few camels; and even horses are not numerous, though they could be raised with slight expense where there is so much unoccupied land. I was somewhat surprised as I approached the city at not seeing vast herds of the goats for which this district is noted. The cats, too, though widely famed, seemed exceedingly scarce; but I was told those of artistocratic descent are carefully guarded.

The hotel at the station, though a well-built modern structure, was so wretchedly kept that it was no virtue that prompted me to rise before the night was quite spent, and stroll about, enjoying the cool fresh air, and the views of valley and mountain, which are often vested with a glory of light that is not uncommon in Asia. One morning in May, I watched from a distance of a mile the beginning of dawn over Angora. The air was exceedingly clear; but, in the dull gloom, the ridge where the city lay seemed to rise perpendicularly before me. A pink glow spread in the east, and slowly outlined the precipitous cliffs of the deep gorge, and the sharp line of the summit

on which the citadel, tower, and six minarets stood against the sky. As the light grew brighter, tops of houses along the upper crest defined themselves; but almost the entire city, which lay on the side of the hill towards me and away from the sun, was still in darkness. Little by little, almost lingeringly, lines of blue smoke, like comets' tails, rose from the darkness and drifted southward. Then the roofs of tiles caught from the sky the reflected light of the rising sun; and the low houses, and the narrow, crowded streets, where thousands of people lived huddled together, gradually appeared. I could hear the toll of deep-sounding bells, the murmur of awakening life, the dull noises of stirring people, even when most of the city was still veiled in shadow, and in the smoke rising from innumerable homes. Soon men and waggons, leaving the shadows, began to pass along the highways that crossed the plain. At length the sunbeams struck the octagonal tower, the tops of ragged walls, the shafts of minarets, and shot through the city streamers of glittering light that widened and descended until at last all was completely revealed. In the clear atmosphere of the East, the dawn of that morning at Angora, which even now possesses so much of the appearance of mediæval days and of the old Ancyra, was one of the most beautiful sights I witnessed in Asia.

About one hundred miles due east of Angora, an old araba road passes through Boghaz Keui,

This Turkish village has little interest in itself; but it is on the site of the ancient ruins of Pteria, the most northern of the two capitals of the great empire of the Hittites, who once not only ruled the greater part of Asia Minor and Syria, but overran Canaan, and maintained relentless and sometimes successful wars against the Pharaohs of Egypt. The ruins display little of the mechanical skill or imposing grandeur of the monuments of the Nile, but are nevertheless of great archæological interest, since they are the remains of the earliest known inhabitants of Asia Minor. They consist almost entirely of sculptured rocks, walls of fortification, redoubts and a palace; for the dwellings in which the people lived have entirely disappeared. Probably these buildings were partly of wood that was burned by the last conquering enemy, or were of sun-dried bricks covered with thatch overlaid with earth, so that when the thatch burned the roofs fell and the walls crumbled away beneath the storms of centuries.

What remains is of most primitive character without any evidence of Greek influence. The outer walls of the city consisted of rubble six feet wide, faced on both sides with carefully dressed stones four feet thick, and were surmounted by towers at distances of about thirty-five yards. At the eastern and southern sides the walls contained a number of double gates formed by huge stones inclined so as to form a pointed arch, and

with a space between the outer and inner gate. The citadel was constructed of enormous blocks of roughly cut stone, which to a large extent are still in place on the edge of a limestone ridge towering several hundred feet above a gorge. These and the traces of other fortifications throughout the city display the workmanship of a crude civilization.

The main avenue seems to have extended for a mile and a quarter from the south-east to the north-west, the direction of the city's greatest length from wall to wall. On the lower ground of the north-west end, it passes the ruins of a number of buildings which were doubtless used for administrative purposes, and also the palace, which had a front of about forty-six yards and a depth of seventy. What remains of the palace consists of blocks of limestone hewn on the spot, and of trachyte, which was brought from a distance, all dressed so as to fit one another with exactness, but uncemented with mortar. Evidently they formed chambers facing a central hall or court; but it is impossible to reconstruct the building as a whole, since large parts, which were probably of wood, long since disappeared.

The outer gates are sculptured to represent an Amazon larger than life, and lions similar to those in the ancient Phrygian cities. Moreover, the walls of two adjacent galleries of limestone about a mile to the north-east of the city contain figures of still greater interest. Some of them represent

THE WALLS OF THE MEDIEVAL FORT AT KERASUND FACING THE NORTH

THE WALLS OF THE MEDIEVAL FORT AT KERASUND FACING THE SOUTH

men wearing kilts, tall pointed hats, and shoes with upturned toes, and carrying reaping hooks on their shoulders as a soldier would a musket. A few are doubtless a king and priests ; and one, with a human head and with the body formed of parts of a lion, may be intended for the goddess Cybele. There are also designs, including the winged-disc and the double-eagle, which now after the lapse of nearly thirty centuries appear as conventionalized symbols in rugs of Asia Minor and Caucasia ; but their original meaning and the significance of these rock-pictures of human forms are largely conjectural.

Throughout the city, and particularly in one of the chambers of the palace, have been found fragments of glazed pottery, not as delicate as that of Sardis, but much older and painted in different colours, and also tiles with cuneiform inscriptions. Many of the tiles, which appear in part to be diplomatic correspondence, such as communications with rulers of Syrian provinces and a treaty with Rameses the Great, are in Assyrian, which suggests an intimate relation between the great empires of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. Others that are Hittite remain as yet uninterpreted.

The ruins of Euyuk, twenty miles to the north of Boghaz Keui, and on a road built by the Hittites to Sinope on the Black Sea, contain similar stone carvings, though they belong to the earliest period. Images of sphinxes showing an

unmistakable Egyptian influence stand near the entrance of a building that was probably the palace. Here again appears the symbol of the double-eagle, which, according to Professor Sayce, was brought to Europe by the Crusaders in the fourteenth century, and has since been adopted as an emblem by Austria and Russia. Most of these carvings are crude; but they establish the fact that the Cybele who was adopted by the Phrygians, and who subsequently became the Artemis of the Greeks and the Diana of the Romans, was the great Hittite goddess of productiveness, whose rites were gradually adjusted to the temperaments of these different people. When more of these ruins have been uncovered and the inscribed lines interpreted, it may be found that the Hittites had an important, if remote, influence on the art and religion of Greece and Rome.

An araba road extends beyond Euyuk, a northeasterly direction to the city of Marsivan, which contains an important American missionary school and hospital, and thence to Samsun on the Black Sea. Another road from Boghaz Keui to Samsun is by way of Amasia, a remarkably picturesque city in a wild gorge of the Yeshil Irmak, which in time will be reached by a railway from Samsun to Sivas. Mithridates the Great, as well as other kings of Pontus, dwelt there; but the city is principally noted as the birthplace of the geographer Strabo.

Boghaz Keui, Euyuk, Marsivan, Samsun, and

Amasia lie within the great horseshoe curve of the Kizil Irmak. The country surrounding them is crossed by mountain ranges that point in every direction, and is seamed by deep ravines which carry rapid streams. It has villages and towns with picturesque ruins amid scenes of unsurpassed natural beauty. But its greatest interest, nevertheless, lies in the fact that it was the home of the earliest civilization in Asia Minor, and of a race that played an important part in great struggles with the Assyrian and Egyptian empires.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE BLACK SEA: SAMSUN, KERASUND, TREBIZOND

DURING parts of the year, particularly winter and early spring, when turbulent winds from the Russian steppes blow across the Black Sea, the voyage from the Bosphorus to Batum is usually sufficiently rough to mar the pleasure of all unaccustomed to the rolling and pitching of vessels; but at other seasons the water is smooth and the weather delightful. Small steamers of several nationalities, of which the Russian and Austrian are generally to be preferred, make the trip regularly when unprevented by strikes and wars. They stop at numerous towns, such as Eregli, Sinope, Samsun, Kerasund, Trebizond, and Riza, so that it is frequently the sixth day before they reach Batum. But each of these places has special charms; and the principal ones warrant remaining until the coming of another steamer.

At the end of spring, I left Constantinople for Batum on one of the larger boats in the Austrian Lloyd service. One of the passengers on the upper deck was a Frenchman going to Trans-Caucasia,

one a mollah who resided in Armenia, one an Englishman who had business agents in Kerasund and Trebizond; and besides these there were numbers of Turks who lived in the towns along the northern coast of Asia Minor. There were also numerous men, women, and children of the Orient, congregated about the hatchway in the space below the main deck amidships, and also about the hatchway in the forepart of the vessel. Most of them appeared to be very poor, for they prepared their own meals, and had neither chairs nor beds, but during part of the day sat on their blankets, beneath which they disappeared completely at night.

Amid a scene of intense animation, a tug-boat dragged the steamer from the wharf near the marble mosque of Yeni Valideh at Stamboul into the channel before the Golden Horn. Innumerable boats were gliding over the waters: cushioned caïques rowed by scolding, gesticulating Turks, who threatened dire calamities to one another, dashed back and forth; sailing boats were lowering their masts as they passed beneath the bridge from Galata; and ferry-boats crowded with people were uttering strident whistles as they hurried to or from their landing places. Yet through all this commotion, where some collision seemed inevitable, our steamer quietly and harmlessly turned, and leaving behind the most fascinating city of Europe, entered the Bosphorus.

Nowhere is the channel over two miles wide, and for most of the distance it is only one mile, so that from the middle of its course the villas and marble palaces stretching northward beyond Galata on the western side and Scutari on the eastern may be distinctly seen. Two miles beyond the Golden Horn, and near the spot at which Mohammed beached his boats to draw them overland to the upper waters of the harbour, the steamer passed the palace of Dolma Baghtcheh, the Pearl of the Bosphorus; and a little farther the picturesque homes of Beshiktash, where legends tell that Jason landed, and the palace of Cheragan, to which Sultan Abdul Aziz retreated and bled to death. On the eastern shore, at the base of Mt. Bulgurlu, which is covered in part with olives and wild thyme and jasmine, it passed the marble steps leading up to the palace of Beylerbey, where Abdul Aziz entertained the Empress Eugénie seven years before he was dethroned; and then the pretty villas of Candilli; and the little valley of the Geuk Su, the Sweet Waters of Asia, visited in the long days of hot summers by luxurious caïques carrying the élite of Stamboul and Pera. Everywhere the cream white of buildings and the deep blue of the water contrast with the green of swards and heavily wooded hills, and with the brilliant foliage of Judas-trees of the colour of the petals of the bougainvillæa. Most of the landscape has warm light tones, and seductive groves that

A WELL BY THE MEDIEVAL FORT AT KERASUND

THE INTERIOR OF THE MEDIEVAL FORT AT KERASUND

would delight pleasure-loving wood nymphs ; but there are also little glens with dark shadows, and burial places marked by sombre cypresses.

Where the waters empty into the Sea of Marmora the current is hardly perceptible ; but six miles above Constantinople, where the channel is less than half a mile wide, it is rapid. At the most narrow point, close by the Sweet Waters of Asia, Darius constructed a bridge of boats for the passage of his army. Here also Bajazet erected a castle, known as Anatoli Hissar, or the Castle of Asia ; and directly opposite, on the site of an earlier Byzantine fortress, Mohammed II built the more important Roumeli Hissar, or the Castle of Europe, when he was preparing to complete the conquest from which Bajazet had been diverted by the invasion of Tamerlane. Its embattled walls, surmounted by grey towers and projected against the greenwood hills, form one of the most picturesque sights of the Bosphorus ; yet even in bright sunlight they are foreboding, as if there still lingered the spirit of those dark days when the booming of a cannon announced that the body of another strangled Janissary had passed through the Traitor's Gate into the rushing waters. But, as an augury of better days, a high point overlooking them is covered with the buildings of the Robert College, where the youth of Turkey are receiving the light of the Occident.

Probably a large part of the trees that make the lower reaches of the Bosphorus so beautiful

are due to cultivation and protection, for beyond the twin castles the hills are but slightly wooded, and the scenery is much less picturesque, except amid scattered villas and at the summer palaces of some of the European embassies on the western side. To a slight extent, this difference may also be due to a change in the geological formation. Near Constantinople the rocks are of sedimentary origin ; but farther to the north they are igneous, and on the eastern side display jagged flanks descending between the Giant's Mountain and the old Genoese forts, which are three miles from the Black Sea. Here in earlier centuries an enormous chain was stretched from one shore to the other in times of war.

The air was warm, not a cloud darkened the sky, nor wind ruffled the water, in the afternoon when our steamer moved slowly among these scenes of beauty and historic interest along the sixteen miles of the slightly winding channel, and passing the ancient Symplegades, through which the legendary Argonauts escaped only by watching the flight of a dove, entered the Black Sea. Yet the sea is only black at times—when the sun has set, or clouds gather overhead—in a clear, sunlit day it appears green, and again blue like the waters of the Mediterranean. The sea was more placid than the Bosphorus, which at all seasons is affected by currents passing between the Black and Ægean Seas, and at length became smooth as glass, so that the steamer glided over

it with only the slightest quiver due to the movement of the engines. Within sight, a score of boats were listlessly floating with empty sails; and a Russian steamer, on the way to Odessa, was trailing a long scarf of black smoke that paled to ashy grey as it faded away. For a few moments the sun hid behind the smoke, then played over the surface of the waters, changing them from the colour of lapis-lazuli to the iridescence of an opal, and finally sank, ending with the red glow of fire a most perfect day. But soon a bank of fog enveloped the steamer in total darkness; yet even without a compass there would have been no danger of running ashore, since the bed of the sea inclines so gradually that the distance to land is readily calculated.

On a clear day, the general character of the northern coast of Asia Minor may be discerned from the steamers, since they pass within a short distance of it. It forms a great reverse curve with its centre at Cape Inje, of which the western half is convex to the north and the eastern half is concave to the south. As far as the mouth of the Sakaria, about eighty miles from the Bosphorus, the mountains that follow the shore are low; but to the east they rise rapidly, and maintain an altitude of several thousand feet. Behind this coast range are still others more or less parallel to it. The northern part of Asia Minor, in fact, consists almost entirely of lofty ranges, separating small fertile tracts, and render-

ing difficult the communication of the comparatively few interior towns with the small ports of the sea.

In the spring and early summer the shore presents a beautiful sight. For long distances the shelving beaches are of hard pebbles, so that the green waves that break over them are clear. The flanks of mountains behind them are irregularly broken, and are shaded by clumps of bushes separated by stretches of waving grass; their rugged crests are covered with dense forests, which include oak and pine. Along the greater part of the coast-line the mountains approach almost to the water's edge, leaving no level land above the beach; though at long intervals abrupt openings appear, where some stream has worn a channel to the sea, and carved away the hills so as to afford sufficient room for a town or village, surrounded on its outskirts by small areas of cultivated land.

Only a few of these inhabited places have wharves, and during parts of the year it would be entirely unsafe for vessels to be moored, so that the transfer of passengers and freight is effected by row-boats about twelve feet wide and thirty-five feet long, which even when laden with a cargo a couple of men will force through the water by standing erect and then throwing their weight against the heavy oars.

Some of these coast towns are on the sites of ancient cities founded by Greek colonies, and are

still largely occupied by Greeks, when undisturbed by war. One is Eregli, a place of five thousand inhabitants, which was settled by people of Bœotia about 550 B.C., and contains the ruins of old temples. Another is Ineboli, the ancient Aboniteichos, built along a beautiful beach, above which the mountain sides for a height of several hundred feet are planted with grain and orchards. Much better known is Sinope, the termination of the road the Hittites built northward from Boghaz Keui. Probably it existed even before the beginning of history, for it occupies a most prominent position at the western extremity of a great bay of which the delta of the Kizil Irmak forms the eastern headland. It was by far the most important of the Greek colonies on the Black Sea; it was the birthplace of Diogenes, Mithridates the Great and a number of others who attained renown. But, unfortunately for its permanency, the lofty mountains behind it bar ready communication with the interior, so that in time it declined, till now it has a population of only eight thousand.

The eastern half of the great reverse curve between the Bosphorus and Batum is sculptured by several promontories, some of which are separated by bays affording convenient locations for cities. One of these cities is Samsun, on the western bank of a small river. Mithridates built there one of his residences; and before the beginning of the Christian era it had become the

terminus of one of the most important trade routes between Asia Minor and the Black Sea. Now, after centuries, during which the ancient port has been filled with silt and the mole has almost disappeared, when only a few broken slabs of marble, bits of pottery and fragments of Greek walls mark the site of the ancient acropolis, it seems about to rise to a position of importance.

The city has a population of about twenty thousand, and is the most thrifty on the coast, for it is in direct communication with the numerous villages and towns that occupy every valley as far south as the central plain, as well as the larger cities of Amasia, Tokat, and Sivas, with which it is ultimately to be connected by railway. The comparatively open country adjacent to it presents a marked contrast to the rugged mountains to the east and west. On each side, as well as to the rear, it is surrounded by sloping hills, which are farmed from the water's edge to their rounded summits; and the banks of the river have a terrace of rich soil, which is irrigated and carefully cultivated.

Just before the European war, the population was almost equally divided between Greeks and Turks. The Greeks live for the most part on the hills to the south of the city, and near the water front at the western end, where there are many large well-built buildings, with the regular lines of Grecian architecture, and with the air of unattractive respectability. The streets of this

KERASUND

TREBIZOND

district are moderately clean; and some of the stores, where European articles of dress, provisions, and household furnishings can be purchased, would be creditable to an Occidental city of equal population. A good bank building, a new hotel and a summer garden are only a few of the modern improvements. On the other hand, the Turkish district, which attracts the people of the interior—wandering Turkoman tribesmen, shepherds from the mountains, in whose actions appear the simple expression of nature; and Kurds with the fierce instincts of the Carduchi—has the bazaar, innumerable small shops, khans and locandas. It extends eastward along the beach, which is lined with small structures where the boatmen and the unskilled workers of the Turkish populace live; and also adjoins the main street that traverses the city from the large warehouses near the wharf to the bank of the river. At its mouth, this is a broad, shallow stream, the favourite haunt of the black buffalo, whenever permitted to cool their bodies in its waters. It is spanned by a long wooden bridge connecting with an old road that reaches eastward to the Kizil Irmak and thence to the interior. On the western bank, a road-bed was graded a few miles years ago for the railway to Sivas; but rails were never laid.

A little beyond Samsun the country becomes more rugged. The mountains in the background are covered with dense forests, which afford slight

opportunity for cultivation; the hills along the shore are beautifully wooded, and give shelter to a few small towns, which from the sea seem isolated, but are connected with one another by roads. One of them is Ordu, the ancient Cotyora, where the Ten Thousand finally embarked for Sinope, of which it was a colony, just as Sinope was a colony of Miletus, and Miletus a colony of Crete. It has still the appearance of a Greek town; but has also a character of its own, for it rests on the side of steep hills cut by a little valley, and its well-built houses are surrounded with an abundance of vegetation, such as flower gardens, orchards, and large umbrageous trees.

Along this part of the coast, rapid streams, some only thirty or forty miles in length, though in the late spring when the snow begins to melt they carry large volumes of water, break through the nearest mountain range at intervals of a few miles, leaving escarpments and carving deep narrow valleys that are densely wooded. Beyond Ordu, the line of the mountain crest projected against the sky is very much serrated, and leaves depressions, through which three or four ranges appear from the ocean to rise one beyond the other with different shades of light, so that the effect is grandly impressive.

In the very middle of the arc of the great curve which the Black Sea forms at its south-eastern extremity, a narrow promontory several hundred feet high projects into the sea. It is connected by

a low short neck of land with the foot-hills of the mountains that border the coast; and, at each side of it, a small bay curves gracefully to the east and to the west. The kings of Pontus easily converted its summit into a stronghold, where Mithridates the Great confined his harem during his war with Rome; and, centuries later, the Byzantines converted the stronghold into a massive fortress with walls reaching to the sea. This promontory, the neck of land and the foot-hills, are now the site of Kerasund, the most beautiful city on the northern coast of Asia Minor.

The summit of the promontory is partly hidden from view by large trees planted about the old fortress; its lower flanks are mostly covered with houses extending in places to the water's edge, where with every swell the waves splash against their foundations. The western side, between the neck of land and the beach below, is the old quarter, typical of Asia, with all its dirt, with all its fascinating picturesqueness. But adjacent to it, like some growth from a decaying trunk, are a number of modern buildings: the custom-house, the Konak, and the most prominent business houses of the city, with broad fronts two, three, and one even five stories high, which stretch along the water's edge in the direction of the foot-hills.

The city has neither harbour nor wharf; but, as the sea was smooth, our steamer came to anchor half a mile distant on the western side.

Before the beach, small boats with high bows and sterns, and painted in bright colours, like the dress of the natives, in which yellow, blue, green, and red predominated, were slowly bobbing and rocking with each swell. Some of them were drawn high on the short stretches of sand that lay between the houses at the base of the promontory; some rested on the narrow strip of beach that extended in a long, continuous, graceful curve westward from the custom-house; and as our anchor fell others put forth from a rocky cove beneath the neck of land to bring aboard Turkish officials and to carry the passengers and freight ashore.

As our boat grazed the shore, turbaned natives stretched out their hands and helped us to scramble over its wet, slippery surface to an opening leading to the old quarter. We passed along steeply inclined streets paved with stones, which at short distances are raised like steps to increase the ascent. Most of the streets are narrow, and so winding that they present succeeding patches of light and shade, according as they are directed towards the sun or turned so that the adjacent buildings conceal it. Some of these buildings are of stone carefully set in mortar and with plastered fronts; some are of wood carefully fitted together and painted. Others, however, appear to have the decrepitude of a patriarch without his dignity, for they are made of wood in which every knot shows, and whose jointings seem sufficiently wide

to admit both cold and wind; the ridges of their roofs are bent like the spine of a sway-backed horse, and the tiles that cover them are of broken fragments. Over the doors of a few of the shops, sheets of bent and rusty iron project like the covering of a veranda; and here and there a canvas is stretched across the street as a further protection against the sun.

As we traversed the busy part of the city, there seemed to be a dearth of women, but a host of men, who are almost equally divided between the industrious and the unemployed. A few were engaged in building; some, in carrying heavy burdens up the steep, narrow streets; many had little shops, where they were fashioning various wares in brass; but others, who were idle, gazed at us with looks of earnest, if not unfriendly, curiosity. Everywhere appeared a blending of the clean and unclean: here we passed an inviting garden of simple beauty; not far away we saw noisome nooks and dingy crannies. Near the heart of the city, we entered the court of a caravansary. At its centre rose a high octagonal reservoir, from which a stream of water was running into a stone basin, and as it overflowed was trickling through the muck on the stone pavement. At one side an enormous bale of merchandise lay in the filth; at the other side, a harnessed donkey was anxiously contemplating the movements of a white-bearded Turk feeding a heifer. Other donkeys and a horse were occupying dusky stalls

beneath the low veranda of the surrounding building; while a dozen goatskins, with shaggy fleeces, hung from the roughly constructed balconies of the second and third stories. A small part of the court was in the sunlight; but the remainder was dark and damp, sending up foul odours that would drive from the dwelling rooms above all unaccustomed to such Oriental habitations. And yet, compared with many of the abiding places throughout the East, this might well be termed a Caravan Serai, or "Merchants' Palace."

In Kerasund, evidence of the natural fondness of the Turks for trees and flowers appears everywhere. Space is reserved near the Konak for a miniature park, though the adjacent streets are narrow. It is surrounded by a paling sufficiently high to prevent the browsing of passing donkeys, but permitting an unobstructed view of its unaffected daintiness and the inhaling of its fragrance. Deciduous trees, with enormous trunks, have been planted by the side of some of the streets, and from spring till autumn support a canopy of foliage. Other trees spread their branches over the little yards of houses so old and rickety that they are partly propped by crooked poles implanted on square stones, and also over the yards and roofs of adjacent houses, affording a shade where the people linger in the heat of the long summer, now working, now dreaming.

From the ridge of the neck of land we climbed

A STREET IN TREBIZOND

a path along the eastern side of the promontory to its summit. It passed little cottages overgrown with vines, and facing shaded courts where children played. Near the top, a woman unexpectedly appeared in the way above us, but at our approach glided like a black shadow among some trees and disappeared behind a wall. Another with a pitcher, who was descending from above, hastily covered her head and hurried away. It seemed impossible they could be fetching water from so near the summit; but, as we paused to see the view of wonderful beauty that lay to the east, a slender figure, wearing a dark skirt and with a white shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, entered the path a little before us. She was holding an earthen vessel in each hand, and climbed hastily, with the supple agility of one who was young and long accustomed to the hill, then turning aside mounted some moss-covered rocks, and kneeling gracefully at the base of the walls of the mediæval fort, bent over a small pool confined by masonry. Naïvely she let the folds of her shawl part a little from her face and form, and glanced half timidly, half inquiringly, just as pagan maidens have doubtless always done. To this same spring that issued within fifty feet of the highest point of the promontory, women have evidently come for centuries to fill their pitchers and bear them away to their homes below. And so they will continue to come and go, living their simple lives, completely satisfied in the incon-

veniences of their own limitations, until a Western civilization is thrust upon them.

In mediæval days the old fortress must have been almost impregnable, for it has massive walls which rise from the solid rock that crowns the summit ; and it is partly surrounded by an outer wall protected at short intervals by towers. Ivy clings to one of its sides ; and, in an open court before it, fruit trees and denser trees are growing as if not very long ago some one had lived there ; yet it is utterly unfit for habitation now. As we passed among the ruins a Turk was listlessly following his cows among the green declivities and the damp spots where lilies hide ; and a detachment of soldiers were drilling beneath some trees a few rods away.

The view from these walls includes part of the city that is totally concealed from the business section below, since it extends along the lower flanks of the mountains to the east of the divide. This is the best residential part of the city. Except near the circumference, the habitations occupy every available space, displaying a panorama of light-coloured walls and dark red roofs overtopped here and there by a dome or still loftier minaret, and also by graceful poplars and tall stately cypresses. Yet the wealth of foliage of all kinds is so great that these trees are hardly conspicuous, for not only are the garden plots marked by numerous smaller trees, but the hills above the city and the overtowering moun-

tains are heavily wooded with many species of large size, as well as the wild cherry, which it is said Licinius Lucullus introduced into Italy after the completion of his successful war with Mithridates. From the walls of the fortress can also be seen the graceful curving bays, one on the east and one on the west, where the tideless sea, which changes from green to blue beneath the cloudless sky and then to black in a threatening storm, glistens with white foam as it breaks against their pebbles; and farther away a little island, the fabled Aretias of the Argonauts, where two queens of the Amazons erected a temple to Mars.

The coast to the east of Kerasund presents a picture of rugged grandeur combined with luxurious vegetation. The lofty mountains are intersected by numerous deep, narrow valleys, formed by streams that descend the sides of the lofty range of the Kolat Dagh. Their summits are partly covered with hazel, oak, and pine; their sides contain little glens shaded with azaleas and rhododendrons, with crocus and myrtle.

Two of these valleys pass through Trebizond, one of the most important strongholds captured by the Russians in their recent march from Caucasia to Asia Minor. It is a city that awakens interest alike in its ancient and its mediæval history. It was the colony of Sinope which the Greeks called Trapezuz because of the terrace it occupies; and was already a flourishing town

when the Ten Thousand shouted, "The Sea! The Sea!" as they entered its gates after their long march by the banks of the Euphrates and across the mountains of the Carduchi. In the days of the Roman emperors it was the capital of Pontus and Cappadocia; but it only reached its greatness after the beginning of the thirteenth century, when it became the seat of an independent empire of the Comneni, which flourished for a hundred and fifty years.

The past importance of the city was largely because it was a port at the end of the great caravan highway that for ages has extended from Tabriz and the more distant parts of Persia and the Far East. Even now lines of camels regularly come and go at certain seasons of the year, bearing their wares as in former days; although, since the building of the Russian railway from Caucasia to the border of Persia, the commerce of the interior has been largely diverted.

Most of the inhabitants live in crowded dwellings on the terrace, which extends for about a mile from the old harbour to the new one. The old harbour was at the western end, below the walls of the ancient city, and was protected by a mole, the foundations of which may still be seen beneath the water. The new harbour lies to the eastern end of the modern city, where vessels anchor half a mile from land and lighters convey passengers and freight to and from a short wharf.

We were rowed ashore in a small boat, whose

seats were covered with Oriental rugs, as is usual throughout Turkey; and, after passing the inspection of the custom's official, ascended an inclined road leading up a steep wall of rock to the eastern end of the terrace. In this newer part of Trebizond, generally known as the Frank quarter, the principal streets radiate from a large plaza containing trees, flowering bushes, walks and ornamental fountains, which are attended with a care that suggests an Occidental city. One of these streets leads to an interesting little hotel built on the edge of the terrace, a short distance to the south-east of the plaza and at a higher elevation. As it is managed by Europeans, we were not surprised to find clean halls leading to tastily furnished rooms, and a well-kept garden which overlooks the bay to the east. Another street extends westward from the plaza to the bazaar, which is surrounded by small shops where the natives make shoes, camel trappings, and innumerable small articles for the people who live in the districts beyond the mountains, as well as delicate bracelets and dainty filigree of silver and gold which are largely exported. Here for long hours men are fashioning, carving, and hammering; and at night they plod as mechanically with bent bodies across the massive bridge that spans the most easterly of the valleys.

The principal part of the ancient city lay at the western edge of the terrace, between the two valleys, which are hardly more than two hundred

yards apart, and extended from the mole to the foot-hills. A castle where the Comneni held their court occupies the highest elevation. From its lower side, walls of fortification with prominent towers extended along the adjacent edges of the valleys to the sea. This spot, though restricted in area, was once noted for its gardens; it was a seat of art and literature, a capital distinguished for its magnificence and for the beauty of its princesses, who were sought in marriage by sovereigns of both East and West. But now hardly anything remains to recall those days of splendour. Vines still climb over the crumbling walls; and the sides of the valleys are covered with picturesque homes and edged with gardens. But these few traces of the past only emphasize the spirit of decay that broods over the castle and among the ruins of the ancient Trebizond. For more than twenty-five centuries the city has belonged to Eastern races; now it is about to yield to Western civilization, and in a short time will undoubtedly lose all characteristics of the remote past.

The country about the south-eastern shore of the Black Sea is as unlike the great ranges behind it as the valleys bordering the Ægean Sea are unlike the western edge of the central basin. Yet with all their physical dissimilarity, each of these different parts has been a seat of empire; and in none of them has the dominion long continued. Their present cities—Kerasund, Trebizond, Per-

A STREET NEAR THE BAZAAR OF TREBIZOND

gamus, and Konia—are merely feeble growths beside the old ; only a wretched village stands by the walls of Pteria ; and Sardis is no more.

The fate of these cities is that of numerous others whose names are part of classic history. Everywhere throughout Asia Minor decaying ruins mark the sites where art and culture were united with barbaric power. Everywhere are evidences of past refinement, splendour, and greatness. And over all—the prostrate columns and broken entablatures, the domed mosques and black-green cypresses, the fertile valleys and the great desert, the dark-visaged men and the silent veiled women—lingers the spell, undefinable but wondrously fascinating, of Asia: the cradle of the human race, the land of luxurious magnificence, the abode of mighty empires that rose and crumbled long before the western world had emerged from darkness; the birthplace, too, of subtle mysticism, and of every religion that has soothed the soul in anguish and comforted it with hope.

CHAPTER XV

CONCLUSION

ASIA MINOR occupies an important position as the gateway between the industrial West and the awakening East. It is a country which, on account of its vast forests, undeveloped mineral wealth, grain-producing plains and fertile valleys, is capable under proper conditions of a great development.

The fact that this country has developed but slightly, as compared with Europe and America, is due largely to the character of its people. With the inheritance of deep-seated proclivities unyielding to a foreign contact that is hardly felt because of racial isolation, they have not kept pace with the moral, social, and economic growth of the world; yet, as they come into closer relation with world politics and Occidental thought, their character is being slowly but gradually modified. Despite abuses perpetrated by the Government, the Turks have many excellent qualities, some of which have been manifest during the last two decades in the serious efforts of the progressive party to accomplish necessary reforms.

Whether the Turkish Empire shall endure in its integrity, or eventually yield to the hegemony of some other power, the Turkish race will continue. And when the hopes of the most enlightened of its own people shall have been realized: when the women are accorded the same rights as men, and the men have risen to a higher plane of thought, and of mechanical and intellectual efficiency, when just laws regulate their rights among one another, and when a stable Government insures the enforcement of those laws and the performance of its own obligations, Asia Minor will occupy a far more important place in the world's activities than it has enjoyed for many centuries.

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